Vivid SPAIN

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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For my friend of
the dear old days
in Ashland Wisconsin

Mr Augustus Edwin Dickenson
and
Mrs Dickenson and daughter
with memories of our
happy meeting in the
golden shores of Miami Beach
Fla in Cabana 37 at
the "Deauville" Aug 9/1937

Faithfully
Dr Mitchell Chapple
+ Mrs Jr

"The Book-Nut"
Boston
~~Statler~~ Bldg

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VIVID SPAIN

Alfonso XIII *(dry point etching, courtesy N.Y. Times)* by Levon West

Vivid Spain

By

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

With Original Etchings and Drawings by

LEVON WEST

BOSTON
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1926

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Copy 2

TO THE MEMORY OF

Edwin J. Mitchell Chapple

OUR SON

WHOSE BRIEF LIFE AND BRIGHT SMILES WERE POIGNANTLY REMEMBERED IN SUNNY SPAIN BY A LOVING MOTHER AND FATHBR WHO LIVED ON

CONTENTS

Chapter		Page
	Foreword—*Salud*	
I	Vivid Spain	1
II	Crossing the Border	8
III	Stirring Scenes in San Sebastian	15
IV	With Zuloaga in His Home Studio	24
V	The Shades of Segovia and Burgos	33
VI	The Ancient University of Salamanca	40
VII	In "Old Madrid" and Modern Madrid	49
VIII	Art Gems in Prado and Escorial	59
IX	Spain's Claim of Columbus as Native Son	68
X	American Diplomatic Service in Spain	78
XI	A Memorable Hour with King Alfonso XIII	84
XII	Within Some Old Spanish Sanctuaries	100
XIII	In the Ancient Courts at Cordova	104
XIV	Under the Glamour of Sunny Seville	112
XV	At the Guardian Rock of Gibraltar	124
XVI	To Africa in an Aeroplane	128
XVII	On to Tangier by Air Route	136
XVIII	Ronda, the Historic Roman Rendezvous	145
XIX	The Gypsies and Grapes of Malaga	154
XX	The Alhambra and Glory of Granada	163
XXI	Sights and Scenes in Quaint Valencia	173
XXII	Charms and Traditions of Mystic Toledo	181
XXIII	Barcelona, the Metropolis of Spain	190
XXIV	A Chat with Primo de Rivera, Dictator	203
XXV	Andorra, a Tiny Pyrenean Republic	214
XXVI	Home Again—on an American Ship	224

LIST OF ETCHINGS

By LEVON WEST

Alfonso XIII, Courtesy New York Times, By Levon West . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Facing Page

Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Dictator 1
A Native Basque 8
Iglesia de Santa Maria, San Sebastian 16
Ignacio Zuloaga from Life 24
Zuloaga's "Paulette"—A Bitten Line Etching 28
The Cathedral of Burgos 48
"In Old Madrid" 56
In Modern Madrid 60
The Escorial 64
Tomb of Christopher Columbus, Granada 72
Casa de Correos, Madrid 80
Monument to Alfonso XII, Madrid 88
Calle de Alcala, Madrid 96
The Cathedral, Cordova 104
Giralda Tower, Seville 112
A Hack in Old Seville 120
Arabic Type in Spanish Riff Country 136
Peasant Ploughing 144
Corrida de Toros 148
Granada Gate, Coral Gables, Florida 152
Hauling Sugar near Granada 163
Types of Spanish Architecture 176
A New Spanish Villa 184
Puerta del Sol, Toledo 192
Monument to General Campos, Madrid 204
Casino at San Sebastian 208
Santiago de Compostela 216
A Typical Florida Home 224
The Author 230

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

From Photographs Taken En Tour

	Opposite Page
"Fuss and Feathers" boarding the Aquitania	4
Sketching Sir James Charles, Fleet Commodore of the Cunard Line	4
Old Battlements on the Road to Igueldo	5
Driving up La Monta at San Sebastian	5
Cluster of New Villas Overlooking "The Shell"	12
Old Fort at La Monta Destroyed by the Duke of Wellington	12
Tile-roofed Houses at the Port of San Sebastian	13
Group of School Children in San Sebastian	13
Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Wife of the American Ambassador	36
Gardens of El Greco's Studio at Toledo	37
Ambassador Alexander P. Moore and Author Before Royal Palace	37
The Cloisters in the Alcala in Seville	44
The Ancient Bridge Head on the Alcantara at Toledo	44
A Glimpse of the Gardens of the Alhambra	45
En Route to Toledo from Madrid over the Plains	45
The Spot in Seville from which Columbus Sailed	68
Library of Washington Irving's Old Home in Seville	68
New Homes on the Avenida de Palmera, Seville	69
A Recently Completed Moorish Home at Seville	69
A New Moorish Apartment House in Seville	76
Stately Mansion in Modern Seville	76
Arena at Italica Showing Recent Excavations	77
Recently Recovered Statue of the Emperor of Rome, Nerva Trajan	77
Historic Entrance to Cervantes Home, Toledo	84
Knocking at the Door Where "Don Quixote" was Written	84
Ancient Gate at Santa Fe Where Spanish Troops Once Deployed	85
Washday on the Road Between Toledo and Madrid	92
One of the Old Gates of Toledo	92
Leviathan Committee Who Raised $40,000 for Florida Relief	93
Patio of an Old Apothecary Shop in Toledo	93
President Freixes out for a Stroll in the Pyrenees of Andorra	100
Dancing Girls at the Gate of Justice of Alhambra pose for "Carmen"	101
In the Plaza de Toros at Ronda, Oldest Bull Ring in Spain	101
View of Granada from Queen Isabella's Room at the Alhambra	108
Bull Teams Hauling Sugar Beets to Factory at Granada	108
Spanish Children Weaving Mantillas at Granada	109

Opposite page

Square at Alcala La Real, a Typical Spanish Town . . . 109
Spanish Warship in Harbor of Malaga 116
Fishing Craft off the Sea Wall of Malaga 116
A Picturesque Street in Old Seville 117
Choir Boy Who Sang at Tomb of Queen Isabella and Ferdinand 117
Native of Riff Country, Christened "You Betcha" . . . 124
South Gate of Tangier, Leading to the Bazaar 124
The Grain Market in Tangier 125
A Type of Moorish Gate at Tangier 125
With President Freixes of Andorra at Saint Julia . . . 132
The Old Key Unlocking Andorra's Ancient Parliament House . 132
General Primo de Rivera Delivering a Patriotic Address . . 133
Type of Spanish Dancer 140
Dedicating a Sailors' Monument in the Presence of the King . 141
An Old Hansom Cab "of the 90's" in Seville 141
From painting "Sevilla" (The Dance), by Sorolla y Bastida . 160
From painting "Sevilla" (The Dance), by Sorolla y Bastida . 172
Typical Farm Home on Bay of Biscay in the Pyrenees . . 212
A View of the Snow-Capped Pyrenees in Andorra . . . 212
Senor Montillor, Manager of the Ritz Hotel, Barcelona . . 213
American Ambassador Hammond at Madrid 213
Captain Grening of the SS Harding 213
Smallest Donkey in Spain's Service, Barcelona 213
Lovers' Lane at Generalife, near the Alhambra . . . 220
Carved Doorway of Old Synagogue at Toledo 220
"Ships of the Desert" in Harbor at Feeding Time . . . 230
Landing from Mail Plane in Africa 230
Talking to Favorite Camel, Methuselah 230

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A GLIMPSE OF SEVILLA—The Dance

From a painting by Joaquin Sorolla

By courtesy of The Hispanic Society of America

FOREWORD

SALUD, VIVID SPAIN !

SPAIN, Vivid Spain! Redolent of romance and tradition, what fantastic visions you have conjured in the minds of alien peoples since the Phoenician navigators first sailed in the shadow of the Pillars of Hercules!

And so on down through the ages, the conqueror or the conquered, you have made an appeal to the imagination and to the heart. Throwing off the shackles of the Moors, your ships plowing the waves of uncharted seas, raising the flag of discovery in unknown lands, you have made graphic history. We see the galleons carrying home the spoils of the conquistadores, and the mighty armadas faring forth to the battle—glorious even in defeat. Spain! Vivid Spain!—you have left your imprint on every land and clime.

From Hispania the world has learned how to love the beautiful and the romantic. Nor is that influence the reflection only of the glorious past—it is vibrant also with the pulsating present.

In no land is this felt more than in our own beloved America, over whose shores Spain's flag was first unfurled. Not alone in our St. Augustines, our San Antonios, and our Los Angeles—shrines of Castillian New-World civilization—is Spanish courage and glory reflected, but evidenced in a larger measure in our every-day life. Spanish shawls make gay our shop windows. Spanish melodies attune the flying feet of our youth. Spanish architecture lends grace and beauty to

our homes and edifices. Spanish furniture and furnishings give tone and warmth to our domiciles, within and without. The plays in our theatres, the settings of our motion pictures and other popular amusement attractions, songs, dances, and ballads, today are suffused with Spanish colorings. More different nations speak Espanol than any other tongue and more Spanish text books are used in our schools and universities than those of any other foreign language. What wonder, then, that our people are beginning to discover Old Espana, to seek out the myriad treasures, and to test for themselves the marvelous hospitality of a people of noble traditions.

Vivid Spain! To humanity seething in the whirlpool of present-day commercialism,—to humanity disillusioned by war and weary of international strife, competition and lack of friendly understanding, Spain stands out as possessing much of all that is left to the world of romance, poetry, sincerity, and warm-hearted hospitality. Spain has stood always for the charm of existence. This was well known even in the days of the Apostle Paul, for he also dreamed of a trip to Spain.

In Acts *xviii* we find an incident wherein the Jews made an "insurrection" against Paul in Achaia. Paul was defended by Gallio, a native of Spain, acting as pro-Consul of Rome in Achaia. He berated the Jews while on the bench for beating the Apostle Paul: ". . . *But if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters.*

"*And he drove them from the judgment seat.*"

This, perhaps, made Paul interested to see the country whence his defender came. For in his Epistle to the Romans, Chapter *xv*, 24–28, we read: "*Whensoever I take my journey into Spain I will come to you; for I trust to see you in my journey;*" explaining that he had first his work to do, concluding in the words of Holy Writ: "*When, therefore, I have performed this and have sealed to them this fruit, I will come by you into Spain.*"

That was twice a thousand years ago.

Long before this Spain meant poetry of living; when King Tutankamen was laid away in his Egyptian tomb in the land of the Pharoahs at Luxor, the Phoenicians built a fortress at Tarshish in Spain and founded there a port to which came "*gold and silver, ivory apes and peacocks.*" This was in the days of the Kings of Israel, even before the glory of Judea. Later we learn that "*silver spread into plates is brought from Tarshish,*" for Tarshish was "*the merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron and lead they traded in thy fairs.*" This is a Biblical description of a port of Spain.

The imaginative appeal of that land is as seductive as ever. It is natural that we continue to journey there. And because of this, a bit of the joy of living is coming back. For in Spain we discover pleasure in leisurely living, romance, poetry, lack of unkind criticism, childlike simplicity, and a hospitality which is the noblest attribute of a magnificent people.

In associating Spain with material glories, let us not forget that the University of Salamanca kept aflame the torch of knowledge throughout dark centuries and still continues to illumine a goodly part of the Old World with the light it diffuses.

And here is our record of appreciation, not a didactic or profound history, peppered with footnotes from mystic authorities, or fables agreed upon as a psychoanalysis of people—but a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain.

Ira Mitchell Chappler

"The Attic"
Waldorf-Astoria, New York
1926

Primo de Rivera *(the Dictator)* by Levon West

Many thanks
H. G. de Intetta

19-9-26.

Chapter I

VIVID SPAIN

A TRIP around the world these days evokes but little comment. A suggested jaunt to Jerusalem may awaken interest, but announcing a trip to Spain brought a lively twinkle to the eyes of my friends. Whence comes this widespread interest in things Spanish? I determined to explore the source.

Has America awakened finally to the fact that Spain, through Columbus, has given us the only national holiday honoring a foreign-born personage—Spain, a foster-mother of the Americas—for do we not owe our historic discovery and Columbus to the faith of a Spanish queen, Isabella of Castile?

Forsooth, it is even now claimed that Columbus was himself a Spaniard, but owing to existing conditions felt impelled to disguise his nativity to evade a conflict with the religious and racial prejudices surrounding the throne. His mother, according to our later historians, was a Jewess. The glory of Genoa and Italy as the birthplace of the immortal Cristobal Colon, as he was known in Spain, may begin to fade in the year A. D. 1926, according to some authorities.

Over the years, historical investigations carried on by historians have been accumulating evidence to the effect that Columbus was a native of northern Spain.

Strongest among the points bearing upon the controversy is the fact that Columbus was never known to have used the Italian language. All his personal papers are written and edited in Castillian, with an occasional use of colloquial Gallician words, an indication that he was born in a northwest province of Spain.

The year 1492 is the one date first learned and ever remembered in American schools. With that date is associated a picture of scenes in Spain. Now came the thrilling anticipation of adventuresome days in modern Spain. "Castles in Spain" may or may not be real. Spanish omelettes are as unknown in Spain as chop suey is in China. Had Cervantes, with his lancelike quill, "smil'd Spain's chivalry away?"

Leaving to Columbus the distinction of discovering America, I could not resist the desire to reverse the order and discover Spain, the country that listened to the pleadings of Columbus for aid to carry out what was then considered an outlandish adventure. The children's children of the *conquistadores* and the viceroys and grandees of the Espana Nueva were kinsfolk of the founders of St. Augustine, the oldest continuously inhabited city in our own America. I wanted to learn the reason for this Spanish influence on architecture in our own country. I had a profound wish to see the land that had given birth to the picturesque, flowered patio, the graceful Granada arches, and the romantic Moorish balconies, expressing Spain and out-Spaining Spain. From Florida to California, New Mexico, Arizona; from Oregon and Washington, the tidal wave of Spanish homes is sweeping to the shores of the Atlantic with eddies in the suburbs of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and even blossoming in The Bronx. The New World has again been conquered by Spain.

An old map started me! Mottled with age, wrinkled with usage, yellow with the dignity of good parchment, the crackly richness of this rare document, dated 1593,

set me thinking. Carefully I began to examine it! The blurred characters were hard to decipher and started me dreaming, dreaming of the great old days when there were other worlds yet to be discovered and conquered. It set me to dreaming of Columbus, Pizarro, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Cortez, and I wondered, "How many eyes of how many centuries have scanned this map? How many adventurers has it sent across the great waterways to the uncharted seas, and to then equally unknown coasts?" And gazing so in reverie, I saw the words "*Tierra Nueva, Tierra Florida,*" and further along "*Nueva Espana.*" Flowered land, New Spain! I mentally said, "It's old Spain I want to see now."

To the imagining eye of the mind came other visions of sunny Spain. The click-clack of twirling castanets, a diamond-twinkling hand, pearly teeth and the sensuous, red, red lips of Carmen of old Seville, with great, dark, languishing eyes and complexion of alabaster, the blue-black hair piled high, with big tortoise-shell comb, over which a mantilla falls gracefully, a slim figure half swathed, with heaving bosom, in black crepe or deep fringes of a multicolored Spanish shawl. The reverie finally ended in a jumble of riotous color—red fans, banderillos swirling red before the angry bull, a

gay-flowered balcony and beneath a golden-voiced minstrel singing his passionate love song to the tinkling of his guitar. Akin to pain came drifting dreams of a million perfumes—orange blossoms and roses and rich red pomegranates, and I resolved then and there to tarry no more—a veritable Aladdin's Lamp was Espana to me. The blood of swashbuckling ancestors flowing in my veins was whipped to a fiercer heat. Spain was real, and deep within me was fired the spark of wanderlust that bade not stand—but go!

* * *

Mrs. Joe's packing is an art of making three equal two and defying the cubic capacity of a trunk. Discussion ensues: what constitutes light luggage? After an hour we began to lighten the cargo, reducing it to the common denominator of four large "grips." The trunk was scuttled then and there.

With telephones ringing good-byes, minds worked faster as sailing hour approached. Soap, pills, razor blades and other specialized American products we fancied unknown in Spain had to be provided. Charles took off my shoes while I was eating my breakfast egg and rushed out to purchase a pair of "seven league boots," while I sugared the coffee, for they said American shoes are a symbol of distinction in Europe.

Passports and express company checks were stowed away in inside pockets, as we embarked on the good ship *Aquitania*. At sea, yes—I was all at sea in the cabin six hours out. A steward knocked. "The captain presents compliments and hopes you are comfortable." He caught me full in the act of grasping a cabin post on a starboard roll. "Yep," I grunted. His stolid look was mellowed with a courteous "Aye, aye, sir," as he continued, "The captain would like to see you tomorrow at twelve thirty for . . . ." "Weather permitting" I broke out bravely, trying desperately to regain my equilibrium and organizing a rhythmic movement of my body attuned to the *Aquitania's* roll.

"Fuss and Feathers" boarding the "Aquitania"

Sketching Sir James Charles, Fleet Commodore of the Cunard Line

Driving up La Monta at San Sebastian

Old Battlements
on the road to
Igueldo

First night aboard, bad weather in prospect. Visions of one hundred and one letters to be answered. One hundred letters remained unanswered at the end of a perfect day, for in the writing room the teetering motion was more evident, as with a sickly smile I began to write at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a seasick spattering "as she went." Computing by logarithms, I made my way to the upper deck where the log was recorded. By mistake the steward had directed me to the throne room of the Commodore of the fleet. While somewhat mystified at the intrusion, the Commodore rose graciously to receive his unexpected guest while striving to remember his appointment. The twinkling black eyes, iron-gray hair, face tanned and lined by the suns and winds of many climes and rough seas, made him a perfect picture of a real sea dog—the ideal commander. Sir James Charles, Commodore of the Cunard fleet, proved as excellent a host as he was disciplinarian on the flagship.

* * *

Here we present Buddy, the artist, the romantic hero of the cast, who now appears, breathless, fearing the worst, appearing late before the commander, whose minutes are measured, and—was he too late for—the sketching as well as the interview? He had come aboard from a tug in the harbor, having missed the gang plank when we sailed from New York, playing the role of a typical young American—always getting there somehow.

Bud gazed interestedly at the pictures of black cats displayed on the wall of the Commodore's quarters. Good luck cats, perhaps. Seamen have strange superstitions, but with these cats in sight there was evidence of good luck. The commander was invited to join the order of Hoo-Hoo's then and there. My own number of 1313 was wig-wagged with a sign I dare not describe in print. It was a signal for a "concatenation."

The titled British naval commander frowned—then

smiled as he caught Bud surreptitiously sketching him without as much as "by your leave, sir!" While Bud thought he might be ordered the cat-o'-nine-tails for his presumption, the commander, eyeing the walls, said gruffly, "Never had a picture taken in my life that I show even to one of these black cats."

"We'll catch you right, sir!" piped up the now inspired Bud, bravely continuing, later turning the great man himself around for a full front view. Again came the smile, accompanied by such a look as only the impervious dignity of sea-lords can command—the look of a fighting man in the intensity of action. Nothing daunted, Bud sketched surely and swiftly. Later, at the ship's concert for the benefit of the orphans of seamen, where the sketches of himself and other officials were exhibited, the Commodore complimented the daring Bud—"the best likeness I have ever seen"—and all agreed. So that is how the portrait that has since commanded so much favorable comment on the *Aquitania* came into being and why Buddy was soon acquainted with all the young ladies who coyly intimated by winning glances that they were good subjects for a sketch.

Belated, we made our way to the quarters of Captain Hawks. The presence of Purser James Lawler recalled my memorable and exciting voyage with him on the shell-scarred *Carmania* during the war, dodging submarines, zig-zagging across the mine-strewn sea. Purser Lawler was aboard when the *Carmania* had the brief, but vital, naval engagement with a German cruiser. And now, here on board the *Aquitania*, were also fifteen of the crew who were survivors of the ill-fated *Lusitania*. All this brought memories of the attendant horror-filled atmosphere of the World War.

Then came a thought for the orphans. The usual concert was scheduled for the benefit of the families of seamen. Lawler was in charge. Lawler is an insistent individual, and soon had Bud making portraits of all the celebrities aboard to exhibit as a rapid-fire crayon

artist, along with other "talent" which had volunteered. He announced arbitrarily that I was to be chairman and make "a few remarks." By this time the passengers had awakened from sea voyage lethargy and were looking forward to seeing just what fool stunts this "Chairman" would inflict, coming forward with suggestions enough to complete a top-liner all-star attraction on one of E. F. Albee's world-famed vaudeville bills. Comments fore and aft in this vein followed: "That fat guy is to be chairman. He must think he is somebody in that cutaway coat and deep-dented derby." Or from a bilious-looking dowager in diamonds and a permanent wave—such hair not being seaworthy: "He looks like a Congressman, but I think he's only a millionaire real estate man from Florida, or somewhere, trying to spend his millions before the second payments become due."

"He looks like he made his pile with a suction dredge, real-estating by the gallon," said another, as the lady with avoirdupois and heavy gems observed, with envy (and trepidation) Bud sketching the pretty girls. But she turned her face away, and shrugged her shoulders, for she knew that "when youth and beauty lure, diamonds and middle-aged dowdiness must fade away."

Walking the "eight-times-around-is-a-mile" deck, Bud paced many, many miles with eyes open for beauty, registering probable sitters for portraits, lingering long where the shadows gathered while the moon furnished an enchanting spotlight on the deck.

Here beginneth Buddy's first romance—at sea—preparing for the anticipated love adventures and happy hours in vivid Spain.

Chapter II

CROSSING THE BORDER

THERE were sighs when it was decided merely to pass through "Gay Paree" and not linger to play "drop the handkerchief" amid the moving throng on the Paris boulevards. Intent on progressing speedily to Spain, our objective, the landing was made in Cherbourg, the picturesque old port, with its moss-grown quays and frowning fortifications, that has a prominent mention in the history of France. It was the parting of the ways. Some passengers were going on to England, others to France. Buddie was up early, bidding goodbye to every one sixteen times and trying to figure out his tips in shillings and pence. There were gay glances at the merry widow, a lingering look at the flapper belle, expressive handshaking with father to obtain the home and business address—the usual sea voyage camaraderie from everywhere, which gathers and scatters again at the end of the voyage like the tides of the restless deep. The confusion of landing ended, our next diversion came with getting started overland, heralded by a shrill shriek from the tiny locomotive, then a table d'hote en train, while traversing landscapes familiar to me in war times amid a floodtide of sombre memories. The gray mist and chill of a Parisian autumn made me feel glad we were to leave early for the sunny South, and then, too, there were still too many Americans in Paris to make it seem like a foreign city.

A Native Basque *(in Northern Spain)* by Levon West

Contrasted with the gloomy, sombre Paris I had visited when "Big Bertha" was busy bombing, it had again assumed its aspect of pleasure, with everything social, political and Americanal in a flux, including the descending franc. Americans were tolerated for the dollar's sake, but not welcomed as in the days when France was pleading for help and fighting for her life, with her back against the wall. I could not restrain the tears when I thought of the buddies sleeping in their blankets at Chateau Thierry, to whom I had bade good-bye as they left for the front. France is still growing the flowers to adorn the graves of the lads who fell in the cataclysm and cratered dust of the World War, marking the swing from peace to war and war back to peace.

At last we were actually aboard the "Sud" express, rolling along on our way southward toward the Iberian peninsula. Our first impression of Spanish atmosphere was rather coldly realistic. The railroad waiting room on the border at Hendaye was all cluttered up with old upholstered chairs and sofas such as we would see in one of our own antique shops. Wandering up and down were passengers as restless as the shunting, shrieking engines, some gathering newspapers to feed a blaze in the rusty stove that merely suggested warmth.

The American seeks luxury in European travel in *un Wagon Lit* (pronounced "vagon lee"). The cost is equal to first-class fare, plus the usual supplement, amounting to one dollar an hour for the privilege of snoring in a compartment large enough to put your shoes in sideways, with huge bowls requiring the space of bathtubs, and toilet rooms that explain why perfumery or germicide are necessary when traveling *de luxe*. Pullman service is appreciated after one night in Wagon Lits. It makes one long for the "covered wagon," where at least the air inhaled is not charged on the bill. An American porter is a philanthropist compared to the heavy-mustached, gaily-uniformed "conductor-porter" in charge of each car, who scorns to black boots, but

does not hesitate to collect in a most expressively silent way a *pourboire* (tip) that he has not even tried to graciously earn. This makes an American want to fight and to think in strong terms concerning La Compagnie Internationale des Wagon Lits, an Italian-owned corporation, that appears to have the luxury-loving European traveler in its lap, exacting tribute through wine-on-the-table toll and an established system of quasi-authorized demand for "extras" that even an Englishman might call "most extraordinary!"

Now we glimpsed in the distance the snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees, and changed cars from French standard to Spanish wider gauge—provided as a means of preventing foreign military invasions by rail. After the usual frontier questionings and passport scrutinies, we were dumped into a spacious dining car and breathed with relief—Spain at last! The Espana cry, "All change," brought us to the realization that we had arrived at Irun, the threshold of Old Iberia. Soon after the lights of San Sebastian gleamed in the distance like myriads of bright stars rimming the coastline. Even those who left our train bound for Biarritz, the French rival of San Sebastian, seemed eager for days in Spain. Here we were now jingling in our pockets huge duros that resemble Mexican dollars—in fine fettle for the Peninsular invasion. The well-worn hotel labels on our baggage offered proof that we were no "tenderfeet," and could join the chorus of "*Si, Si Senor*" in C natural.

As for Buddy, the irrespressible, he already had his neck and body stretching far out of the train window, a veritable Romeo, watching for his Juliet senorita to appear at some passing Spanish balcony, some dream girl with eyes lustrously black, who would wear a red rose over her ear and carry a red fan in her hand. Buddy was ready; he had his Don Juan, and was eagerly waiting to scale a convent wall or to hoodwink a tantalizing duenna, guarding some olive-cheeked senorita while only apparently dozing in the dusky night.

Why does one associate Spain with stringed music?

There was an absence of serenading or street singing. No strumming of stringed instruments or rhythmic exhibition of the *Bolero* greeted us on arrival at San Sebastian. All of this had been pictured in Buddy's dream of "castles in Spain." It was a lonesome sort of night in a new land. The "season" was over, and the big shed of the railroad station, all dark, seemed "spooky." Only the mournful howl of a three-legged dog bade us welcome.

Whizzed in a motor-bus to the Hotel Maria Cristina, without pomp and scant ceremony, the sleepy night

porter guided us up the palatially wide staircase, too sleepy to note our accent or straw hats, or even to point to the huge sign in the corridor that read unmistakably "American Bar." The *liftier* was absent, and we walked upstairs, noting the lofty ceilinged chamber, the rich mellowness of the hangings, the "differentness" of furnishings. Everything was strange and foreign and all the signs were printed in Spanish. Not being able to read them, Buddy touched a button for "boots" and drew a chambermaid. He pressed the button for lights and electric fans whirred, while he shivered all night, and in the morning muttered, with teeth chattering, about Spanish winds in sunny Spain. "Mrs. Joe" soon fell to examining the beautifully hand-made lace curtains and the rich yellow softness of the hangings, noting all the contrivances about the room that made

for convenience and comfort. There was a genteel atmosphere of dignity and repose suggestive of that dream in "marble halls." Before retiring, Buddy peeped into the darkness of the great ballroom and related in whispers his imaginings of the scenes in bygone centuries when dames in lace and high ruff and gauntleted cavaliers in boots or hose and doublet, with drooping plumed hat, were realities. Romantic were we to the last wink of waking hours, for this was Spain!

Beds in Spain are quite an institution, although it is not many centuries since beds were not in use. Bolsters are rolled tightly and covered at times (like the pillows) with some elaborate lace covering or embroidered case matching the coverlet. The bed itself seemed very high; "long-legged," to quote Bud. Awakening in the morning, we tested the usefulness of a convenient cord, and the wooden shutters closed in unison, revealing Venetian latticed blinds that could be arranged to let in or keep out the warm semi-tropical sun.

Picture the clear steel-gray atmosphere of early morn as we peeped out on our first day in Spain—the gorgeously striking mountain range in the distance; the entrancing view of the broad Atlantic with its surf tumbling upon the rocks; the tide pouring in through the river, with a sweep and a swell, pulsating with the heaving motion of the ebb and flow, continuing on under picturesque bridges through the center of the city, and, despite the chilly breeze, palms waving and glistening green in the park beneath us.

In a foreign country one notes the varied noises that express action in the early morning hours, either by some ambitious peddler of edibles, the call of the milkman or the baker, or by the occupations of the laborer. It was so here. A very familiar sound we heard on awakening, reminding us of Florida, the New Spain. It was no less than the clatter-clatter of the hammers of workmen erecting a new hotel across the river. An autumn chill embraced us as we partook of the usual breakfast. How tropic foliage and chill breezes

Old fort at La Monta destroyed by the Duke of Wellington

Cluster of new villas overlooking the "Shell"

Tile roofed houses at the port of San Sebastian

Group of school children in San Sebastian

could dwell together so harmoniously was the subject discussed over toast. Acquainting ourselves with the varying value of the *peseto* (at that time below par), by which expenses must be reckoned, we began to know something of the mysteries of exchange and its effect upon our own exchequer.

With a horse and small carriage, vintage of the days of the beloved Empress Eugenie, a native of Spain, we sallied forth among the Basques of San Sebastian. The wide streets and the cleanliness of the town, the symmetry and uniformity of its architecture, were all another evidence that beauty pays. Balconies, colonnades, bay windows, the artistic wrought-iron grill and balustrades appeared to be set for some theatrical scene rather than for everyday usage. Climbing the mountains, we looked over the great walls down upon the homes of the fisherfolk, a sharp contrast to the palatial Casino, with its wide terraces where, in summer, society dances and promenades to the music of waves dashing and booming upon its walls. The dome-shaped glass ceiling of vari-colored hues suggested a temple of Pleasure on which the devotees of chance had lavished all the symbols of worship. Under its mellowing rays can be seen here in season hundreds of groups of pleasure-bent personages, passing social hours that represented one continuous day from dawn to dawn.

San Sebastian is the summer capital of Spain, where the stately villas of nearly all the foreign ambassadors and ministers are the center of diplomatic social life; the only capital in Europe where representatives of foreign powers group official headquarters for the summer months. Miramar, the summer palace of the Queen Mother, is here, but the palace of King Alfonso is further down the coast at Santander. But such is the spirit existing among the members of the royal family that King Alfonso spends much of his summer at Miramar and the Queen Mother, Maria Cristina, is seldom seen without at least two of her grandchildren with her.

On the night we arrived in San Sebastian, at the villa of American Ambassador Hammond, the King and Queen were attending a garden party. They sat in a tent and watched the gay throng dancing under the old trees in the softened light of Japanese lanterns. It was a scene of merriment that varied little from a home-like dinner dance gathering elsewhere. The couples were stepping lively to the stately strains of the fox-trot "Valencia." In the evening shadows, as if looking on in complacent peace, the folds of the Stars and Stripes were enfolded in the yellow, green and gold standard of old Castile. "May our friendship continue firm and sure as long as these flags endure" was the sentiment of Espana, her rulers and people on that happy night.

Chapter III

STIRRING SCENES IN SAN SEBASTIAN

IN the shadows of old Santa Maria Church, with its twin towers and clock, we met a group of singing children coming from school with books under their arms. This was indicative of the more recent educational movement to eliminate the prevalence of illiteracy. Descendants of the grim ancient Basque smiled as they grouped for a picture and chorused "Americano" with childlike titter, as if our group were freaks with a circus. But they were very friendly with the stout man who gave out the *pesatos*, and murmured "*gracias*" sweetly.

From the mountain we viewed the famous La Concha —the "shell" or harbor. The tumbling surf was beating itself against the rugged shoreline in great clouds of foamy whiteness. Above, the beautiful villas in a perfect blending of color, like a cluster of prisms, rose, tier upon tier, against the background of blue sky and mountain, amid a mass of vines and waving palms. Gay-colored flowers shed their fragrance round about, and added another colorful touch to the vivid picture.

The simple homes of the fisher folk, moss grown and decrepit, dotted the old quays surrounding the bay, forming an irregular letter "S" enclosing the "Shell." Anchored in the protection of this basin were boats, their sails brilliant splashes of rich brown red. The sturdy Basque sailors played an important part in the discovery of the New World. In the streets, or methodically proceeding with their daily routine work,

the procession of people in felt shoes brought to mind the history of a race that has clung tenaciously to its individuality, language, and customs, with scarcely a record for ancient tradition. Somewhat austere, they carried themselves with dignity, unmindful of the wistful weariness their expression betrayed. Long mantuas or cloaks of black and white draped the slow-moving figures that were either sublimely slender or grotesquely stout. The elderly women seemed adept at hiding their wrinkled, weatherworn faces with shawls, but one caught occasional glimpses of dark eyes that gleamed kindly and inquiringly at the Americanos.

An ox-team, equipped with sheepskin hoods, dragging with methodical patience a huge load of garden vegetables, apparently had the right of way over motor cars. Contrasted with this ancient means of locomotion, was a brilliantly finished and richly appointed limousine, which dashed up and stopped at the Casino. At the wheel was a typically beautiful, dark-eyed senorita, wearing a jaunty Basque cap. She was evidently protesting against being "pocketed" by the ox-teams and expressed herself with an explosive "damn" in English, followed by the soft liquid tones of Spanish to her companion in the rear seat. She had not observed us on the curb. Buddy quickly noted the *one* word and issued the challenge to converse in mixed English and Spanish. There was a disdainful glance at first, which softened as she struggled to politely respond in English, which the stately chaperon in the rear evidently could not understand. Buddy gallantly proffered the young lady with long eyelashes and luminous eyes his services as an emergency chauffeur and offered to drive her home. A glance over her shoulder explained it all, as she coquettishly declined and nodded good-bye. Shoving in the clutch, she swirled off—a flush and fadeout of Spanish beauty. Buddy sighed: "What wonderful eyes, and only one glance from my *primera novia*. I can never forget her."

Varied were the sights that met our eyes on the ride

Iglesia de Santa Maria *(San Sebastian)* by Levon West

toward the mountain boulevard. Everywhere an impressive transition from the ancient to the modern was in evidence. Ox-teams and autos, monasteries and ice-houses, electric lights and medieval doorways, hung with ancient lanterns and fastened with huge rusty locks, were side by side. Spain leaped from tallow candles to electricity and knew little of the intervening ages. There were even many telephones in this land, where inadequate braziers are still the most commonly used heating contrivances. American-made radios already awaken the dull, dead echoes in ancient palaces. Airplanes and chugging motor cars are a striking contrast to the life in places redolent of the Fifteenth Century. The solemn-miened and proud descendants of the adventurous Iberians were eliminating the intermediate stages, and evolving into the modern of moderns from the ancient of ancients.

The architecture of the sweeping gateways and the great walls, built in the manner of the early Roman period of occupation, made me think of my struggles in ancient history in school, but we searched in vain for the so-called "Spanish" style of architecture so prevalent in America. Could it be that our American-Spanish is merely an adaptation of the beautiful and distinctive curves, arches, and patios of old Spain, with additions dictated by American necessity, the whole blending harmoniously in an architectural pot-pouri? As the Romans added to the simple lines of Greek architecture; as the early Britons absorbed the ideals of the Romans, and the American colonists applied the architecture of old England in the construction of their stately colonial homes, so today in Florida and our own South, on to California, in the setting of an appropriate climate, we are utilizing the composite lines and color of Spain, Morocco, London, Rome, and Athens in the creation of a slowly-developing American architecture, equally distinctive as those of other countries and of other centuries.

Naturally Bud's artistic eye was attracted by the

graceful embellishments of the lamp posts, the walls and gate-tops. He absorbed the many minute touches of color and pleasing effects of line or curve, and busied himself by making sketches. In Spain are found the practical and logical reasons for patios and tile roofs. Massive beauty blended with leisurely comfort was the dominant *motif*. Labor has always been plentiful and there was time unlimited in which to carry out ideals romantic. Small details receive the same conscientious attention as the mass effect of the larger projects of which they are a part. Like many other tourists, we were indeed beginning to build our "castles in Spain" in the dream of some day having a Spanish home in America.

San Sebastian has been the scene of pacts and intrigues, and the setting for strange diplomatic bouts. It was at one time a meeting place for the League of Nations. In this gateway to Northern Spain have been born conspiracies and dreams of conquest. Fringed with age-old quays, from which ships departed for lands unknown, in the discovery era of history, secret voyages were planned, and many mysterious ships returned here bearing the booty from over the vasty deep. The sturdy seafolk managed to save something for themselves from the feudal lords, when the royal household was declaring unheard of dividends of wealth in gold and silver, brought from out the mystic new Indies to the west.

The solid masonry remains impervious to time, as though time did not exist. Quaintly tiled roofs were brightened by the mottled green of age. The graceful outline of fig trees, flowers, and shrubs swayed against the gray-green walls of cottages, again calling to our minds the Spanish type of bungalow so popular in homes in our own land.

Leaving the carriage behind, we climbed the old winding olive-tree-lined paths to the summit, under the walls of the historic Castillo de La Monta. Here were buried British veterans of the Peninsular wars,

while following the fortunes of the Duke of Wellington, who in this campaign prepared for the destiny awaiting him at Waterloo. On the parade ground, where the red-coats trained to help Spain in her struggles against French invasion, a group of men were pitching quoits as peacefully as winter tourists in St. Petersburg, Florida.

With Yankee intrepidity, Bud started to scale the broken walls of the old fortress, still showing the battering by the guns, when an armed guard gruffly ordered him away. Nothing daunted, he went around through an abandoned stairway leading to an open space and came face to face with a group of startled senoritas out for a stroll. Discovered again, and ordered away by the old soldier, Bud laughingly caught the salutation one of the girls threw him, with a coquettish glance. In return he waved a romantic kiss, which escaped the eyes of the guardian and was gleefully divided among the group in a sort of motion-picture pantomime.

When the Iron Duke ordered the bombardment of San Sebastian, the command was so well carried out that only two churches which stood behind the mountain, out of range of the guns, were left standing. In the wake of cannon fire one can trace the outline of the more modern San Sebastian in contrast with the remnants of the old city, the latticed windows, the narrow streets, overhung with balconies built centuries ago, relics of the days when the Basque ruled in this realm of mystery of which no records remain. Nearly all the people wear Basque caps that suggest the jaunty Tam o' Shanter. Rich and poor, high-born and peasant, all wear the visorless chapeau. "It makes one look like an artist at least," argued Buddy as he handed out four dollars in duros for a bit of headgear which he could have purchased for one dollar on the Bowery in New York. One look at him in his new millinery and he was then and there christened "Buddy Basque."

Unintelligible as their conversation was to us, the greetings of the inhabitants nevertheless charmed us by the softly-intoned beauty of the words that at times

seemed like lessons in first Latin, and adapted to the days of royal courts as well as a medium of courtship in every age—so says Buddy.

Someone with Buddy's quickness to understand was present in August, 1926, when the first tourists ever to be brought to Spain directly from New York on a Spanish liner were guests in the city.

There were fifty of these Americans. With characteristic hospitality the Spanish people received them. Among other events in their honor a game of pelota had been arranged at one of the frontons or halls for this Basque ball. In Havana and Miami it is called Jai-Alai.

The name and address of the fronton had been written in long hand fifty times by the courier. Fifty times had he placed one of these tiny white slips in an outstretched hand. Fifty times had he cautioned an American guest not to forget the time and place.

And not one American wished to forget it.

They departed, very early, in groups. They had difficulty in locating the street because the people couldn't understand their questions. But they couldn't miss the fronton for the letters stood out in gold against the dark blue, starry sky.

No admission was charged to them. "Speak English. That is the password," they were told.

So forty-eight Americans ascended the stairs at each end of the broad, plain lobby and took balcony seats, picking the best, of course.

Pelota brings the bodies of the participants, four slender, white-clad *pelotaris*, into splendid play.

Each uses a large, narrow, spoon-shaped wicker glove to strike against the end walls of the hall a ball about the size for tennis, but extremely hard. The rules and scoring are not unlike racquets. The interest centers not only in the skill, but in the bookmakers who, at the moment the playing begins, stand at the side of the court and yell out the odds. Sometimes they throw tickets up to the balcony in pierced tennis

balls. The backers put in their stakes and toss them down again. The odds change after each stroke. Therefore the frenzy and deafening roar of the occasion can be imagined. In many cases the bookies keep

records of the bets yelled from the balcony and settle downstairs with the backers after the game.

Naturally the Americans became highly excited and pitied the two disloyal, unappreciative, laggard Americans who had not come.

On returning to the hotel the two missing ones approached, trembling with anger.

"Where have you been? What a terrible disgrace! You will never live it down. The boxes were decorated with flags and flowers. Six boxes. And only two of us were there!"

Forty-eight Americans shriveled and wilted under their mutual load of humiliation. Forty-eight Americans realized that they had stormed the wrong fronton! Against the sky they had recognized that word—which meant nothing much more than hall—but the hall's name they hadn't considered!

Not far away to the south is Bilboa, a busy industrial town, the picturesque port of Santander, and Vigo with its enchanting skyline—and its coffins!

For it was here that we found an irridescent opportunity to give ourselves a joyful welcome into the hereafter.

We happened in February, 1926, to be waiting for a liner from Bordeaux. It was due in Vigo Bay on Monday. By Thursday no word had been received. The Bay of Biscay was all upset over something. The Spanish steamship people, with their usual courtesy, informed us, "If not today, she will come tomorrow."

Meanwhile we walked along in Vigo, holding on to our nerves and the sea wall. We admired the castle on the hill. We admired oxen drawing freight cars on a siding. We admired the long, long meals. We admired games of chess on the hotel lobby. And we haunted the shops.

One afternoon in a square we ventured past an arched doorway through which we looked into a triangular space perfectly plain except for shelves along the wall. On these shelves were tucked the coffins, all sizes and colors.

The shopkeeper invited us to choose one. Here was something nice in white with a border of deep blue. Or did we prefer tortoise shell?

Tortoise shell was a magnificent temptation—but not in coffin form.

"What shall we do with it till we need it? And are we supposed to carry it around the world with us or something?" we inquired.

The shopkeeper said no, leave it at home. It was real handy to keep things in. Besides he once knew a captain on a boat to South America. The captain slept in his. He clamped it on to the floor and hooked back the lid. Wasn't that a good idea?

But we paid for our leaving without a coffin. For when the liner finally steamed out of Vigo Bay with us and we struck the terrific seas of that month, many an hour we longed for that coffin that was "something nice with a border of deep blue." Yes, we particularly wanted the deep blue—all over us!

Only four days' sail by fast steamer from New York, Vigo may one day become an objective port for American travelers seeking a brief sea journey to some foreign land. The suggestion of New England with its "rocks and rills and templed hills" comes to the New Englander while traveling about these parts. A breath of the sweeping salt sea air of the Atlantic is a tonic to a dweller on the seacoast after he has spent many years inland.

Due to propaganda as to poorly-equipped hotels, difficult railroad traveling, and high prices, there have been fewer tourists in Spain of recent years than in other parts of Europe. Gradually the twain, America and Spain, are coming to understand each other better and there is now evidence of an awakening interest in America as to the real fascination of Spain for the tourist. Much of this interest is due to the reports of returning travelers who learned to appreciate the virtues and viewpoint of Spanish sentiment toward the United States, for Spain now claims Florida and California as daughters of old Espana by right of discovery, and has the documents and dates to prove the claim.

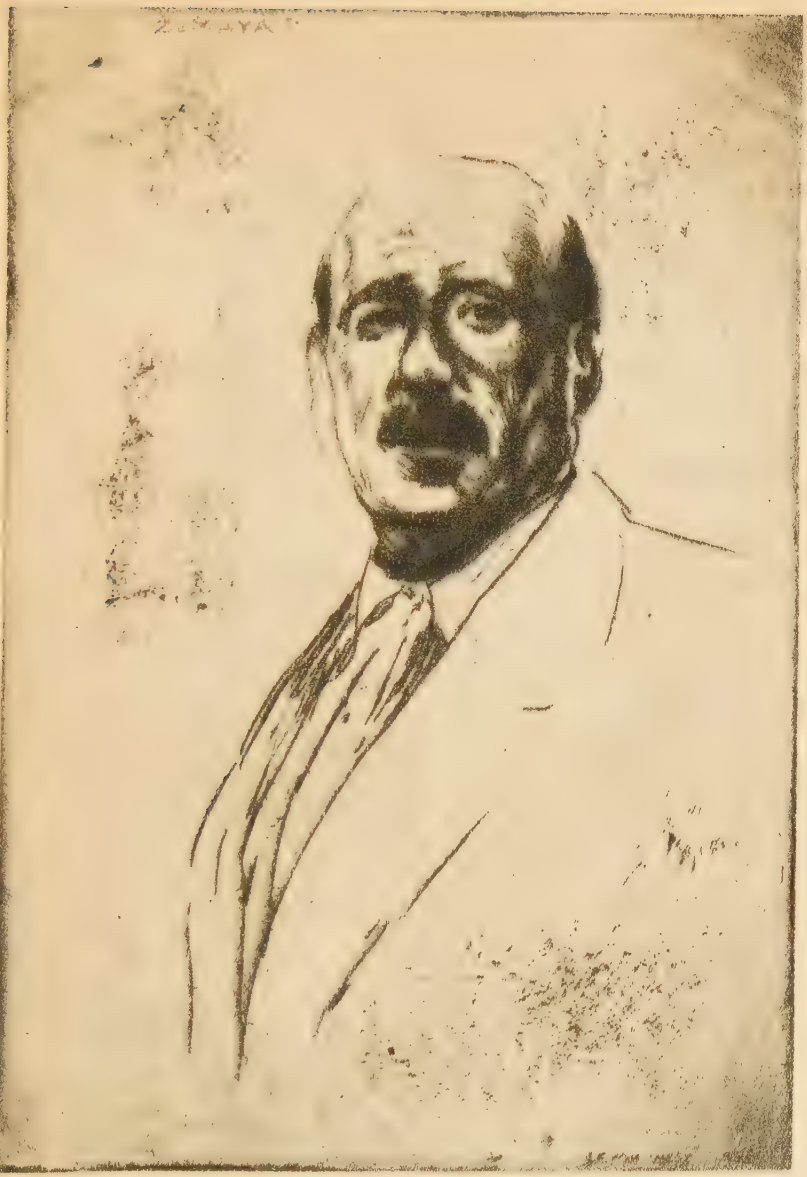
Because Bud forgot he was in Spain the moment he glued his eyes on a perfectly adorable American Cadillac—we made a trip to Tangiers. A man was overheard speaking English, extolling the virtues of the American automobile. From autos the conversation shifted to Tangiers in particular. The fixed route, so carefully red-marked on our map, was changed for we decided upon an air trip, exploring the clouds, via Seville, and thence into Afrique.

Chapter IV

WITH ZULOAGA IN HIS HOME STUDIO

THERE was a welcome tone in the voice of Ignacio Zuloaga over the phone speaking English and asking about friends in New York and Florida that made me feel at home in Spain. He had that familiarity with colloquialisms which invariably distinguishes the foreigner who has been in America from the one who has not come into contact with Mr. Bell's American trumpet. First there was the cheery staccato "hello," that always implies an explosive exclamation point. He could use with effect the affirmative "U-huh" or the negative "Unc-huh" of a mid-westerner, and had an "idear" when he heard Bostonese, nor had not forgotten the "I reckon, you all" he heard in the sunny south of our own U.S.A. The conversation continued while I was ensconsed in an upholstered padded hotel telephone booth, gasping for air, but the invitation to "come queek, and not put off a dinner when are welcome again," indicated Zuloaga zest. "Do as you do in America, what you say, 'Get a move on yourself.' "

The home-studio, christened "'Santiago," is located at Zumaya. The prize Hispano motor was soon under way for the picturesque dash down the coast, fifty kilometres or more. In the drizzling rain we whirled at breakneck pace through the villages, disregarding all speed regulations, for the chauffeurs in Spain cannot read a speedometer. Skirting the cliffs edging the ghostly white caps on the ocean, in and out, we fairly shot through tunnels, whizzing on while the



Ignacio Zuloaga *(from life)* by Levon West

moon played hide and seek among the mountain peaks and the scurrying clouds. From the moment of arrival at the home of the master, we enjoyed the warmth of a real Spanish welcome. In the enchantment of his beautiful estate, with its wide stretch of beach and promenade under the stately silhouetted cliffs, it seemed a fitting retreat for the master artist of Spain.

Inside and out of the house was an atmosphere of art and the feeling of a Basque home. Zuloaga could never be lonesome with his El Greco and companion masterpieces. A cheering blaze in the fireplace of the living room suggested how universal is the ideal of a hearthstone as the central motif in planning a home. The artist jocularly welcomed us in his own native Basque language, spoken by few. After a sumptuous Spanish dinner, when the tall glasses which stood in stately array were re-filled generously, he proposed a toast to America and the friends overseas. Buddy was all eyes and ears as the artist chatted. Finally he called for the etchings which Buddy Basque, the coming master-etcher, student, and successor to Joseph Pennell had already made in Spain. "Don't lie with your lines," commented Ignacio Zuloaga. "In making an etching, make your lines true. Reproduce the subject, whether it be Alfonso or one of our beloved ancient towers, with lines of solidity and character. Leave out all messy, unnecessary scratches. Yes, I used to make many drypoints long ago and know the patience and effort it takes."

Sitting on a couch decked with embroidered shawls in the great master's private studio, Buddy was receiving criticism and instruction on a series of Spanish etchings which had taken him a year to complete. In an old arm chair of carved wood before us sat one of the great living masters, Zuloaga, with a crayon in one hand and two of Buddy's etchings in his lap.

"Now this one," he said, picking up the drypoint of the Church of Santa Maria in San Sebastian, "is executed beautifully, but why did you not wipe the plate

clean and pull a true proof? Amusing—yes! to leave ink in the corners—you know sometimes we can cover up false scratches that way." He then examined more closely the lines under the tone, and remarked that it was useless to leave the tone in the corners, as he could see no false lines. There are some etchers who cover their hurriedly made false scratches by leaving blotches of black ink over them. Rembrandt always pulled a clean line proof. Every one of his lines counted. He used few lines in interpreting his subject, but he placed them with the perfection of a genius."

Buddy related the story told him by Charles Locke, instructor in the Art Students League of New York, who said that when Golding first discovered Rembrandt's etchings in a London attic he found that the tone on the etchings had turned to a film of dust, but the lines remained as the master had etched them.

While discussing etchings, Zuloaga went to one corner of the studio and from a mass of paintings selected and held up a lithograph which the late George Bellows had presented to him.

"Look at the solidity of the figures, the masses of black which he used. Quite amusing the way he handled the litho crayon." He went on, "I was at the hospital, at his death-bed. What a pity to lose an artist of his calibre. Bellows was a true artist!"

Again referring to the etchings he examined each one with a master's critical eye, enthusing over the bitten line etching of the Statue of Alfonso XII—the manner in which it had been handled, and advised Buddy to make the rest of his work in the same manner, using simple, true lines, merely suggesting the subject.

Zuloaga compared a painting he had made with one of a fellow-artist of the same subject, an old tiled Spanish tavern.

"We worked on alternate days that we might not see how the other was progressing or might not be influenced by the other's work." He insisted that he had given more than double the time to completing his

painting. It appeared that each of the tiles in the roof of the old building had been painted, when in reality only a few tile were suggested. The old rickety archways and every detail seemed like a little model of the building by a sculptor rather than a painting before me.

In another corner of his studio was a large canvas of light gray, about ten by twelve feet square, upon which was the charcoaled outline of Zuloaga's latest painting. Drawn in bold, deliberate strokes were the figures of the most famous Spaniards of today grouped around and admiring an El Greco masterpiece. Here is where Zuloaga again reveals his deep love and admiration for El Greco's work, for the copy of the old master's picture which he was including in his portrait covered fully half the entire canvas. Speaking of the master he said, "If El Greco was as mad as they say he was, I am willing to go crazy also if I can match his art."

A long process of thoughtful preparation precedes the actual work which Zuloaga lavishes upon each of his compositions. He ponders deeply every detail, and when his mental pattern is clear, he attacks his big canvas with confidence and assurance. When the bold outlines in charcoal are completed, he applies the pigment with a firm resolute hand in a method reasoned and decisive, leaving nothing to chance. There are no surprises—no accidents—fortunate or otherwise.

Traveling about his own native country to study types and scenes, he does not carry with him a kit with brushes and tubes; there is no easel or canvas in sight. In a small notebook is transcribed in free, legible script the suggestions which he afterwards transmits into line, form, and color. These written notation sketches merely serve to recall impressions that might otherwise become foggy or entirely effaced.

With a dreamy look in his face he sat in a Fourteenth Century chair and looked into the fire. "I have just purchased a magnificent castle for my new studio, one tower of which soars three hundred feet into the sky." He gave a vivid description of this old fortified castle

near Madrid, with its picturesque drawbridge and moat. This stimulated the imagination of the young American etcher, still in search of his Castle in Spain, where stories of romance and heroism might be told by rugged stones of old ruins.

"What a wonderful subject for an etching!" Buddy whispered. I nodded, and he frankly inquired, "May I visit your new place? I'd rather like to make an etching." The budding artist was thrilled at the prospect of carrying back to America a first hand etching of the Basque master's castle studio made in foreign copper.

"No, no, no!" he exclaimed, patting Buddy on the arm. "I have too many visitors here in Zumaya, consequently I have selected this castle as a safe retreat from distractions. I've told no one of its whereabouts —in fact, it takes two days' donkey ride over wearisome, untraveled roads to reach the drawbridge."

With an admiring look at the young man, whose face reflected disappointment, he turned once more to the prints of Spanish scenes which illustrate this volume.

Rising to his full height, the magnetism and forcefulness of his conversation riveted the attention of Buddy on every word of the master's instruction. When he reached for the print of the great general, Martinez Campos, I glimpsed the hand of the master, large, square, and powerful, with pigment stains ingrained.

Closely examining this print, he remarked to Buddy Basque, otherwise Levon Fairchild West, "My boy, your style and technique reveal something of the genius of Pennell and Whistler. You know Joseph Pennell admired and even worshipped Whistler's lines to the extent that his work maintained the high ideals of his friend and instructor." He complimented Buddy on devoting his time and effort to the art of etching—a decision made upon the advice of Mr. Pennell, after working under his guidance, who said, "It is your great privilege and responsibility to carry on the old traditions laid down by the early etchers."

Zuloaga's PAULETTE *(bitten line etching)* by Levon West

Commenting at some length on every print, and passing on the whole a favorable criticism, with an unerring eye for defects, he continued enthusiastically: "These pictures will give the readers of Mr. Chapple's proposed book a true conception of our own Spanish life, customs, and historic architecture." Buddy wanted to hug him on the spot. "Now, you must see one of my early etchings," he concluded, as he strode toward the door of an adjoining room. Pushing it open, he stopped short, and with an exclamation of amazement rushed through the room and on up the staircase hastily.

What could have happened?

We were puzzled to know what had occasioned this exclamation of distress in the tone of voice of the great painter. Through the door the tragedy was revealed. The whole room was dripping with oil from the heavy rafters. Large canvases constituting half of his life's work, were being submerged in the black dripping liquid. Buddy took off his coat and worked like a demon with others to rescue the treasured canvases from the threatened total destruction. Breathless, perspiring, and soaked with the sticky fluid, Buddy's only thought was to be of help to the kind and generous friend.

"Don't ruin your clothes. The oil will not harm the paintings," exclaimed Zuloaga at the head of the stairs as he slowly descended, wiping his oily hands with a stained Paisley shawl.

"What a pity! What a pity!" he kept saying over and over again as he looked upon the paintings and the oozing supply of painting oil which he had been curing in a large barrel, over a period of eight years. The torrid Spanish sun and hot weather had burst open the barrel on the floor above. Four costumes which Belmonte, the bull fighter, had presented to Zuloaga, and which he was using for his latest painting, were ruined, as well as many shawls and gowns.

The servant arrived soon after to care for the paintings

and debris, Zuloaga remaining throughout it all the courteous and charming host. Kindly, big-hearted man, we left him a little later waving a cheery good-bye—a solitary figure on the surf-rimmed beach of his beloved "Santiago."

The visit with Zuloaga at Zumaya was truly an inspiring memory and added more happy hours in Spain to be treasured and dreamed over for years to come. His studio home contains a collection that seems to obliterate time and centuries in the realm of art. Everything about this home seemed to breathe art, charm, and the character of some particular friend of today, or the various periods marking out centuries in which the masters lived.

Amid those enchanting scenes Zuloaga has produced his best-known canvases. From here his fame has spread to other countries and to other continents. At the time of our first visit he had just completed a portrait of Paderewski which now hangs in the art collection in the Steinway building in New York. On the easels were half-completed portraits of many eminent Americans—men and women.

In a handsome stone building with a tiled roof and blue shutters, near the home in which he lives, is his studio. It contains a chapel where many of his art treasures are hung in the soft light of the cloistered walls.

A life-size figure of the Mater Dolorosa, with tears in her eyes, glistening in the shadows, indicating the tensity of grief, almost takes one's breath away in its likeness to a living presence. Many originals of El Greco are hung in the inner chamber, for it is here we find the work and very atmosphere in which the master painted. This impresses the visitors with a feeling of reverence akin to worship. The electric lighting on the pictures provide startling effects by night, as well as in the mellowed sunshine of daylight. And before these we talked of America. When asked if he intended to go back to America some day, Zuloaga

smiled wistfully and looked through a window toward the sea.

"I think never," he answered. "That is a magnificent land. I love the people there. They were good friends to me. And what is even more to an artist, they liked my pictures. But I shall never see them again because," he added with childlike simplicity, "I get far too seaseeck."

What about the man Zuloaga—the Ignacio Zuloaga born at Eibar in the province of Guipuzcoa on July 26, 1870? A leader of the national art of Spain, he has proven a true son of Espana, although a member of that robust and ancient race which successfully resisted Spanish rule and conquest for centuries and still regards itself as first Basque and then Spanish. His father, grandfather, and great grandfather all devoted themselves to the intricate art of ornamental metal work. They were practical people, many of whom after working hard in handicraft, took up painting, as did young Ignacio Zuloaga, who as a lad decided to forsake the old forge and devote his life to the fine arts.

On a visit to Madrid, he chanced to see for the first time the paintings of El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya. This incident turned the tide, and at eighteen the future painter departed for Rome to seek inspiration and guidance.

After several humiliating years of bitter struggle he returned to Spain, empty of pocket and results. Here he found it impossible to support himself with his brush, and became in turn a bookkeeper, a dealer in antiques, and a professional bull fighter. At twenty-eight he finally received recognition as an artist of international repute. His recent exhibition in New York City was enthusiastically welcomed by the throngs of art lovers and critics. Four of his pictures sold for $100,000 during the private exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries. Three of his paintings, "Sevilla," a 5 x 8 gypsy dance painting; "Basque Peasant," 3½ x 7 feet, and "Augusta la Gitana," a painting of a gypsy

girl, were purchased by Governor Alvan T. Fuller, of Massachusetts, for $75,000.

Think of it—the master, Zuloaga, never set foot inside an art school!

"All I ever knew of the Beaux Arts was the view I had of it from the windows of the Louvre." To learn anatomy I read no textbooks. I had doctor friends in Paris. Frequently they smuggled me into an operating room at the hospital. That was the way I studied the human body. It is a good way, is it not?" From the first he drew with vigor and decision, thoroughly unconscious of the destiny and fame that were to come to him.

Chapter V

THE SHADES OF SEGOVIA AND BURGOS

"A PANORAMIC view of Spain from the window of a railroad train might suffice to 'do' Espana, as some very distinguished English authors and European celebrities 'do-doo' the States as the lecture bureau 'lions' gather impressions for a 'book on America.' " This was Buddy's comment after a jiggling ride, trying to make notes and sketches on the moving train, and he continued:

"A tour with rousing receptions is planned betimes to 'cash in' on box office receipts, speedily playing on the cupidity and curiosity of Americans to see real, living princes, queens, aces, some royal flushes crowned with the halo of nobility, and explorers past and present. The European tourist in America oftentimes seeks to lay up treasures of gold en route, while the American tourist in Europe rids himself of the 'root of all evil' at the rate of a round billion every year, according to the estimate made by Secretary of Commerce Hoover. Am I right?"

No one disputed the challenge, and he took a nap, still dreaming of castles.

As we bowled along over the boundless plains of the plateau land of Spain on the "Sud Express" pitching, rolling and shivering its way from Irun toward Madrid, we passed through the majestically beautiful Pyrenees. On the wide expanse of the barren ground of the Sierra de Guadarrama, aside from occasional puny patches of maize mingled with scarlet poppies, there seemed to be

nothing within the wide horizon of blue sky but rock and sand.

Quite without warning, other than the shrieking whistle of the locomotive, there appeared almost precipitously before us the mountain of rock on which stands historic Segovia.

"A castle in Spain!" Buddy exclaimed as he pointed toward the Alcazar, silhouetted against the twilight sky in the imperial "splendor that falls" on castle walls, towers, and gates, a chaos of mellowed stone facing the wastes of Castile. Segovia, the ancient, has been lying in medieval sleep since the Sixteenth Century. We did not go far from the station to find evidences of the times when the Romans lived in Segovia. The aqueduct loomed up, and Buddy discovered a legend oftentimes related concerning this Roman remnant of engineering skill. The Devil fell in love with a beautiful Segovian girl, who promised to marry him after an ardent Spanish style courtship, if in one night he would build an aqueduct to bring the cold and sparkling waters of Fuenfria in the Sierra de Guadarrama to the city. She insisted that the arches must be of solid stone. The Devil accepted the challenge and in one night the famous aqueduct of Segovia appeared. Upon inspection, the maid, aided by her young lover, discovered a crack on one arch and she was thus saved from her pledge to marry the Devil.

"The lover won, and they lived happily ever after," murmured Buddy, "all because of that crack of deviltry, but how is it that they have used that aqueduct all these centuries without giving the poor devil some credit."

There was no answer from the guide, who was hustling us on to that ancient Alcazar built in the early days by three successive Spanish kings.

Alfonso, the Wise, admired this historic spot so intensely that he remained here much of the time and chose to announce here that had the Creator only consulted Alfonso the Wise, this universe might have been

quite a bit better! Thereupon the heavens opened in a terrific storm, indicative of the wrath of Jehovah, which suggested that the Creator might have been "listening in." Seventy years ago, the interior of this palace-fortress was completely destroyed by a fire, and all its magnificent treasures of master artists and craftsmen were lost. The visitor now looks upon only the shell of the far-famed ancient Alcazar of Segovia, which, however, affords one an impressive and picturesque glimpse of ancient days.

The most modern thing in Segovia is its Cathedral, built A. D. 1558. The work was begun near the close of Segovia's greatest glory, when its dreaming days were at hand. There was poverty in the land. The same process usually follows in the fashionable residence section when the boarding houses crowd in to accommodate for a modest per diem the genteel folks who have seen better days. The devoted Segovians persuaded Juan Gil, the architect, who had just finished the Cathedral at Salamanca, to build one for them, something in the spirit of growing American towns, which feel they must have a cosmopolitan hotel at all hazards to keep up the pace and reflect the gaieties of 'lil ol' New York."

Stone by stone, the people — cheerful volunteer workers — carried the material to the site while the church kept rising like a monument to a glorious past. Spurred on, and inspired by their devotion, Juan Gil fashioned his masterpiece, a Cathedral which is the very essence of the Spanish character — a triumphal combination of impressiveness, simplicity, delicacy, refinement, and subtle lines. Although the church was opened in 1558, it was not dedicated until two hundred years afterward. Such were the long days in the life history of Segovian people!

There is a touch of the old Roman spirit remaining, for Segovia's story is a tale of real Roman history. Located on the borderland between Moors and Christians, for many years its men had to fight to live.

That was the chief occupation and there was little opportunity for the cultural life to flower.

When the struggle between Moors and Christians was over, these hardy men became cattle breeders. And today they retain the charm, the customs, and the costumes of medieval peasantry that gives color and distinction to the glory of Segovia.

* * *

With memories of the religious life of the royal palace freshly in mind, we sought another reposing place for treasures, the Cathedral of the City of Burgos, the birthplace of the immortal Cid—itself one of the proudest possessions of Spain.

When we arrived at Burgos, we lurched into an old-fashioned carriage and were tightly fastened in by canvas sheets so that no air could penetrate. The glimpses through the curtains showed us that what few poplar trees remained were white with dust almost to the top. And the violent jouncing we got would indicate that this was, indeed, a very old town.

Buddy, bracing his feet against the luggage and holding on to the sides of the carriage, remarked: "The best thing about this town is the train out. I like civilization—and girls."

We managed to get him into the hotel by telling him it was right opposite the barracks. There would certainly be life and color close by. Then he discovered that in the enormous room the wardrobe had no hooks at all.

"May we hang our things on the floor? That's real liberty—at home."

In vain did we try to prove that the charm of this city was its age and historical greatness.

"Yes. The kind we have in the bathtub." And he pointed to a part of the room, hidden by a screen. "Here is a bathtub three quarters of a mile long and half a mile wide, with hot and cold running water in prospect."

"But nothing marches," chattered on the cheerful

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, wife of the American Ambassador

Gardens of El Greco's studio at Toledo

Ambassador Hon. Alexander P. Moore and the author before the royal palace

traveler. "Turn on the hot water. It won't march. Turn on the cold water. It doesn't consider marching. And the barracks only across the way."

Eventually, these details were well taken care of, and we braved another carriage to reach the Carthusian monastery of Miraflores.

On the way, one drives through a street so wide that it is divided into narrower strips by eight rows of poplars. Beyond this one passes through a stone arch into what was once the hunting park of Juan II, who gave the land to the monastery. An ascent begins here, and through the dust-whitened trees one catches glimpses of great Spanish plains and distances provocative to the imagination. At the top of the leisurely ascent stands the peaceful monastery, looking across the valley of Arlanzon.

To the western mind, there is great quiet here; beautiful simplicity. Through an arch in the thick wall one goes into a garden, and, beyond, through an ancient stone door, into the chapel. This is small, unpretentious, and smells fragrant of old wood. This particular old wood is noted for the delicacy of its carving.

Here one finds also the alabaster monument of the father and mother of Isabella. The figures rest easily in their magnificent robes on the tomb. The sides are covered with details of sacred history wrought in masterly design and craftsmanship.

The soldiers of Napoleon, recognizing the fabulous value of this alabaster monument, wished to carry it to France, but it was impossible to move this treasure.

Concerning Burgos Cathedral, many books have been written. The first view of its spires, with their lacelike design and workmanship, made our hearts beat quickly and push their upward way into our throats. Later, when we actually stood before this massive stone achievement, we forgot ourselves completely. Inside, at the end of a dark aisle, like a brilliant opal, was a lighted chapel, dazzling with gold and jeweled colors like a treasure cave.

While we were under the spell of this, somebody startled us by touching our arm and telling us to look up at one corner of the roof. Here was the ugly head and shoulders of a man, carved possibly out of wood, and colored. The hour was about to strike. When the clock reached eleven, this figure opened its hideous mouth and uttered weird confirmation of the strokes while its hand pulled a bell.

In one room, used for council gatherings, high up on the wall and resting on iron supports, was the chest of the Cid. The wood had rotted away and the iron rusted. But it keeps together somehow and reminds the tourist of the oft-repeated tale of the Cid's adventures.

In this cathedral also is the private chapel through which one passes by a tiny door into a room that is extremely small and perfectly plain. The walls are irregularly cut and in one of them is a window. Opposite this a slide in the wall pushes back—and one gazes into the face of Leonardo da Vinci's "Magdalen." Valued at half a million dollars, this is only one of the many gifts of this particular family, and only one of the ornaments of their chapel.

Las Huelgas is another church of Burgos that has a romantic history. It was founded by Alfonso VIII of Castile and his queen, Leonore, in 1180. This was the time when the Cistercians were the fashionable order. So this nunnery was founded to admit noble ladies. Its chapels have seen royal marriages, coronations, and funerals, and its abbesses ruled over great domains. The noble nuns and their lady abbess still remain, but the splendor has departed. In this church is to be seen the banner taken from the Moors when they were conquered in Castile.

In Burgos we located the house where Raphael used to visit, and gazed in awe at the bed he often occupied. And it was here, too, we met a very old woman in the plaza carrying a heavy load of automobile tires cut up in about twelve-inch lengths.

"What's the idea?" inquired Buddy.

"I suppose she sells them to patch tires," I facetiously answered.

"Patch tires with those things! Stick twelve inches of complete rubber tire on another? Besides, have you seen one single automobile in Burgos?"

I admitted I had not.

When we approached the old woman, she informed us we could have two of these bits of tire for five pesetas. Then she revealed how a toe piece had been put on, a heel piece added, with straps attached to go round the ankle.

"Hm! Slippers," remarked Buddy the Brusque, "Well, heaven knows the folks need to wear pneumatic automobile tires walking on cobbles like these!"

Chapter VI

THE ANCIENT UNIVERSITY AT SALAMANCA

VENERABLE with age, Salamanca lifts its "frosted pow" above the ramparts of the foaming Tormes as the waters surge around the horseshoe curve that outlines the general form of this ancient stronghold. Much of the glory has departed and former splendor has vanished, but Salamanca remains a name dear to the Spanish heart; it is one which also appeals to others who know its history. When Europe was lying fallow in the bottomlands of ignorance and in the darkness of the Middle Ages, Salamanca was cultivating the fields of higher knowledge and sowing the seeds for a magnificent harvest that was garnered more or less by almost every nation in Europe. The prestige of the University of Salamanca persists, although it has lost the sway that it once exerted over the culture, not only of the Latin, but also the Gaelic and Celtic races. It is much older than Oxford and at a time it could boast more colleges or departments than Oxford, having been founded early in the thirteenth century by Alfonso IX, King of Leon, an ancestor of the present monarch.

There was no football game rush the day we arrived in Salamanca. It was football, however that Buddy's

inquiring mind was picturing—a football team made up of some of the giant athletic statues appearing thereabout.

"The colors are flying," he shouted, pointing to a flag of yellow and black that reminded him of the Tiger's standard of Princeton.

Salamanca has undergone many crushing vicissitudes. The Romans sacked it; the mighty Hannibal left it prone and prostrate and it was long ere it rallied to gain sufficient vigor to assert itself; but after the founding of the University it made mighty strides. Students flocked to it from the four corners of the earth and its fame spread north, south, east and west over the whole continent of Europe and the Orient. Its students carried to other lands the knowledge they imbibed at its flowing fountains and enriched their home countries and made them vernal and productive. At one time in the fifteenth century there were ten thousand students on the rolls of the University of Salamanca; it boasted seventy-five professors; it had hundreds of class rooms, scores of bookshops and binderies and an army of workmen and attendants.

Limping over the cobblestones, Buddy volunteered, "The old boys here may or may not have any team, but the streets are covered with footballs! I've stubbed my toes and turned my ankles clear around. I could go on the stage as a Japanese acrobat and twirl barrels after this training. The old university doesn't neglect its training field for athletics."

To ease Buddy's head and feet, we hired a decrepit hack, which creaked painfully as we climbed in.

After gazing "more in sorrow than in anger" at the bony animal in front of it, Buddy remarked, "Some day there's going to grow a real horse to draw this hack. I can see they've got the scaffolding of a real animal."

With mingled impressions of modern practicality and sympathetic imagination, we viewed the tortuous, mellowed, historic streets of Salamanca.

Many illustrious graduates gave an impetus to the progress of learning and civilization by their brilliant attainments. Out in the quadrangle looking towards the north facade, we faced the heroic statue of Luis de Leon, probably the most famous of Augustinian monks, who occupied the chair of Theology and ran counter to Rome, but afterwards made retraction and was reinstated. He is acknowledged as one of Spain's greatest writers, secular as well as polemical, and one of the greatest scholars of a learned period. In another corner of the quadrangle is the statue of the angelic Doctor, St. Thomas of Aguin (Thomas Aquinas), acknowledged as one of the great master-minds of the church, whose teachings are still taken up and studied in the curriculum of the Roman Church, though Thomas himself based his philosophy on the pagan teachings of Plato and Aristotle.

Perhaps no nation owed a greater debt to Salamanca than Ireland, but Ireland has repaid the debt to Spain and to Europe as well. The Irish College early became one of the chief departments of the great university, and Erin sent her sons by scores to be educated there. These young men returned to their native hills well equipped to maintain the traditions of their ancestors and uphold the glory of the *Insula Doctorum.* Then when the penal times came and the Irish clergy were hunted down as so many wolves, with a price on their heads, it was to Salamanca that they fled and it became a haven and a sanctuary for them until a better day dawned for their long-suffering homeland. Ireland and Salamanca became joined by bonds stronger than steel. Oliver Plunkett studied at Salamanca; Father Murphy, who faced the pikes at Vinegar Hill in 1798 was a Salamanca boy, and hundreds of other of Ireland's famous sons, both cleric and lay, studied within the old walls of Salamanca, built with high slabs of enduring stone from the everlasting quarries of Estremavura.

Ireland and Spain have been closely identified from

the earliest time—in fact, many believe that the Irish and Spaniards are one in race and blood. At a very early date the old Phoenicians swept along the blue Mediterranean in their galleons and triremes, and coming to the rock-ribbed Pillars of Hercules, they clambered to the mainland, and so fair did they find it that they were content to remain there. They made Iberia their home for a long time, but in due course the lust of adventure drove their descendants to seek farther fields, so they set out on the western ocean in quest of their "Isle of Dreams." As Tom Moore puts it:

> They set sail in their good ships gallantly
> From the sunny land of Spain.

In time they came to this wonderful island, lying like an emerald gem in the waters of the surrounding sea. It was Eire—Land of Destiny—a small bit of the earth, but one that Fate from the beginning had selected as the scene of drama—of both comedy and tragedy, unrivalled in any other part of the world. These fierce Anak-thewed, dark-haired, olive-skinned freebooters—the Firbolgs—settled in ancient Ireland and became the progenitors of the sturdy race which gave to the island a commanding eminence even in those early days.

Many of the proud old Irish clans trace their descent back to them and some of Ireland's most illustrious sons are wont to boast of their descent from these early Iberians. The bond of friendship, therefore, between Spain and Ireland is very strong, for "blood is thicker than water" the old adage runs.

In the proud old days the Irish chieftains sent their sons, who were to succeed them, to the Land of Spain to learn both the science and art of warfare. Many became so enamoured with the country that they remained in Spain, and that is why so many Irish names are encountered today throughout the whole Iberian peninsula. And these Irish-Spanish or Spanish-Irish

have carried their cognomens all over the world, so that many places over which the flag of proud Castile was unfurled were given Irish names which still persevere under changing conditions. For instance, one of the leading thoroughfares of Havana bears the title of "O'Brien Street," which had a Spanish christening.

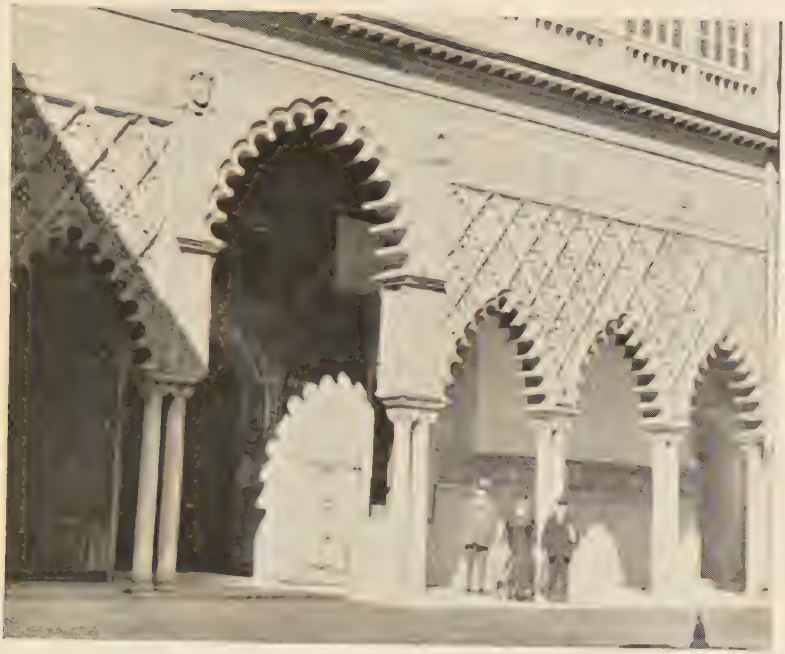
Most of the Irish wanderers, however, returned to the homeland with keenly tempered Spanish blades in their hands—the craftsmanship of the master artificers in steel of Toledo and Badajos, of Sorrento and Segovia—to wave anew the fight with the enemy. Several sons of the princely House of O'Donnell, the great chieftains of Tyrconnell learned the soldier's profession in sunny Spain. An O'Donnell of Donegal rose to be a Prime Minister of old Espana. The present Archibishop of Armagh, the Most Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, Ireland's Cardinal, can trace his ancestry back to the fighting O'Donnells in Spain. Above all, the mighty Owen Roe (O'Neill), whose name is talsmanic to all Irish hearts, was educated in Spain.

> Owen Roe! our own O'Neill—
> He treads once more our land,
> The blade in his hand is Spanish steel,
> But the hand is an Irish hand.

One of our modern historians says: "Cromwell trembled in his boots at the very name of Owen Roe," who died through the treachery of being given poisoned slippers by Cromwell's men. He never had a chance to face his foe.

After the French burned the University Library, the roll of students begun to decline. Now there are only a thousand, mostly Spanish youth. Women as well as men took high degrees at the University, for the teacher of Isabella, wife of Ferdinand, won a master's degree in 1488, indicating that Spain early recognized the rights of women in possessing all the honors of college degrees.

The French destroyed about a score of the colleges



The cloisters in the Alcazar at Seville

The bridgehead on the Alcantara at Toledo

A glimpse of the gardens at the Alhambra

En route to Toledo from Madrid

and the homes of teachers at Salamanca. It was but a few years before the Little Corporal met his Waterloo that his generals faced the Iron Duke in the Peninsula (as Spain is often called), and many a gray old town fell before the batteries of shot and shell. Salamanca, Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, Valladolid, and scores of others can tell their tales of wreck and ruin.

The University of Salamanca was once a world unto itself, but at present it looks like a deserted village, a place from which the soul has flown, leaving it inanimate. The long-robed monks and Fathers still show the visitor about and point out the beauties that are left—the mural tablets, the great frescoed Moorish ceilings, the winding marble stair with their carved banisters and balustrades, and the halls (there were over one hundred of them—each inscribed above the door with the name of the subject taught within), which once echoed the thunder of the orations of the professors emulating Cicero, and the low murmuring of the students.

Then you will be brought to the Chapel of San Geronino, with its great columns of jet black marble supporting the altar, while other columns around the altar stand out in pink and purple tints, affording a wonderful contrast.

The Library, though depleted, still contains some rare volumes and many invaluable illustrated manuscripts. It contains a copy of one of the first orations of Aristotle and of Plutarch.

The people of the surrounding district are now primitive and poor. There are many fine squares in the old town such as the Plaza San Tome and the Plaza Mayor, but it is not a place to attract the modern tourist. The University and its traditions as a great seat of learning is about the only attraction left to Salamanca.

When Napoleon destroyed the library at Salamanca, he wiped out a priceless heritage to the world in rare books. In this most ancient of ancient seats of learning, nestling in the mountains, the very stones in its

cobbled streets of the old university city of Spain seem to join in the protest that Napoleon should have been more considerate for posterity and for this old, old college town.

"A most historic center of the scholarship of the ages," solemnly chanted the guide, rolling his eyes.

"I'll say it is," Buddy exclaimed. "I'll bet the college yell is Raw! Raw! Raw! Meat! Did you see the fair land we passed through to get here? Full o' bulls."

Surrounding Salamanca are the grazing lands on which wander immense herds of goats, with flocks of sheep in the distance. Passing like moving carpets on the hillsides is this pastoral picture, yet the most valuable herds in this great grazing area are reared to die in the Plaza de Torros. The little villages on these plains, with from 500 to 1,000 inhabitants, are concerned chiefly with raising stock for the bull ring. There is a central ranch house, a rambling building surrounding the corral where the owners, guests, and toreadors come when they try out the temper of the animals. It reveals a process of fancy stock breeding in Spain.

The average bull for the leading matador in the big fights is usually about five years old and he is chosen by a selective system in vogue for many centuries. The bulls of the herd are allowed to graze freely in a "wild" state over a large area. Every few months the owners, their guests, and the toreadors ride out to the grazing lands and "round up" the herd in Will Rogers and Wild West style. The bulls, unused to horses or men, react to their approach according to the temper of the animals, showing their disposition. The high-spirited animals become restless and nervous and on being prodded, show real fight at once. The more sensitive and timid are eliminated from the herd and put together in another group. Later this group is tested, to see if any prowess and temper has yet developed. This process is worked out until only the

most mettlesome animals are retained in the prize group, now ready to be sold to the authorities of the bull ring. Prices paid for select animals for the big fights range from $500 to $2,000.

In order to understand this "bull" market, the people have to familiarize themselves with every phase and every exigency of the bull fight, which is divided into two periods, with a time limit, as are our own imperial football games. Four bulls are killed during each period, in a time allotment of twenty minutes to mark the demise of the bull. Eight matadors are brought into the ring during what might be called the eight innings of the game. The first matador is generally a young man, comparatively new to the ring, with skill yet to be proved. He is usually given an animal that is comparatively inexpensive and somewhat lacking in fighting qualities. The next bull and the next matador are better—both gain in speed and fine points until the grand climax is reached—when the eighth bull is led on to the supreme climax of the festal event.

Beyond this land of ranch houses, with its scattering of chalky, shell-like cabins around them, lie the mountains slumbering through the scene of the nebulous shades of antiquity. Salamanca's beginnings are not of record. This university was the cradle of the Spanish mystics. Ignacio Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, studied here, while Cervantes once sought a Salamanca diploma. It was here that Columbus received a hearing and enthusiastic support for his theory that the world was "round like an orange." This was one of the important incidents that led to his discovery of America.

Indeed Salamanca retains so much of its old atmosphere in its cluttered, but ghostly streets, that Buddy solemnly declared that he expected every minute to meet the apparition of Columbus himself coming around a corner, happy that he had established the fact that "the world was round" among the wise men at Salamanca.

At this ancient University of Salamanca I was reminded of the wonderful Miami University so auspiciously launched this year through the efforts of George E. Merrick, Judge William E. Walsh, B. S. Ash, and an eminent Board of Regents, including Dr. Frederic Zeigen, who, from its inception, has dreamed a dream that is coming true. His first inspiration was to build a University where the youth of the Spanish countries of the south and the Americans of the north could meet and mingle in a search for knowledge with the same insatiable spirit that inspired this most ancient of universities.

All this recalled an eventful day, in a room off the library of the Senate at Madrid, when we looked with a sentimental thrill upon the actual—the real—map which Columbus used in 1492—the year of his epochal voyage. Yellow with the age of the 424 years that have since passed, it was fairly radiant in the afternoon sun. Although this priceless map is today in Madrid, people in Salamanca still think of it as one of their rightful heirlooms, for it was here that Columbus first exhibited the completed map to the learned professors at Salamanca University. Much of the gold in the ornamentation of the Dominican Convent was brought from the Americas in galleons—that seem like mystery ships—which showered upon the motherland of Spain a flood of gold and endowments and gifts for the University of Salamanca that would make the modern gifts to colleges look like only a fair start toward the athletic field fund. Even Buddy, with his college record for evading what might seem temples of study and scenes of "zams" was loathe to leave the scenes of old Salamanca, one of the most ancient torches in the onward march of human knowledge.

La Catedral (*Burgos*) by Levon West

Chapter VII

"IN OLD MADRID"—AND MODERN MADRID

SWEEPING over the great plateaux of Central Spain, the railroad circled in and out among the *coteaus*, making us feel that we were on the Santa Fe whirling across Arizona or New Mexico, with a vista now and then resembling the "painted desert." Spain is, in a way, a reduced topographical replica of the United States. The great plains, dotted with clumps of trees and brush, are relieved now and then with old houses that look like the *adobe* homes of our own Southwest. The profusion of boulders and the tiny gulches that indent the landscape reminded us of isolated bits of scenery in Colorado and Montana. An occasional nook, crevice or terrace was utilized and cultivated intensively. Olive and nut trees dotted the landscape with sombre gray-green verdure, recalling the sage-brush strewn Death Valley in California.

The climate in this section of Spain is very much like that of the city of New York; chilly in winter and very hot in summer, and subject to "change without notice," as they used to say on the old theater program.

Approaching Madrid, the landscape assumes more of the contour of the rolling prairies of the Dakotas. Several thousand feet above the sea, this plateau is without water and the rainfall meager. One can understand why the early explorers called California and our west *Nueva Espana*, for there has been no attempt to cultivate over fifty per cent of the area of Spain. A member of the royal entourage traveling through the

desolate region north of Madrid was asked why the government had not insisted on canals and irrigating ditches. The reply was: "There is an old superstition that beside water there will be trees, and trees will spoil the land for corn. So the peasants regard with horror anything that will endanger their handkerchief patches of corn. The king would have an uprising of peasantry based on this superstition if irrigation were suggested here."

It was high noon when the "Sud" Express whistled and shrieked furiously, announcing our arrival at the capital of the country. It recalled the song "In Old Madrid," which Clifton Bingham, the Englishman, who never had set foot in Spain, wrote, that filled my fancy. Perhaps our impressions on arriving there were somewhat like those of a Castilian visiting New York for the first time, after hearing that popular song, "The Bowery," mistaking it for our national anthem. The noise, the ceaseless bustle and hustle, the rushing of people here and there, the traffic congestion on Puerto de Sol fairly took us off our feet. Was this a Spanish New York?

Relentlessly we continued on in our search for "old Madrid." In an old square, with narrow streets radiating irregularly in various directions, were the shop, their enticing relics of ancient times, suggesting a shopping expedition as first on our schedule. Buddy, like the true American, suddenly proclaimed his desire for a glimpse of something really old and unique, left by the scions of some member of an old decadent family in a pawn shop. His first purchase was labeled "made in Germany"! The bull-ring came next, and he began looking up the bull-fights scheduled, as he would the ball games at home, deliberating on his chances of getting a ticket for the world series. After all, Buddy's great urge, his main objective, was the art museum—one of the most famous in the world. The gift of King Philip of Spain, who intended it in the first instance as a museum of natural history, it has since evolved into

a treasure trove of works of art. Within its walls artists, art lovers, and even the great masses of people from all over the world bask in the unusual delights and artistic atmosphere attending the masterpieces of Velasquez, Goya, and Murillo. It is a meeting place of the old masters who have made a bit of canvas immortal. It is the only museum in the world equipped by royalty. The treasures here were almost entirely created for royalty, and passed directly from the studio of the artist to the rooms of the museum, eliminating many of the experiences in romantic adventure which other masterpieces have undergone, but also eliminating all careless treatment and injury to the paintings.

"Buddy Basque," emulating the traditional Don Juan, put on his magic Basque cap at a saucy angle, prepared again to lose his heart. He had not far to go. In an alcove, near the entrance to the Goya room, there was a young girl in artist's frock intent on her work. Unaware of the existence of an admirer, she sat before her easel and deliberated on a stroke now and then in completing the copy of a Goya masterpiece. Typically Latin, she had a rich Spanish complexion and eyes of lustrous beauty, which she kept intently on her work. Beauty may be no index of intelligence, or talent; but Buddy made the discovery first. Colors took form beneath her deft strokes as they do beneath the caress of the brush of a master. Struck by this unusually beautiful living picture, Bud began sketching her as an inspiring model enhaloed by the spirit of Goya. Eventually, becoming aware of his presence and what Buddy was doing, she blushed a protest, but Bud kept right on outlining his picture of an earthly divinity interpreting his own beloved art.

Naturally, visitors were attracted to this conspicuous pantomime, in which two young people, oblivious of the presence of others, were "tuning in" affinitively, through the magic of color. Among the admirers gathered about was an elderly American, who kindly offered to purchase Bud's picture when completed. "That's

what I call initiative," he said, with a wink, pointing to the outlines of Buddy's sketch. Bud was also the recipient of another offer from a stout lady who prided herself on her Spanish, and wanted his sketch of the Spanish artist for her home in Florida. In the meantime the girl, too, had received several offers for her canvas, all declined with an appreciative smile. In the meantime she allowed her wondrous eyes furtively to seek out the colossally nervy sketcher, who was using her as a model and making capital of her beauty and art.

There was not even a look of recognition from her toward the presumptious Buddy as she folded her easel and joined the duenna sitting not far away, and until that moment unobserved. She disappeared as a sunbeam on an April day and it looked like a hopeless situation for Buddy. But he was back bright and early the next day, appearing, however, in a new role. He approached the beautiful artist as a possible purchaser of her picture. This time he was dealing in a business way with his divinity, and named one thousand pesetas as an offer for her canvas. Without so much as a smile she promptly indicated that his bid was accepted. One thousand pesetas—where were they coming from? He parleyed, as he handed her his uncompleted sketch. She smiled coquettishly—and waited for the money to close the incident.

Taking another look to make himself thoroughly understood as long as his language and sketch had failed, he extracted from his pocket a bunch of keys, with which he indicated that it was not so much the picture as the key to her heart that he desired. In the most liquid Spanish which, though unable to speak himself, Buddy thoroughly understood, the girl scornfully replied that it was time Buddy took himself off—and continued her work, throwing over her shoulder a dulcet but rather sarcastic "*adios*." Taking the hint, Bud followed the others out of the great revolving doors, rather saddened at the unhappy termination of his art gallery romance.

Now the plot thickens. Bud sat up that night studying Spanish zealously, with the hope that in the morning he could converse with the young artist who had intrigued him. He was one of the first to arrive at the Prado on the following morning, took up his station at a respectful distance and began sketching. A little later Mrs. Joe arrived as if by chance and concerned herself with scrupulous attention to the study of the portraits of King Philip IV, the monarch who never lost an opportunity to have himself portrayed on canvas by Velasquez and the other great artists of his time. What an advertising man he would have made in this era of publicity! He has left behind not only studies of his own illustrious person in every pose, but an art gallery where some of the artistic triumphs of his day and before are preserved for posterity. Apparently Velasquez did not confine his work to kings, for here in the Prado are paintings of jesters, dwarfs, and lawyers, besides his "Las Meninas," in which he has given the world a likeness of himself in the act of painting the king. This portrait has been honored by being given a room to itself, and is considered one of the finest of the collection. A well-defined pathway has been worn in the oak floor by the thousands of admirers of the Spanish master.

This room was not far distant from the vantage point where Buddy decided to continue his sketch—while never a word or even a look passed between the twain of artists.

Of what avail to Buddy was the information given him that the rigorous Old World social etiquette is still adhered to in modern Spain? Business or professional decorum is one thing—social custom another. The senoritas may not mingle with the opposite sex without proper presentation, and then only in the presence of a duenna, or chaperon.

So tenaciously is this rule of social intercourse adhered to that there are many young women in Spain who have never met their sweethearts alone, and who,

unlike our own budding debutantes, must be content with shy glances and a wooing in the shelter of a trellised balcony. Latins have an infinite capacity for love-making, but Buddy frowned upon the sort of flirtation that contents itself with singing love songs below latticed balconies with watchful duennas on hand.

Now arrived the time for action. Mrs. Joe hove in sight and chanced to come upon the chaperon in attendance upon the fair senorita. It was for her but the work of a minute to ask a few questions and engage her in conversation with compliments concerning the work of her charge. This naturally led to her presentation to the young artist, who appreciated the sincere compliments from an American woman. As though at a pre-arranged signal, Buddy stepped blithely into the picture to greet Mrs. Joe. What more natural and in good form than that he should be called to Mrs. Joe's side and introduced first to the chaperon and then formally presented to her youthful companion? Buddy's face was now wreathed in smiles as he made his best Spanish bow and found his Spanish tongue working admirably. Long explanations are not necessary when a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The sequel to this little romance was that the young lady and her aunt—members of an old Castilian family, dropped in for tea at the Embassy that afternoon. There were real "Spanish cavaliers" *also* present—and the community of souls in pursuit of art vanished. Buddy's Spanish vocabulary was painfully limited. He acted like an American at the League of Nations. It was the drop curtain on the final act of Buddy's art gallery romance "in old Madrid."

* * *

Next in alphabetical order to art comes architecture. And in the buildings of Madrid for the first time Orient meets Occident. Instead of brick buildings, with towers, tan or gray stone buildings with colon-

nades of arches and dome-shaped roofs suggest the beginning of Oriental life.

While Madrid is comparatively a modern Spanish city, there is enough ancient lore and historic atmosphere to lure the American who reveres any building or gravestone dating back a century or so. The modern department stores, with inspiring towers surmounted by statuary, and show windows ever inclining to artistic curves—to say nothing of a post office building, a triumph in Gothic architecture—is conclusive evidence of the modernity of Madrid. In far-off lands a "Madrilian," as he is termed, never forgets the architectural characteristics of the structures that adorn its boulevards and thoroughfares. And in this particular far-off land, Americans cannot forget certain characteristics of their own country either. For the Madrid Telephone Company's new building, designed by an American, pictures on the facade an enormous dial. And after one wonders how Spanish operators manage to say "The li-on is busy," one then wonders how many Spanish youngsters will be tempted to use the dial as did a young American. "I punch any four numbers," he told us, "just to see what I get. And some are pippins!" Buenos Ayres and other South American cities reflect something of the distinctive architectural features of Madrid.

A Spanish girl in New York on seeing the etchings of Levon Fairchild West, published in this book, and in the *New York Times*, immediately pointed out the heroic statue of an angel that adorned a business block in one of the sketches of Madrid.

"I shall never forget that corner, where the statue of a white angel in marble stands out so distinctly in the sunlight by day, and in the shimmering electric lights at night. I used to ask my mother as a child when we were in that locality shopping, why the angel remained up there all the time and did not come down among us to help do our shopping and enjoy the feasts and holy days."

People of Madrid are like the peasant woman who

traveled abroad and when asked, on her return, what she liked best of all the sights she had seen, replied, "*La statua en la Plaza de Armas de mi pais.*" (The statue in the square of my village.)

With expectations heightened, we arrived at the Plaza mentioned, found the statue in question, but were quite taken a-back. The "marvelous" statue turned out to be a broken cupid perched atop a fountain in the Plaza of the lowliest sort of village near Madrid—only the fountain being worthy of notice. The cupid's toes were broken off, its nose chipped, one hand missing, and the torso was a mass of dents, scratches, and other mutilations. But, to the one whose home was there, the statue represented all art, all beauty, all that was worth seeing because of its memories and associations.

Attractive cafes line the great four-tracked "avenue with a double name." Brilliantly embroidered shawls were on display in the windows, which made the retail section one great exhibition in itself. Buddy purchased one that resembled a Paisley for his studio. Even though the cloth was only printed on one side, the chambermaid told him he had a rare bargain.

Ceremonies held on Armistice Day at the English church were largely attended. In common with the other allied countries a two-minute silence—a silent prayer for the dead—was observed. The effect was touching. There were moist eyes among the group of English and Americans leaving the church after the services.

Two Americanisms that are startlingly apparent in Spain are style of clothing and Rotary Clubs. The first Rotary Club was introduced in that country a few years ago, but the idea has awakened enthusiastic interest in Madrid and spread across the land. Scores of Rotary Clubs are actively engaged in filling their "classifications," some of which are new to the U. S. A. The Spanish custom of "breakfast" at eleven—a meal that in America would seem to be a hearty lunch—

In Old Madrid (*courtesy N. Y. Times*) by Levon West

has made it difficult for Rotarians in Spain to adjust themselves to the noonday meeting time and to "stop talking at two P. M." For as they naively put it, "We can't get into a real singing mood over coffee and rolls." They are trying to have the weekly meetings for Spanish Rotary Clubs postponed until the dinner hour—with soup served at 9 to 10 P. M. and nuts at 2 G. X.

In the matter of clothing, the prevailing styles in Spain reflect a warm friendliness for the American idea. For not only do the women and girls of Spain appear attired in the silks and fabrics exported from New York, but the magazines carry pages of fashions, by no means from Paris, which is so near, but bearing the caption "What the North American Woman is Wearing." And yet there are countries in Europe where some people think we are still Indians, who universally breakfast on pumpkin pie, and cheer in war whoops.

Now we made our way to the birthplace of the incomparable Adelina Patti, located near one of the oldest squares in old Madrid. Strange as it may seem, this shrine of music lovers was unknown to many residents. Through the efforts of another American we were finally able to locate where the little black-eyed babe was born—the divine Patti who held the opera world captive during the days of her prime. Living to the ripe age of ninety, she died with the song "Home, Sweet Home" on her lips.

Europeans seem more concerned with the whereabouts of the tombs of her eminent sons and daughters than their birthplaces.

Standing before the splendid statue of Alphonse XII, flanked by an imposing peristyle, and reflected in a sparkling little lake, an American is reminded of Washington and the monuments in Potomac Park. The imposing bridge of Madrid spans a very tiny stream, but implies that the Manzanares is ambitious some day to become a real river.

The sunny and shady side of the street that after-

noon registered twenty degrees difference in temperature and indicated why the royal family at the *Palace Real* and all the official corps, domestic and foreign, go to the summer capital at Santander in July and August.

Tradition records that Madrid has *tres meses de invienio y nueva de infienio* (three months winter and nine months of hell), but this seems hardly justified since the days of electric fans and frigidaire. The apartments with elevators command higher rent than those with spacious bathrooms flanked with a flock of fans.

Madrid is circular in shape, and originally had sixteen gates. It was a favored real estate development of Charles V, who established what is now the finest armory in the world, containing Toledo blades that have drawn blood and dented armor helmets, and shields that have seen real service on the battlefields of medieval times.

When Buddy was ready to pack his pigskin grip before leaving old Madrid, his treasured trophies included a rusty tin helmet, a guitar with one string, a toreador's red sash, and a statue entitled "Hope."

Chapter VIII

ART GEMS IN THE PRADO AND ESCORIAL

A PAINTING is to me pleasing or impressive in proportion to the atmosphere it radiates. It is inspiring according to the emotions of imagery it arouses in the individual. This bond of sympathy between the painter and his admirers is a subtle but definite kinship of the artist vision, revealing the elusive spirit of a single moment of time, which may be shared by generations to follow, as enduring as the ages, as long as the color and form of the canvas remains.

Both the atmosphere and human experience impressed the eager Buddy in the canvas of El Conde, Duque de Olivarez, painted by Velasquez in 1581, depicting the type of Spanish nobility then patronizing Spanish literature and art. The subject of this portrait was the nobleman to whom Cervantes dedicated his "Don Quixote." It is only one of the interesting touches we find in the Prado, or Royal Art Museum.

The Prado was founded by Charles V, with a collection of Italian and Flemish masters as its nucleus. Among them were many Rubens. Rubens himself was Ambassador to Madrid, and it is natural that such patrons of the arts as Charles V and Philip II should have secured many examples of this famous artist's works. Indeed, such was his popularity and so numerous his pupils, that Rubens used to suggest prices for canvases which he himself never painted, but merely directed their execution by his pupils. The Prado, however, possesses originals exclusively, and they

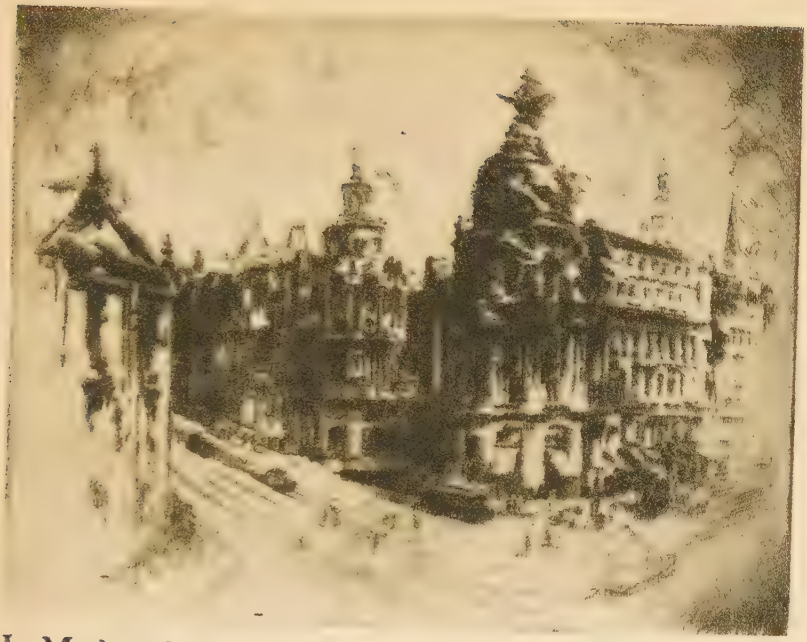
represent some of his best work. We stood dumb with admiration before "The Adoration of the Magi," "Repose in Egypt," "The Twelve Apostles," "Diana and Calisto." Here, before us also, were: "The Three Graces," "Nymphs and Satyrs," "Judgment of Paris," "Portrait of Maria de Medicis," "The Goddess of Fecundity," and many other canvases less known to the world at large.

Here, also, Buddy went into ecstasies over a stupendous collection of Titians, famous throughout the world. There was Raphael's room, and many Murillos, Tintorettos, and Veroneses. Murillo was a native of Seville and somebody has said he was "like an immense emotional and intellectual adventure." Another outstanding feature was the collection of Flemish primitives inherited from the first of the Hapsburgs.

Following the dynasties of the Charles and the first four Philips, the reigning house of Spain was that of the Bourbons, as it is today.

* * *

Viewing the glorious Goyas, my thoughts reverted to scenes witnessed in America. Goya might have found material for the setting of one of his bull-fight pictures at a Rodeo at Madison Square Garden in New York. He would see steers frantically rushing out, amid a group of cowboys on bucking bronchos, giving the echoes that reverberate over the plains. With nerve of matadors, and as much risk of life, they grasp the animals by the horns and make a wild record of achieving the feat in ten and two-fifths seconds. One woman threw her steer while the tens of thousands grasped their seats and shouted with the same emotions stirred at a bull-fight. It was the hazard of death. In this same building little Uldine Utley, the child evangelist, appeared and was heard by thousands of people as she pleaded for mercy, in the name of Christ. In America, these contrasting scenes within the same walls run the gamut of the emotions touched in the old Roman days, when



In Modern Madrid (*courtesy N. Y. Times*) by Levon West

Christians were thrown in the arena with wild animals. So whether it is a cowboy throwing his steer or a bull being killed in the Plaza de Torros, both exalt the gruesome fascination of playing with Death—the one unfathomable mystery of life.

The Goyas were the cause of another amorous adventure for Buddy.

For among other things in Madrid we visited the tiny tapestry atelier on a side street; a workshop which might well have been a residence from the nature of its structure, and from its garden. Along the narrow hall, we viewed the excellent copies of Goya's paintings, and we saw yarns drying in the air, after having been dyed. Then we passed into an oblong building, where several young men and girls were mending ancient royal tapestries, or those of museums and castles which had become frayed with age.

Buddy's keen eye observed the grace and deftness of the young girls standing before the looms, and more than once the sketch book came out for a moment or two. Finally we passed into a room where new tapestries were being woven. Here several more young people were busy at their designs. Behind a screen of threads, the weft and warp of a partly-worked picture, was a girl whose beautiful eyes looked frankly into Buddy's as he peered through the threads.

"I could be happy forever with a girl like that," he volunteered, cheerfully.

She smiled appreciatively, as though he had praised her work. And we noticed that behind her was a copy of Goya's woodland picnic, gay with its bright colors and joyous atmosphere. In front of her was a mirror reflecting it, and by its means she skillfully matched the colors.

Buddy was so impressed that he asked the factory head about this girl, who she was, and how she happened to be there. The girl was the daughter of an artisan, who, like his fathers for generations before him, almost to the days when in this same homelike building

the hangings for the Escorial were fashioned, had worked on tapestries for the royal palaces. And most of the workers of this atelier and their ancestors have dedicated their lives to this craft.

Here have been made all the royal hangings of the Escorial, the royal palace at Madrid, and those of the palace at Aranjuez.

In response to the keen interest in the extensive and priceless collection of tapestries, a wing of the royal palace at Aranjuez, thirty miles from Madrid, has been opened to display this treasured Crown possession. King Alfonso has given up the use of the palace as a residence for the royal family, and converted it into a permanent center of this rare art. Over fifteen hundred pieces are in the collection begun by Philip II and added to by the Spanish Kings of the House of Asturias. During the intervening years they have been gathered from all over the world wherever and whenever the craft was at its zenith—a climactic blending of art with industry. The genesis of tapestries doubtless grew out of Oriental custom when royal households of the kings of Castile and Aragon were moved frequently, as in the Middle Ages. Wherever the royal tent was pitched, it soon became a palace of beauty through the hangings of tapestries and rugs.

At Aranjuez is the masterpiece of Gothic tapestry, "The Triumph of the Mother of God," in four parts, with real gold, silver, silk, and wool used in depicting the gowns and robes of the figures. The decadence of the art is most startlingly revealed when comparison is made of the work of this peerless triumph. The flesh tones and hair in the Flemish pieces brought here by Spanish rulers make all else pale in comparison. The Spanish homes at Santa Barbara immortalized tapestry in contrast to the decadence of art at the time of Goya, whose genius created modern painting and who has been called the first of the moderns and the last of the old masters.

Another romantic touch was unearthed by Buddy

concerning Goya's picture of La Maja. In one room he discovered two pictures of her. One is a magnificent nude; the other is clothed. La Maja was the wife of a nobleman. Her husband reluctantly gave his consent for her to sit to the artist. Goya started to paint her and rumor came to the nobleman that Goya was painting her in the nude. Therefore, late one night, the nobleman informed Goya that he would come to the studio early in the morning to see the portrait. Goya hastened to his studio, and all night, in the meager light, he worked hard, adding the soft, colorful raiment which now clothes La Maja. In the morning the husband arrived, and finding the rumor was false and no scandal possible, he returned to his house contented. But Goya was not to be balked. He painted La Maja a second time, in the same pose, this time as he wished, unclothed.

After the Goyas and the splendid masterpieces of Raphael and Rubens in the Prado, the favorites for most people lie in the rooms dedicated to El Greco and Velasquez. El Greco was a native of Crete, named Domenico Theotocopuli. He had studied under Tintoretto in Italy, and had heard there that the Escorial was being built by Philip II, and that while there was a great deal of gold in Spain there were comparatively few artists. He journeyed thither, hoping he might be used on Philip's "house of death." Philip had been importing all kinds of artists and craftsmen from Italy, making this a natural pilgrimage for artists—but El Greco was ahead of his time.

Although El Greco came from Rome in the expectation of being employed, the only picture Philip ever ordered was the San Marcial. When it was finished the king did not like it and refused to pay for it. El Greco insisted. The monarch paid, but threw the picture into a dungeon, where it remained until one of his successors discovered it years later and placed it in the Sala Capitulares. Critics today regard it as the greatest painting of Spain's famous artist.

His sombre portraits, with their amazing light and pure colors, were daring, and seemed not a little mad. Some people say that his eyes had a slight cast, and that this accounts for their peculiar perspective. But this, however, except to connoisseurs, is not a matter of concern. Even Buddy refused to speculate on such things, preferring more to reconstruct for us a mental picture of a humorous dinner at the studio of the genius. For being disappointed in the matter of the Escorial, he went to Toledo, where he indulged in various eccentricities. He held high revel in his house, which had formerly belonged to Samuel Levi, Peter the Cruel's banker. In the plain, spacious room, where once synagogue services were held, El Greco gave great feasts, and even when alone he always had musicians to accompany him at his meals.

In spite of his originality in painting and in living, he revealed Spain better than native-son artists. He was the "mystic spirit of his age," and has been truthfully described "the very essence of Toledo."

It is perhaps to Zuloaga that we owe our appreciation for El Greco. Zuloaga himself has long felt the powerful charm of this Greek, and the dominating influence in his painting has been El Greco. Aside from Mr. Zuloaga's own collection of El Greco, the Prado possesses the most numerous and complete collection to be found anywhere.

The other favorite, Velasquez, was twelve years old when El Greco died. He was the first artist who ever used oil as his sole medium, and many consider him to have been the greatest technician who ever lived.

"I understand the great indoor sport here in the Prado is rearranging the Velasquez pictures," Buddy informed us, after he had been observed in the distance talking with an Englishman who was admiring the stupendous "Crucifixion." "Every new director of this museum tries his hand at it." Further comment died away into an awed silence as we spied the celebrated little "Maids of "Honor," and the Infant, "Bal-

El Escorial (*Madrid*) first trial proof by Levon West

tazar Carlos." There were also the "Forge of Vulcan" and other pictures no less astounding in color and perfection.

It was an eminent critic who chronicled: "Velasquez gives to the world not only individuals, but a whole society, a whole epoch. The Spanish court and aristocracy live again on his canvases in all their pride, as well as the humblest peasantry in squalor. And Buddy, giving a farewell glance to his favorite "El Conde Duque de Olivarez" conceded "As far as 'El Conde' is concerned this sure is true. Hurrah for Valasquez!"

The Spanish court of a former day still exists for us in a second art shrine, twenty miles from Madrid, the work of Phillip II. The Escorial, or "place of rocks," stands 2,700 feet above the sea, surrounded on three sides by austere Spanish mountains.

Steeped in imperial splendor, the king of a magnificent empire, upon whose realm the sun never sets, Philip II was an ascetic. His vision was that of a symphony of people, lands, and speech fused together by a single religion. To this end he engaged in bloody conquests. During the battle of St. Quentin, Philip implored the aid of San Lorenzo. The Spanish won, and the king remembered his vow by building the Escorial as a monument to San Lorenzo, who met his death on a gridiron in 261 A. D. For this reason the stone rectangle of his monument, The Escorial, is built like a gridiron. Between these four stories of granite and the mountains is a pond reflecting the grim picture of the old towers that suggest the glory of the mausoleum.

King Alfonso XIII is reported never to have visited the palace, and never intends to do so while he lives. "I have enough years to spend there after I am dead," he is said to have grimly remarked about the Escorial. For this is the Pantheon of Spain, the tomb of the Spanish kings. It also possesses a monastery, cloisters, chapter halls, church, college, and a palace. Death is the dominant keynote of the massive structure.

The Escorial stands on a stone platform, with massive but elaborately ornate towers surmounting thick walls of granite. It contains hundreds of rooms that resemble vaults. In the crypt below, ornamented with rich marble and gold, are the caskets containing the bones and dust of kings for ages past. Beyond this room, in little alcoves, is a forest of tombs of the infantas and the queens who died childless. Across the valley, on a wooded height, is an opening and a stone bench, pointed out as the spot from where Philip used to watch the Escorial rising from its grim foundations.

One of the architects was Juan Baptista of Toledo, who died before its completion, but the work was carried on by his pupil, Juan de Herrera, who had been in the bodyguard of Philip's father, Charles V. Herrera is counted the greatest architect of Spanish blood who ever lived. "He evolved a style of his own that has all the austerity of his Spanish mountains."

Like many of his contemporaries, Philip II was a keen judge of art. He was a patron of Titian and of Antonio Mor. Mor's studio communicated by a private door with the palace of the king at Madrid. Occasionally His Majesty would surprise the artist by coming in unexpectedly while the latter was at work, remaining so long and coming so often that the jealous courtiers feared Mor would have too great an influence on His Majesty. As it often happened in those days, the artist mysteriously disappeared. Nobody ever heard of him again.

With his royal heart and soul centered on this palace of tombs, Philip often remembered that he feared he would die before seeing its completion. When he was told that his last illness was upon him at Madrid, he insisted on being carried across the desert to the Escorial in a sedan chair. Although the distance is but twenty miles, such was his condition that it required eight days to accomplish the journey. In a small chamber, as severe as a monk's cell, raised like an opera box above the high altar, so that he might hear

Mass from his pillows, Philip II died, clasping the same crucifix his father had held, and legend says that his ghost still is seen at the wooded spot in the mountains watching over the tombs at the Escorial.

This impressive monument castle has been the scene of many thefts by soldiery, particularly during the Napoleonic invasion. The French looted the jeweled reliquaries and destroyed priceless tapestries and paintings. The Escorial has been robbed of many of its treasures, but it will always retain that Spanish characteristic—reminder of suffering and death.

In the grim cloisters are paintings of battle lines reaching hundreds of feet. In the dim light hang the old masterpieces of Goya and El Greco and the highly decorated robes of king, pope, and prince, all of which have been laid aside for a shroud. Coming up the long stairway from the crypt, Buddy breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"If all art was like this, I would be an undertaker and enjoy funerals. But there is even a weird fascination in Death—which is called the greatest adventure of life."

Chapter IX

SPAIN CLAIMS COLUMBUS A NATIVE SON

SHALL our school books all have to be changed, giving the birthplace of Christopher Columbus as San Salvador, Galicia, instead of Genoa? Is all the glory that Italy has claimed in Columbus as a native son, to fade before the investigations that seek to prove that Christobal Colon, the discoverer of America, was a Spaniard and not a son of Italia? These were the influences that led us on to Vigo and the bay of Pontevedra in Galicia. The nativity of Columbus has long been a mooted question. In Washington Irving's time and earlier there has been a shadow of doubt and mystery in Spain concerning the nationality and birthplace of the intrepid discoverer, who sailed on and on, westward from the Azores!

According to some authorities, men who have spent much time in delving into alien soils and records in the hope of exhuming or turning up some priceless treasure of the past, men who have searched nooks and corners of history not accessible to the general run of investigators, the man whom the English-speaking world calls Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the western world, and for the past four hundred years has been believed by most people to have been a great Italian navigator, there is evidence accumulating that he was not born at Genoa, Italy, despite the fact that all our school histories give this city as his natal spot. Christopher Columbus was not an Italian, say these eminent investigators, but they do say he was a Span-

The spot in Seville from which Columbus sailed

Library of Washington Irving's old home at Seville

New homes on the Avenda de Palmera, Seville

A recently completed Moorish home at Seville

iard and the son of a Jewess, and adduce much evidence to substantiate their contentions.

Washington Irving, most delightful of American prose writers, had good opportunity of inquiring into the matter which has excited much of both controversy and speculation. He was Minister from the United States to Spain, and he certainly took much interest and endeavored to get at the truth. In the end he so became convinced through both his own searches and researches and the opinions expressed to him by others, that he ever hesitated to assert that Columbus was born in the Italian city. Several Spanish writers also, in touching upon the birth of Columbus, deny his Italian nativity and claim him as a product of their own sunny land. Among these is Manuel de La Vega. He maintains that Columbus could not speak a single word of Italian. that his name was really Colon, which is indubitably Spanish, but was Italianized after his successful voyage of exploration through some very powerful Italian interests.

In the northwest part of Spain lies the province of Galicia, which is not only interesting because of its natural picturesqueness and the discoveries of prehistoric man and ancient cave life, but because acre for acre it is the richest province of Spain. There are wonderful vineyards along the railroad from Madrid to Vigo. Traveling an entire day through the Pyrenees, one looks down on their fertile valleys, cultivated to the last inch, beside the winding river. Here, too, one sees the green fields on the mountain sides, so steep that the earth is held up by tiny bulkheads placed four feet apart. The mountains are divided off into small square areas of varying sizes. Often at a sheltered spot are seen discolored, chalky little cabins where a family lives during the grape-growing season. For these vineyards are far from the towns and the ascent and descent is a time-consuming affair.

Potatoes also are plentifully grown in the province of Galicia. Although they are very small and yellow

inside, when cooked they taste hard and salvy, but as they are comparatively seldom used, it doesn't matter much. A real contact with Spanish potatoes came to us through an experience not included in the schedule. Our berths were made up on the night train from Madrid, and we had ordered our *petit dejeuner* to be brought to the compartment at nine in the morning. Buddy had experimented with all the buttons calling for lights and heat, and had fallen asleep for about half an hour when there was a violent knocking at our door. We argued that it was not 11 o'clock P. M., but A. M. that the meal was ordered for, but the porter, the faithful sentinel that he was, would not budge. This was a through train to Vigo and we intended to go through with it. Not one bit would we move.

The frantic pounding and loud talking continued, and this caused us to finally open the door. The conductor informed us that there was a railroad wreck and we must get out quickly. "Now we can feel quite at home," shouted Buddy, gathering his clothes—"a real railroad wreck."

When we were ready we went out and saw all around nothing but plains and in the distance, mountains. Not a house, not a town in sight. Ahead of us loomed the entrance to a tunnel. In front of us two engines were lying, a mixture of twisted iron and debris across the tracks, while three freight cars were burning at the side of the embankment. The Civil Guard was superintending the clearing of the wreck and a relief train was peeping out of the tunnel to welcome us. Before we could reach it, however, there was the problem of shifting the baggage. The conductor, considering himself second in rank only to the president of the company, would not bend to lift a piece of luggage and refused to enter any entangling alliance as to who would assist in removing it.

Buddy flashed a piece of silver and one of the workmen on the wreck caught the signal and lent a hand. He took a load that would have staggered a Ford truck

and slid down the embankment for the first divertissement, and smilingly waited until another piece of silver glistened.

Then we came to the pride of Galicia—potatoes. Potatoes scattered everywhere. Six freight carloads of potatoes from the "goods train" were scattered between us and the relief train. It is a pity more people have not walked on potatoes and they would appreciate "walking on eggs." Otherwise, the slipping, sliding, hard, brutal uncertainty of this vegetable as a pavement cannot be known. We teetered, tottered and listened to the non-understandable anathemas of the workman, in which Buddy says he commented on hell in connection with those potatoes grown in Galicia that blocked his pathway.

However, other vegetables of better behavior and equal charm are grown here, as, for instance, cauliflower.

Most of the exporting to England and the Americas is done from the ports of this province. The most important is Corunna on the northern coast of Cape Finisterre. This town is the center of the sardine industry. Formerly sardines were found in the Bay of Biscay and the trade thrived there. "French sardines" were supposed to be excellent products—and still would be if there were many of them. Somehow the sardines migrated to Spain and today Corunna sends to us these "French" products.

Opposite Vigo is a little town having an important sardine factory also. Vigo itself is one of the most fascinating towns along the coast. It is small, but it has several moving picture houses where American films are shown without even the bother of changing the American names or titles. Vigo is the place where ships from South America discharge cargoes and carry the wines of Spain to all quarters of the globe—except the U. S. A. It has an old sea wall from which one looks out on its protected harbor, where the Pyrenees come straight down into the sea. In fact at the head of the harbor between two austere mountains is a light-

house. In this harbor the English sunk the Spanish fleet in the 1500's and people will tell you that the bottom of the harbor is overlaid with gold and silver, emeralds, sapphires, topaz, and much fabulous treasure. Overlooking Vigo, as if to protect it, is the Castle with its two towers. In one of these towers swings the beacon light to guide the entering ships. In the other lived the Spanish "Man with the Iron Mask." Little is known of him other than the fact he was a nobleman of great pride of ancestry who went there to end his existence as a hermit and recluse. As he drove through the streets and as the carriage wound its way toward the castle, it was observed that his face was concealed by the iron mask which later caused his death—after the manner of the French versions.

Vigo is on Cape Finisterre, that rounding out of the province of Galicia from the Bay of Biscay to the open Atlantic. Because the Bay of Biscay is almost always a rough, troubled area of water, and because the Atlantic has strong currents coming in toward Spain about there, and those of the Bay meet those of the ocean at the Cape, this is one of the most dangerous places for navigation in all the world. It is a place where many a "tall ship founders," and its danger has become a legend and a certainty for mariners.

Further down the coast, not far from the borderline of Portugal, is Pontevedra, whose records rather conclusively point it out as the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, more correctly known as Christobal Colon, as he always signed his name.

A detailed investigation of the life of Columbus with all its dramatic and tragic aspects indicates that he was never known to speak Italian, and there is not a scrap of paper existing today on which he used the Italian language. His records are all in Castilian, with now and then a colloquial Galician word, which would indicate the place of his birth and childhood. It is also noted that in naming the places of his discovery one finds over and over again duplicated the names of the

Tomb of Christopher Columbus (*Granada*) by Levon West

little towns of the peninsula of Pontevedra in the province of Galicia and not even a suggestion of Italia. Unless this had some significance, would Cristobal Colon have purposely chosen these little places, to take their names from a distant province? San Salvador, in this peninsula, claims to have the house he was born in, and San Salvador is the name he gave to a portion of the New World.

The first public record of his appearance is in Portugal, and we know that he married Felipe Moniz de Perestrello, a Portuguese woman, and lived there. It is indicated that his mother was a Jewess and his father, Domenico Colombo, was a wool-comber. The family was poor. Christopher had imagination and the wanderlust. There is a tradition that he headed an expedition to Tunis at the age of sixteen, and this expedition seems likely to have gone from Spain. It is claimed that there are later records showing that he visited Galway, Scotland, and England and took many trips to Rome and his so-called native Genoa from here.

With his imagination and growing perspective on men and things, it is likely that Columbus did in Genoa what many men have done at other times in other cities. He took a new name. His mother was a Jewess and the Jews were anything but popular in Spain. He had "come unto his own and his own received him not." He decided to change the purely Spanish name Colon to the Italian Columbus. This would give the tang of foreignness to his personality and it was a good name to conceal anything under, for at the time he took this name there were at least fifty-six families in the comparatively small city of Genoa using this name. He may have "lifted" the name Christopher Columbus completely from one he had heard. In our own day it has happened often. Michael Arlen is a foreigner, like Conrad, whose name was so hard to spell correctly and to pronounce that one day he went to the London telephone directory, opened it at random, put his finger on a name and said,

"There am I hereafter—Michael Arlen." One often wonders what the real Michael Arlen thinks about the matter.

Further substantiation of the idea that Columbus was thoroughly Spanish and not Italian is found in the fact that every map he used shows nothing but Spanish words and signs. He "thought Spanish."

The beautiful Portuguese girl he married—and we must remember how close the province of his birthplace is to the borderline of Portugal—was the daughter of an explorer, and through the influence of her cousin, the Archbishop, she was of much help in furthering the ambitions of her young husband. Their son was christened Diego; there was nothing Italian about his name.

Furthermore, this coast of Spain, reaching from Pasajes, rounding Cape Finisterre, and so proceeding on to the borders of Portugal, is the region that has produced the world's circumnavigators and explorers of the sea. In the Pyrenees, between San Sebastian and Zuloaga's beautiful beach at Zumaya, one finds on a lonely height overlooking the "Cantabrian Sea" a stone monument to the first circumnavigator of the world. On the beach at Santo Porto Columbus found drift wood and strange bodies and it was his mother-in-law who gave him an old box containing maps and logs of ships, which still further inflamed the faith and aspirations of Columbus. Therefore this reach of seacoast with its grim messages from the sea and its mysterious call to something over beyond it would naturally turn the thoughts of an imaginative, restless boy of Galicia to realms unknown.

In a book titled "Espana Patricia y Colon" by Prudencio Otero y Sanchez, Father Beaumont, Manuel de la Vega and others are quoted as being dubious as to the birthplace of Columbus. Father Beaumont says: "It seems that the Great Admiral wanted to keep secret his past." His genealogy has been built in Italy from his grandfather, Juan Colombo. In spite of this, a pathway exists in Porto Santo in front of the house

which is said to have belonged to Columbus. Near this pathway is a broken stone, supporting a cross. On the stone may still be deciphered: "Jean Colon R O and 1490." On the altar of the church of Santa Maria la Grande in Pontevedra is record of the bond supplied in the repairing of the church. It reads: "*Os do cerco de Juan Neto e Fuan de Colon fixeron esta Capella.*"

This document was made before the Notary Alonso Garcia de Sixto and it is filed with the Archivero del Notariado de D. Rafael Lopez de Haros. Therefor it must be authentic. Columbus was called Colon in the early letters from the King of Portugal; as he is again called Colon in the edict of Pope Alexander VI in 1493. He always signed Colon to all his letters and documents, including the letters he wrote to Luis de Santangle and Rafael Sanchez on his return from the first voyage. In every way he personally indicated Spanish mannerisms, and never by accent in speech or written word indicated Italian. Therefore, it would seem that he must have been Spanish and not Italian.

In 1913, Celso Garcia de la Riega, native of Pontevedra, province of Galicia, Spain, wrote an account, which he entitled "Colon, Espanol" (Columbus, Spanish), being the first historian to claim Columbus as Spanish. His proofs were so convincing that Dr. Rafael Calzada, a member of Parliament (Cortes), a lawyer and publisher, decided to aid him. Autographs of Columbus, copied in his book, clearly showed that Columbus' handwriting had the Spanish and not the Italian outlines of those days.

Innumerable works by members of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid, Spain, have followed Garcia de la Riega's book, which have added evidence for the claim of Spain. A commission, appointed by the Royal Academy of History, has in its possession evidence, consisting of a chart of the river that flows into Pontevedra Bay engraved on a stone, which, it is claimed, constitutes a graphic birth certificate of Columbus. He named the first land that he discovered San Salvador,

which is a Galician name, like San Salvador de Poyo, San Salvador de Meis, San Salvador de Sayar. Outside of Galicia there is no other San Salvador. It is a Galician name, and it is often disputed whether San Salvador was not used by Colon in naming his first landing in America in gratitude to the Almighty for his salvation. Why didn't he call it El Salvador, people inquire? As he went on naming new islands, he first complimented the Catholic kings and prince Don Juan by using their names. We find "La Ferdnandina," "La Isabela" and "La Juana," after he gave the name of "La Espanola" and "La Gallega" (Galicia) to some other islands. It is wondered why he did not at least christen some of the places "La Genovesa," if he was born there, or "La Romana," "La Veneciana," or one of the ten Italian towns that claim him as their son. On the contrary, he went on naming the port of Varacoa, Cuba, "Porto Santo." If we compare the photographs of these two places, we find them similar. He named a cape in the island of Onceta, "Cabo de la Galera," after a cape in the little island of Belet in the bay of Pontevedra, and another cape "Punta Lanzada," after a similarly named cape in Pontevedra bay, as indicated in the old chart inscribed on stone.

The contention may go merrily on for another four hundred years, but there was a feeling among this little band of American travelers that Spain has a claim on Columbus irrespective of awarding him a birthplace, which no other nation can equal. They made it possible for him to achieve that which has made his name famous in history. Leaving the shades of his own beloved Galicia behind, we pressed on to other sights and scenes in Espana.

A new Moorish apartment house in Seville

A stately mansion in modern Seville

Arena at Italica, showing recent excavations

Recently excavated statue of the Emperor of Rome, Nerva Trajon

Chapter X

AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC SERVICE IN SPAIN

EVER since the Republic of the United States was founded, Spain has been the one diplomatic post sought, and singularly honored by distinguished Americans. Madrid has long had the reputation of not only being the most purely diplomatic and political capital in the world, but, as well, a center of literary and artistic activity, covering the range of ancient and modern life. This is emphasized through merely reading a roster of the men who have had the honor of officially representing our nation in Spain.

Naturally we begin with the Ambassadors who were representing Uncle Sam at the time of our visits. Few Ambassadors to anywhere have been more representative of the type of what Roosevelt would characterize the real American than Hon. Alexander P. Moore, who served with distinction at the Embassy in Madrid for four eventful years following the World War, when new European adjustments were being made. Appointed by President Harding, he began his administration by making friends for his country throughout Spain. This policy of winning friends extended even to the peasants in the remote provinces. When Ambassador Moore's motor swept through the streets of a city or along the highways, it was saluted everywhere with the words, "*Bien Americano.*"

In 1792 there was William Short, who did much diplomatic work in settling the boundary disputes in Florida and Mississippi and the question of navigation

and commerce on the "Father of Waters." His state papers are valuable contributions to the history of our early relations between the United States and Spain.

Then in 1794 and 1801 came the two Pinckney brothers, Thomas and Charles. They were descended from an illustrious family in South Carolina, were educated in England, and achieved great distinction in diplomatic service here and abroad. It was Charles Pinckney, who as Minister of the United States to France, was refused by the *Directoire*. To an intimation that peace might be secured with money, he made that famous reply: "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

David Humphreys, 1796, was the first Minister to Portugal, where he married the daughter of an English banker in Lisbon, later being transferred to the Court of Spain. In 1802 he imported a hundred merino sheep from Spain, and on his return engaged extensively in the production of wool. The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture presented to him a gold medal for introducing these sheep into New England.

In 1804 James Bowdoin, son of notable ancestors, himself a founder of Bowdoin College, much traveled, active in politics and literary life, was appointed commissioner "to treat with Spain concerning territories, wrongful captures, and other injuries."

Alexander Everett, 1825, was a clergyman, writer, lawyer, and also proprietor and editor of *The North American Review*. He was the brother of Edward Everett.

John Eaton, 1836, by reason of his wife, and also because of his own accomplishments, stands out in the history of our country. Eaton was the first elected civil governor of Florida, having served as Secretary of War in 1829. He had married a woman of great charm and personal beauty. The circumstances of her past life, however, had been comparatively humble. Washington society refused to accept her. President Jackson finally ordered her social recognition. Van Buren

refused. They compromised by public recognition and private freedom in regard to the matter. Vice-President Calhoun was bitter over the incident. To this "ladies' quarrel" he replied that "the laws of the ladies were like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and admitted neither of argument nor of amendment." But the affair disrupted the Cabinet. Nevertheless, Mrs. Eaton "shone with brilliancy in the court of Isabella in Spain, and was a social favorite in Paris and London."

Washington Irving, after a tragic love affair, sought the romantic land of Spain in which to forget his disappointment. In 1826 he went to Madrid, where Longfellow visited him. Later he was sent as ambassador to the Court of St. James, then returned to New York. In February, 1842, he presided at a dinner to Charles Dickens, and on April the tenth of that year he returned to Spain as ambassador. And the Spanish people have great affection for "the American writer who dallied among the byways of our beloved country." His memorial at Seville was opened to Americans as their club in 1925.

A firebrand of a picturesque and an uncomfortable kind was Pierre Soule attested as ambassador in 1853. He had been accused of a plot in France against Louis XVIII, and fled to the mountains of Bearn, where he disguised himself as a peasant and lived in seclusion for a year. He escaped to America, after having been pardoned, and became a gardener on an estate in Kentucky. He learned English and studied law, and became one of the most brilliant criminal lawyers the state of Louisiana ever had. He was appointed to the United States Senate in 1847, and later was named Ambassador to Spain. Here his fiery personality plunged him into further difficulties, and there are stories of duels with the Duke of Alba and the Marquis de Turgot, the Spanish Ambassador from France.

Carl Schurz, German born, is known for his record during the Civil War and his journalistic and diplo-

matic activities. In 1860, he had been appointed Ambassador to Spain, but resigned to enter the Civil War, on its declaration, as Brigadier General. He was at the battles of Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Chattanooga. Later he was appointed to report on the condition of the Southern States, with a view to reconstruction. He was Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, founded and edited *The Post* of Detroit, was United States Senator, Secretary of the Interior, in 1876, and editor of *The New York Post* in 1884.

General Daniel Sickles, the hero whom Lincoln commended, was another one of our Ambassadors to Spain with an illustrious record. He started in life as a printer, studied law, but achieved his greatest honors on the battlefields of the Civil War. He was given the Congressional medal of honor for the "most distinguished gallantry in action at Gettysburg July 2, 1863, displayed on the field both before and after the loss of his leg, while serving as Major-General of Volunteers, commanding the 3rd Army Corps." He had succeeded General Joseph Hooker in command of the 2d Division, 3d Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The poet, James Russell Lowell, his life and writings, are too well known generally to need comment, but it was here he did much of his best literary work, having been sent as Minister to Spain in 1877.

General Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, was our pioneer ambassador. He became clerk of the circuit court, beginning his political career after serving in the Civil War. Later he was elected as Secretary of State for Wisconsin, and then Governor. Extremely public-spirited, he founded the Soldiers' Orphan Home and the State Board of Charities in Wisconsin. He was consul to Liverpool, Consul-general to Paris, and finally Ambassador to Spain. The strength, sincerity, and rugged quality of his character is shown in the story told of him: "On the discovery of gold in California, at the age of eighteen, he with a few others with an

Casa de Correos (*Madrid*) by Levon West

ox team set out. After months of toil they reached San Francisco with twenty-seven cents. After a year as digger, miner, prospector, and laborer, Fairchild returned to Wisconsin as poor as he left. His entry into politics really began in California with his election as delegate to a convention for the nomination for state governor. On his way to the gathering his mule fell off a height, carrying with it all young Fairchild's baggage. He finished the remainder of the journey on foot, and sat in the convention without a coat and without a cent in his pocket." After such an adventure with an American mule, no faithful, sure-footed little Spanish donkey could ever surprise him.

Cornelius Van Ness had been commissioner under the Treaty of Ghent to settle the boundary line between the United States and Canada. He had a long diplomatic record behind him, and as Governor of Vermont had received Lafayette on his visit to America. He was ambassador to Spain from 1830–1840, and for his second wife married a Spanish lady.

Hannibal Hamlin was a Maine farmer who taught school and studied law in his spare time. He published a local newspaper, became a lawyer, and a state and national politician, declining the office of Secretary of the Treasury. President Garfield offered him his choice of ministerial posts to Germany, Italy, or Spain. He chose Spain.

Ambassador Moore took an active and appreciative interest in Spanish affairs, and soon made America one of the most popular foreign countries in Espana. During the season he had a villa at the summer capital of San Sebastian, and was altogether an eminent figure in Spanish diplomatic circles. He kept open house at the Embassy in Madrid, not only for Americans, but for the Spanish. Members of the royal family were frequent visitors, to say nothing of Primo de Rivera, and other prominent business men and industrial leaders, who found a welcome here that was characteristic of American hospitality—*sans* tradi-

tional diplomatic flummery. Open-hearted, hail-fellow-well-met greetings at the Embassy has now become a recognized policy that might be adopted in our diplomatic service everywhere to advantage—just being our own natural selves. It is a method that establishes confidence. Exports to Spain from America have more than doubled since the World War, and much of this increase may be attributed to the success of Hon. Alexander P. Moore and his successor, Hon. Edgar Hammond, who were always "present" during our two visits, to see that Spain was made known to American visitors, as well as creating that magic sympathy which may be the keynote of even closer relations to South American countries, who speak the language and are in natural accord with the traditions and customs of their Motherland.

In the State Department at Washington, I found the names of the Ministers and Ambassadors to Spain, beginning with Washington's administration in 1790. The list includes many men of colorful lives and brilliant accomplishments.

Here's the complete list:

1790	*William Carmichael*	1885	*Jabez Curry*
1814	*George W. Irving*	1888	*Perry Belmont*
1819	*John Forsyth*	1889	*Thomas Palmer*
1823	*Hugh Nelson*	1890	*E. Burd Grubb*
1829	*Cornelius Van Ness*	1892	*A. Louden Snowde*
1835	*William T. Barry*	1893	*Hannis Taylor*
1840	*Aaron Vail*	1897	*Stewart Woodford*
1846	*Romulus Saunders*	1899	*Bellamy Storer*
1849	*Daniel M. Barringer*	1902	*Arthur Hardy*
1855	*Augustus Dodge*	1905	*William M. Collier*
1858	*William Preston*	1905	*Henry Clay Ide*
1862	*Gustavus Koerner*	1913	*Joseph Willard*
1865	*John P. Hale*	1921	*Cyrus E. Woods*
1874	*Caleb Cushing*	1921	*Alexander P. Moore*
1883	*John Foster*	1925	*Ogden Hammond*

An interesting fact seems to lie in the point that many parts of Spain are not at all unlike our own New England, particularly the northern part of Spain. And

one out of every five ambassadors to Espana has come from New England.

The record and tradition of our American representatives to Spain is one that is made notable through the writings of the illustrious Washington Irving, who is accredited the original American literary discoverer of Spain.

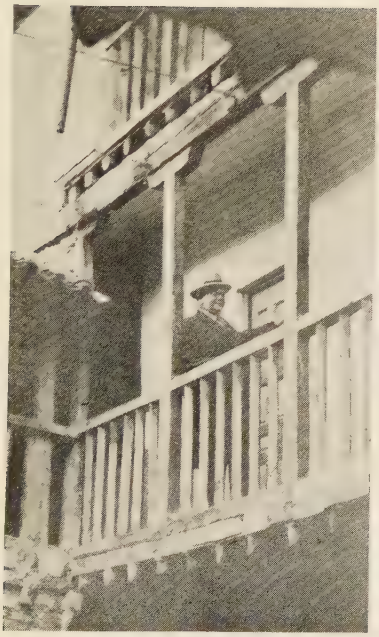
Chapter XI

A VIVID HOUR WITH KING ALFONSO

AMERICANS must be tolerated for their lively interest now and then in the glitter of Courts and the personalities of a royal entourage in Europe or the East. Crowned heads are becoming scarce these days. In the story-book periods of our young lives, the mere mention of a monarch summons before our mind's eye a vivid picture of a gleaming canopy with royal personages overhung with robes of fleeciest ermine, bedecked with jewels, with a crown sparkling with radiant gems, a majestic sceptre, and courtiers hovering about. These scenes are still flashed in motion pictures and witnessed on the stage, but lack all real semblance to the royalty of these days of democracy.

To look upon a twentieth century king is quite another matter. There is neither the pomp, the pageantry, the color, nor the formalities of court life to intrigue and sophisticate us in matters royal. Our President lives in comparative simplicity in the White House, scarcely as elaborate as that of the palatial residences of our sausage magnates, motor monarchs, or pre-eminent pickle princes. He is guarded by a handful of secret service men, imbued with no more idea of formality than the President himself. His goings and comings are mere matters of the day's news, not always on the front page. There are times when he enjoys privacy, yea, even fishing, just as we mortals do. It is decreed that in a few years he will return to the rank and file

The entrance to
Cervantes' home,
Toledo



Knocking at
the door

Ancient gate of Santa Fe, where Spanish troops deployed in their conquest of Granada

and become, as the rest of us, "one of the plain people" Lincoln loved.

Consequently, our interest in kings and courts, which at times amazes our Continental cousins, is nothing more than a natural sequence of living our days amid the drab surroundings of an official democracy.

* * *

My desire to have a glimpse of the Spanish Court and the King and Queen surprised my dark-eyed Spanish friend, who facetiously insisted that my interest in kings and queens was occasioned by an American love of the gentle pastime of poker, in which two pairs of face cards, or "four of a kind," even without an ace, is likely to be interesting and raise an eyebrow across the table. Discussing this matter in a casual way at breakfast "in old Madrid," accustoming my palate to *cafe au lait*, the news was brought to me, while breaking my eggs and waiting for griddle cakes, that I was "royally" commanded to appear at the palace of King Alfonso XIII. The Ambassador smiled as he handed me the belated letter affixed with the royal seal, while I was trying to think of a few other Spanish words besides "*Si, si*" and "*simpatico.*"

Palacio 2 de Noviembre de 1925,
Excmo. Señor Alexander P. Moore.

Embajador de los Estados Unidos de América,

* * *

Mi querido amigo: Recibo su amable carta á la que tengo el gusto de contestar para significarle que Su Majestad el Rey, recibirá en audiencia mañana martes á las once y cuarto, á M. J. Mitchell Chapple por lo que le agradeceré se lo comunique así á dicho señor.

Se reitera de V. con la mayor consideración su afectisimo y atento amigo s. s.

q. b. s. m.

El Duque de Miranda.

Upon being translated, we find the import of the letter is as follows:

The Palace,
Second of November, 1925.

From the Lord of the Household of His Majesty the King
To His Excellency, Ambassador of the U. S. of A.

My dear Friend:

I have received your amiable letter which I will answer with pleasure to inform you that His Majesty, the King, will receive in audience tomorrow at quarter past eleven, Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, and I will be pleased if you will communicate this to the said gentleman.

With expressions of the greatest consideration, I am

Your affectionate friend and servant,

THE DUKE OF MIRANDA.

* * *

In another hour we were speeding along in the Ambassador's limousine toward the home of King Alfonso XIII of Spain. I call it a "home" because there is no equivalent for this Saxon word in the Latin language; consequently, we must call it a "palace." Passing the palatial post office, with its striking facade, the famed art gallery called a "musee," on through the beautiful and picturesque plaza where the populace are wont to promenade evenings in twos and fours and listen to the exquisite "nine-eight" time music of the famous Spanish bands, I wondered, like Cinderella, whether the "hour of twelve" would soon strike for me, bringing with it a ruesome awakening. Through the streets with their American-like cosmopolitan subway bustle, the motor seemed fairly to catapult itself toward the royal domicile.

The Ambassador and I tried to maintain an impressive diplomatic dignity as the newspaper photographers gathered around and the cameras clicked, just as they do for a "before-entrance" flash at the Executive Offices in Washington. Later came the "upon-leaving" photo, with the age-old query of gossips, "What did he say?" "How did he look?"

On either side were armed sentinels, pacing up and down, or peering at us out of the little sentry boxes. As we approached, they craned their necks in my

direction, with a "Stealthy Steve" detective glance. The regulation attire of a private citizen making an official call is usually the high silk hat, frock coat, striped trousers, gray spats, gray gloves, and a cane. When the guards, in their gay uniforms, doublets, hose, and shining helmets, observed me with my Knox fedora hat, Biltmore loom homespun suit, and noted my only concession to royalty, the new pair of gray suede gloves, curiosity and suspicion gleamed in their eyes. Accompanied by the Ambassador, who, as the titular representative of the U. S. A., is entitled to special privileges by royalty, I passed the first outer guard in the great corridors with a sigh of relief.

Presenting credentials was not so simple a matter as I thought, even with Ambassadorial backing. Despite the fact that the Ambassador was a frequent caller at the palace, Kings are still as exclusive as American sales managers "in conference." At the second threshold we were halted as the guards scanned the list of callers scheduled for that day. The name of the Ambassador was not on the list. It appeared that His Excellency had neglected to announce his own appearance with the stout gentleman in gray, whose name, the guards insisted, was the only one appearing on the card. Our billet they declaimed, with many words and excited gestures, was for "one person only."

We had to convince Senor Cortez San Salvador, the inner guard, that *we were one*. For a moment it looked as though the wayfaring magazine editor would have to pay his respects without the Ambassador, but matters were satisfactorily settled and arm in arm we climbed the red-carpeted, broad, marble stairs.

* * *

On either side, the walls were hung with paintings and the staircase adorned with works of art. On the landings we passed numerous statuesque guards, wearing steel helmets and armed with spears, clad in black and red costumes of triangular pattern. As we passed,

they seemed suddenly to come to life, and, with their spears, rapped on the marble to announce our coming to the sentinel beyond, who, in turn, passed the word along to the next guard—as they do in a lodge room.

While I had been face to face with royal personages before, and the experience of meeting a real king was not exactly new to me, it seemed, as I ascended that massive staircase, that I was assuming a part in a medieval play in a costume not befitting a knight of old. It is remembered that this was not an official formality, but a quest on my part to glimpse the friendliness and good will which I felt existed between the kinsfolk of two nations. Modern Florida, with its Spanish architecture and ever increasing interest in things Spanish, indicates a close relationship between the two countries, which I believe will sooner or later prove advantageous to the United States of America and the Motherland of Spain, and explain "Why these Spanish homes in America."

Passing from one great high studded room or hall to another, the way to the reception room was indeed a revelation. Blurred glimpses in hurried fashion of mirrors, mantels, chairs, divans, rare *objets d'art*, handsome carved furniture and appointments, stately beyond description, gave ample reason for Napoleon Bonaparte pronouncing this palace "the finest in all Europe," and telling his brother he would like to have it for his own.

There were rooms where red was the dominant color; rooms in blue, and others in which green was most profuse. As I passed on, there came to me memories of my first visit to our own White House, with its "red" room, its "blue" room and its "green" room, all so simple, yet withal so stately; a reflection, perhaps, of the palaces of kings of Europe.

As we waited in the outer room for the "coming of the King," the strains of martial music and the clarion notes of a bugle were wafted up to us through the wide-open casement windows overlooking the parade ground

Monumento a Alphonso XII (*Madrid*) by Levon West

below. It was the hour of "guard mount," and crowds had gathered outside the iron fence to witness this daily ceremony, with its accompaniment of gay colors, glittering helmets, fluttering flags, and prancing steeds.

The solemnity of it all, the advance and retreat of the lancers, the coming in of the new guard and the passing out of the old, recalled to my mind pictures I had seen of pageantry in the Court of Isabella. It also reminded me of the days when our own khaki-clad boys embarked for Europe and the groups that dotted the parade ground at West Point. Here in Old Madrid the ceremony seemed all the more impressive because we could hear faintly the commands in Spanish, the clatter of hoofs, the click of rifles, and the tramp of feet.

The horsemen dismounted, were put "at ease," and dismissed. Then came the gleeful scurry to "quarters," for to those going through the ceremony day after day, guard mount is no joke, and the soldiers seemed happy when the military ceremonial, established in Caesar's time, was over. As we saluted from the balcony, the bandmaster, observing the American Ambassador and my handkerchief, played "Stars and Stripes Forever" and we applauded.

It is the custom in the palace, the Ambassador informed me as we entered, for the guests to carry their hat and gloves, as evidence that they are visitors and not members of the royal household. With hands both occupied, the visitor is often at a loss to know how to manipulate himself when the King (fond of his little joke) offers him a cigarette, in order that he may watch the hasty and surreptitious search for a vacant spot upon which to deposit the articles and strike a match. Usually the visitor, discovering that he has but one hand in which to hold two articles of clothing and a match as well, gives up in despair and goes without a light. In my case, this little joke was dispensed with, of necessity, I suppose, for my fedora was hastily perched on the Ambassador's cane, which was parked in a corner.

Little time was lost in further preliminaries, for within a few minutes we somehow found ourselves in the presence of the King. There was little formality in our meeting with Alfonso. Before many moments had passed, all present were very much at home—so much so, in my case, that I could scarcely believe I was really in a real King's inner sanctum. In fact, King Alfonso himself was less formidable than his guards, and my homespun suit and odd trousers attracted less notice from him than they did from the outer guard.

Unlike most of the monarchs of Europe, who were obliged to wait half a century before succeeding to the throne, King Alfonso became king from the very moment of his birth. His father had been interred at the Escorial six months before Alfonso was born, May 17, 1886. It seemed difficult to realize that I, a farm lad, who did chores in the old red barn, was actually chatting in the small, but thoroughly comfortable room, impressively equipped, wherein a king, with the blood of Bourbons, Hapsburgs, and Stuarts in his veins, received his personal guests. It was a more modest private office than that which would satisfy the executive of a budding oil company in Oklahoma. On one side was his writing desk, covered with reports and papers neatly arranged. At this thoroughly business-like affair he works day after day, with the system and dispatch characteristic of a high-powered executive.

When the King entered the room, as though in a well-arranged stage setting, the fire in the fireplace seemed to flare up brilliantly in deference to His Majesty. And I noted, as he advanced to meet us, that he was much better looking than any of his pictures portrayed. High lights and shadows emphasized the characteristics of his facial appearance. His strong lower jaw, his Hapsburg mouth and nose, his vivid black mustache and gleaming teeth gave a pleasant, whole-hearted welcoming expression to his rather long and narrow face, which is the rare type distinctive of the Philips of Spain.

With true simplicity, the King offered cigarettes from his silver case, and pointed to a divan on which, soon seated, we began chatting affably, each doing his bit. The King was evidently keen to exchange ideas with his American visitor; myself quite as eager to get a first hand glimpse of the inner personality of the man whom Spain loves. Even on such short acquaintance, it was evident that while Alfonso is a real king in every sense of the word, he is first of all a man—one who makes friends quickly by the sheer force of his personality. There was no hint of officious authority or vanity in his demeanor. His appearance in a simple morning business suit, comfortable negligee shirt, with soft attached collar and brown necktie, with silk handkerchief to match peeping from his coat pocket, put me instantly at ease. He seemed more like the young executive of a large corporation ready for business than a royal ruler of the realm. His amiable smile was accentuated by the rise and fall of his upturned black mustache, as he chatted with us in English, with the accent of one educated in England.

Expressing lively interest in matters American, one of his first questions was: "How about Florida?" Then came inquiry concerning prohibition. He had noted a great falling off in the exports of Spanish wines since the adoption of our 18th Amendment—for much of the wine sold in England had formerly been re-exported to this country.

"Wine is one of our principal exports, you know, and now we realize that America was one of our best customers," he said with a twinkle in his eye, as if sounding me out on the subject.

The King's dark eyes lighted with interest when I replied rather facetiously:

"We are still a drinking nation. There remain something like 1,647,424 soda fountains in the United States of America. Why not," I boldly suggested, "help supply the bubbling drinks of America and export Spanish grape juice for our 'sizzle-water' loving throng?

The juice of the grape could very well be shipped in the empty oil tankers returning to America."

It was a sickly attempt at a jest, I admit, but being a monarch with vision, Alfonso seemed to recognize the possibilities which such a plan unfolded, and seemed quite eager to have a report in detail as to the feasibility of exporting the humble grape juice, so immortalized by the late William Jennings Bryan.

"This is the day of fresh fruit juices, and grape juice is fast becoming a national beverage, mixed and otherwise," I fumbled on, trying to change the subject.

Chatting for a while on other matters, I tried to describe to him the architectural beauties of Spain that are being followed in the course of construction of American homes in other parts of the country possessing the salient characteristics of Moorish and Iberian art. Wherever climate and color forms an appropriate background, America seems to have remembered Espana. When I mentioned St. Augustine, the first permanent settlement in America, and that Spain built the first homes in America, the King smiled and said: "Our own kinsfolk." When I further mentioned that nine of the states in our Union have Spanish names, he became very enthusiastic and launched into a delightful expression of pleasure.

"You know we own a home in Florida," he informed me, and genially offered to shake hands again to commemorate comradeship as Florida home-owners.

There is an old tradition that only the King may change the subject while conversing with his guests. With much ease the King made the transition. Our chat covered a wide range of topics, while my eyes strayed constantly to the rich carpet of yellow and brown, of rare coloring and impressive design, on the floor of the room. Observing my interest, His Majesty remarked, after I had said something about the many new hotels in the course of construction:

"This carpet was on this floor when in 1881 I first saw the light."

Wash day on the road between Toledo and Madrid

One of the old gates of Toledo

"Leviathan" Committee which raised $40,000 for Florida Relief

An old apothecary shop in Toledo

Expatiating on its many qualities, its strength and durability, he then, not unlike a good salesman that he is, stooped and, on his knees, found on the back of the rug the mark indicating that it had been made in Spain in 1877.

Referring to the Seville Exposition to be held in 1927, the King remarked that he was especially pleased with America's co-operation, in providing the generous appropriation of one million dollars for a building which is to be turned over to the city of Seville as an educational institution. Several times, when the conversation became rapid, the King intimated that he naturally thought better in Spanish, and hoped in the future that more Americans would learn Spanish, and more Spaniards learn English.

Mentioning the many palatial hotels in America with Spanish furnishings, Alfonso intimated that the best of Spanish craftsmanship was at the disposal of America. Judging by the number of old vases, relics, hinges, lanterns, tiles and other Spanish antiques in evidence in homes and mansions along the East and West Coasts of Florida and in California and New York, homebuilders in the United States are well inclined to make use of the royal suggestion.

Justly proud as he is of the products of his country, King Alfonso knows whereof he speaks. There is not a province, nor a city, town, or hamlet that the King does not visit at some time or other, either officially or traveling incognito—a diversion which he loves—so that he can see for himself the condition of his people and their customs.

"My first thought is for Spain, and the one thing for which I live and work is a united, industrious, and happy Spain," the King declared impressively.

Holding such sentiments, and being both unafraid and unwilling to send others where he himself would not go, the King is beloved of his subjects. He is trusted, because he does not abuse the prerogatives of his office and because he has shown repeatedly, in

most trying crises, that he handles his responsibilities in a manner befitting a business executive, without, at the same time, compromising the dignity of a King. Conversant with modern methods the world over, his ideas with regard to politics, commerce, and industry are thoroughly up-to-date. Few executives, in fact, know more about the details of costs, markets, and business management. He keeps an eye on the balance sheet of every industry in the country, and can tell in less time than it takes to wink an eye whether it is gaining or declining.

In the course of conversation, the King referred to the International Police Conference held in New York and the work of former Commissioner of Police, Richard E. Enright, during the World War in protecting property in the great port of New York. King Alfonso decorated him as a Commander of the Order of Isabella, one of the oldest in Europe, established by the queen who decorated Columbus for discovering America, in recognition of his service. The influence of the International Conference, the King said, did much toward creating an effective police service under a military Dictatorship, with soldiers—"for you know we can have soldiers of peace as well as soldiers for war." He had noted the fact that the gold medal, presented at that time by Deputy Police Commissioner Walter Scott of New York, who has given more police medals than any other man in the world, was awarded to Chief Cesar E. Etcheverry, of Buenos Aires, and Horton Fernandez, Inspector-General of the Police of Argentine. As he said:

"That international conference and many other international gatherings in your counry, reveal that more different nations speak Spanish than any other one language."

Discussing the tourist situation, His Majesty declared that he believed Spain is now coming into her own as one of the most travel-attractive countries. The belief, prevalent in the past, that Spain has ill-

equipped hotels and faulty transportation service is being quickly dispelled. The propaganda against Spain that tended to bring the country unfavorably to the notice of tourists was something like that which has been propounded against Florida by envious persons in other parts.

Besides her recreational opportunities, there are summer schools throughout the country at which foreigners may register for attendance, as well as numerous well-equipped libraries and laboratories for research and study in art, literature and science, amid the charms of Spanish atmosphere and environment—as inspirational as they are refreshing. Railroad improvements are planned which will reduce the time from Vigo to Madrid to twelve hours. Already Vigo, one of the nearest ports to America—less than four days sail by fast steamers from New York—has taken on new life with the arrival of the huge ocean liner.

Coincident with the installation of a very modern and perfectly efficient system of automatic telephones in Spain, bringing the country abreast of the most advanced of nations, it is believed there will be a great increase in the amount of travel, as well as in the number of travelers. The air routes, already established, skirting the shores of the Mediterranean from Barcelona and Malaga and on to Tangiers, Africa, should prove a magnet to thousands of tourists. For five years now mail has been carried via Seville to the dark continent every day without an accident. The charting of the air currents over the Spanish domain has made aviation as stable as older methods of transportation.

King Alfonso's analysis of aviation was succinct and to the point: "With the surprisingly rapid development of aviation in the past few years, backed by the government and capital, commercial aviators may yet make Spain a European—if not a world—aviation center, which will bring North and South America closer to Spain than any other European country."

The hour with King Alfonso was a succession of

swift-flying moments. True to his Latin politeness, Alfonso did not once look at his wrist watch, or make a single movement that could be interpreted as a desire to end the interview. Only the diplomatic hint of the Ambassador indicated that we had had our share of the monarch's working day. A small pile of cigarette ends in the ash tray on the King's desk was an indication of the time that had elapsed.

To my request for his favorite song to add to my collection of "Heart Songs," the King smiled and replied:

"Really, I have little ear for music, but do enjoy and love the folk songs of Spain when they reflect a light heart or a happy and contented home. Of course," he added in qualification, "some of our Spanish songs are tragic to a degree undreamed-of in your ballads," and instanced "La Suicida," a song of a suicide in seventeen verses, as an example.

Expressing regret that the first and foremost event an American wants to see in Spain is a bull-fight, he insisted that Spain should not be judged altogether by outside impressions of its national sport. There are many other interesting and less brutal sports in which the nation indulges—golf, for instance, polo, and your own national game of baseball. The time will come, Alfonso believed, when the horrors of bull-fighting will be eliminated and left only to the romanticists to describe as a pastime of ancient days.

* * *

Leaving the palace by the red-carpeted royal entrance, we met the Infanta Christina, who greeted the Ambassador with charming friendliness. I made my best courtier bow. There was little of the short-story glamour apparent. She typified the real spirit of modern youth, with her candid English appearance and the blue eyes of her mother. Her Latin charm of gesture, free from consciousness of rank and state; the manner in which she carried her sixteen years; the dignity and stateliness which seemed so well to blend with her

Calle de Alcala (*Madrid*) by Levon West

charm of youth, were evidently a heritage from her parents. Laughingly she remarked to the Ambassador that she was "keeping house" for her mother, who was away on a holiday.

In this swift hour, I felt that I had enjoyed a homey chat with a real citizen of a great nation—the father of a family—an executive who directs. The King seemed more like a general manager of Spain, working and planning with enthusiastic energy for the welfare of his country, than a monarch of royal line. To bring back to Spain some of its old-time commercial prestige by making it a country attractive to tourists, and build up really vital industries, is the dominant motive of the most modern of all monarchs. A real King, with a great majority of the people his ardent supporters in a definite plan, and the ability to see it through to a finish, is Alfonso of Spain. Far different is he from the familiar conception of the figure-head, who sits on his throne without an idea of what it is all about. In his thirty-ninth year, he typifies for Spain the modern business genius of the age, and is keeping pace with the progress of the world.

* * *

Divested of all his titles and regal distinction, King Alfonso is what we Americans would call "a prince of good fellows," and a King by right and deed as well as by birth.

Like all Latins, and the Spanish in particular, King Alfonso is devoted to his family. With all his royal duties, he remembers first that he is a Spanish father. And so it is throughout the family. Referring to the King, the children say "father" and the Queen says "my husband"—not His Majesty, as one would expect. They express in home life that perfect unity and love of family so dear to the Spanish heart.

The respect, admiration, and reverence of the Spanish people for their King is on a par with the American's respect for the flag. In their eyes "the King can

do no wrong," and while he himself reminds them often that he is only human, and frankly admits the possibility of his making mistakes, he exercises much less of tyrannical power than do some of the newly-elected sheriffs of America.

* * *

The King and Queen of Spain believe in the ancient Greek idea that only with a knowledge of the human body is health possible. Dr. Javier Bartrina Costa, personal physician to King Alfonso, has prescribed the "daily dozen" on the beach at Santander for the royal family. The King is not only an all-around sportsman and scholar, but a physical culturist who carries out, even in cold weather, the orders of the royal director of athletics, and sees that his family, down to his youngest son, Prince Gonzalo, likewise goes through those setting up exercises. It was in this way the King built up his strength. In his youth he had to make much the same fight to build up his health as did Theodore Roosevelt, whom he greatly admired—even if he was a "Rough Rider" in Cuba. The Crown Prince, a young stripling, shows a marked interest in mechanical problems, and the Queen has stated that the boy is ambitious to become an engineer.

With an almost Spartan regard for family discipline, the King and Queen reprimand the faults and praise the virtues of their several children impartially, keeping always in close touch with their youngsters and with their work in school. Both are deeply interested in the work of the Red Cross and in its services to the soldiers of the Riff country.

* * *

While the age-old conflict between Christianity and Mohammedanism still exists, the question now arises from an economic and humane standpoint: "Does it pay?" One cannot forget that the Moors dwelt for centuries in Spain and that they have left their impress

deep on her civilization. With her moorings of historic oriental culture, perhaps Spain, whose language is used by more nations than any other, may be the medium of bringing about, after these many centuries of religious misunderstanding and racial distrust, a *rapprochement* between the Orient and the Occident that will lead to a universal recognition of the essential humanity of all nations, and the kinship of God's people everywhere, through the modern impulses that still throb with the spirit of discovery that made Hispania famous in the history of the world.

Chapter XII

WITHIN OLD SPANISH SANCTUARIES

CHARCOAL fires were burning in the streets of Madrid on that day before Christmas. The air was gray with the fragrant smoke. The stone buildings, with their arches and domes, were somber indeed. To be sure, the head waiter had casually informed us that as the morrow would be the birthday of the little Senor Jesus Christ, there would be champagne that night. But apart from that there was no reminder of our American Christmas. No knowledge of Santa Claus; no sign of a Christmas tree. Just a "Ship of Araby" overflowing with toys, hanging in the center of a large department store. It was ready to start its voyage on Christmas morning, when from its bountiful cargo would come at least one toy for every child in each home.

With a little mist in the eye, we thought of the home in the States where there were thousands of glittering Christmas trees, candles and holly wreaths in windows.

Here was a trio of lonely Americans. Another hot tear or two when we thought of some little bedridden cripples in Boston, who had learned to expect us on Christmas morn.

From the palace of the King came a Christmas remembrance.

At the hotel, I discovered that during the afternoon one of the royal chauffeurs had called with a card of invitation to attend the Christmas Mass of the royal family.

President Freixes out for a morning stroll among the Pyrenees of Andorra

Dancing girls at the Gate of Justice of the Alhambra pose for "Carmen"

In the Plaza De Toros, at Ronda, oldest bull ring in Spain

A note was enclosed from a Lady-in-Waiting, saying that if the Americana of our party would present herself at the Palace at 10:30 the next morning the maids of the Lady-in-Waiting would provide her with suitable attire and the customary mantilla.

Promptly at 10:25, a timid Americana presented herself at the palace gate and was passed along the corridors from guard to guard to the continual tapping on the marble floor of spears to announce her approach.

The apartment of the Lady-in-Waiting looked out across the tiny river Manzanares toward the Sierra de Guadarrama. The subdued colors, blue, tan and gray, the leisurely lines of distant mountains, the sky, these things were strange and poignant.

"What a wonderful life," exclaimed the Americana, "always to view life and existence from such a palace window."

"Yes," was the answer. "When I first came here often I did not believe I was awake. Sometimes I thought I had passed into Paradise."

The Americana was dreaming over such a bit of earth, while the maids struggled with the matter of combining bobbed hair of some of the piquant young American ladies present with the comb to catch the mantilla. In the end they succeeded in interlocking a smaller comb with the high tortoise shell. Then a magnificent black lace mantilla, falling from the top of the comb to the ground, was thrown over the Americana, and after donning black gloves, the girls were ready for the Christmas Mass.

This Mass takes place in the Royal Chapel, and only those of royal blood participate. The other members of the entourage, and their families, together with the guests, group themselves in the corridors, and at the entrance to the chapel, to watch the procession, which is most impressive.

At eleven o'clock music is heard, and from the apartment of the King, which is directly opposite the entrance to the chapel, the colorful procession starts,

preceded by the guards, who theoretically clear the way. There are the musicians; the priests who carry the royal prayer books; the priests who assist in celebrating the Mass; the Pope's special representative in his scarlet robes; the sixty-four Grandees, who, because of the extreme nobleness of their birth, alone in all the kingdom are allowed to walk before the King bareheaded. There are the King and Queen, the royal family; the Queen Mother and the royal Ladies-in-Waiting. They pass in a glorious blur of magnificent colors—of gold, of silver, and of jewels. And the chapel door closes upon them.

With a Lady-in-Waiting, we were in the tribunal of a count who pointed out in the chapel below the famous Duke of Alba, the Duke of Miranda, and many other celebrated men of the land.

The tribunal window was diagonally across from the dais which had been placed in the chapel for the King and Queen. This dais was hung in gray green satin, with the royal coat of arms in gold. The chapel itself, with its manificent carpet, predominantly red, but blended with other hues also, its gold, its pictures, its dome, glorious with the conceptions of master artists, affects the senses powerfully. But when the Christmas Mass is being celebrated the chapel is even more resplendent, making one appreciate the compelling influence of art, beauty, and culture. Visualize such a setting as this—the Grandees, with their plumed hats beside them, kneeling on the floor; the King in the red, gold, and deep blue of full court regalia; the Queen in grayish silver, wearing a long string of pearls, a black lace mantilla falling softly to her feet; the rigid robes of the priests; the lavender smoke of incense, and you will begin to realize why this Christmas Mass deserves the fame of being, with the exception of that at the Vatican, the most solemn, beautiful, and significant mass in the world. It is sheer poetry and a living masterpiece of the esthetic in religious ceremony.

When the Mass was over, the procession returned

to the apartments of the King, and once more those of the household who did not enter the chapel gathered about the entrance.

This time it was observed that the two princesses were not present. A human note was echoed when the Lady-in-Waiting explained: "No. They remained up very late last night at a party in the palace, so they were excused."

When this ceremony had quite conclusively passed into the history of 1925, the visitors were allowed through the palace and privileged to review the religious treasures. The jewels were so dazzling, and so numerous, and some belonged to such ancient times as to bring back the days of Ferdinand and Isabella. Here, too, we noticed a bit of the true Cross enclosed in a crystal studded with eleven thousand diamonds, all of good size. Right then and there we decided that if Isabella did pawn her jewels to help Columbus, she would never have missed a few score of them.

Among other rooms we saw one which was used for moving pictures, we were informed, for the royal family. And the Lady-in-Waiting naively explained: "Ambassador Moore is very thoughtful. Frequently he sends to America for the latest films that the Queen may see something of life in America—for instance, Senor Charles Chaplin."

We smiled at the guileless acceptation in Spain of Senor Charles Chaplin's interpretation of life in our country, but the smile was merely transitory. For underneath it all, we were deeply touched by the manner in which a King had gone out of his way to welcome Americans who happened to be alone in Madrid on Christmas.

Chapter XIII

IN THE ANCIENT COURTS AT CORDOVA

ON a clear, beautiful November day we stood upon the long Crescent bridge at Cordova and wandered down the embankment of the Guadalajara River where the Moorish Caliph Abduraham had transplanted the first palm tree in Spain. He had brought it from the magic city of Bagdad on the Euphrates. Poetic sentiment was running rife in those days and the following is a tribute to the stately palm, when first introduced into Espana:

> Beautiful palm! that like me are a stranger in the land. Before I was banished from my home, my tears bedewed that kindred, upon the banks of the Euphrates, but the palm and the river have forgotten my grief.

The palm has been a lively emigrant tree from country to country, and hemisphere to hemisphere. Florida, California, Louisiana, and Texas now lay claim to tropical climate, and point to palm trees growing outdoors as indisputable evidence of the climate suggested by the palm trees shown in pictures of Bethlehem and Basrah, the site of the Garden of Eden, associated with the origin of man and the beginning of woman.

The palm tree Caliph Abduraham brought, added glory to ancient Cordova. He was an insurgent, who dreamed of winning the sovereignty from Damascus. Only a few fragments remain of the famous palace of four thousand pillars of variegated marble, where

La Catedral (*Cordoba*) by Levon West

a fountain of quicksilver in the center played night and day.

Buddy's eyes fairly shone as, Baedeker in hand, he tried to describe and rebuild some of the old palaces of Cordova for me as we sat in the shade of an olive tree said to be one thousand years old.

In the "Court of the Oranges," and in our rambles about the broad streets, there was evidence of the Arab's love of running water, the true symbol of life, for he had built aqueducts that rivaled the massive Roman structures, penetrating mountains far distant, and crossing great valleys and plains on lofty arches of masonry.

At the hotel we sat in the old Cordova leather hammock chairs without backs. Buddy scouted about the lobby and writing room for some "old citizen" to talk to about Cordova. He discovered the old porter spoke good English and had lived in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition in 1893. Sensing Buddy's love of romance and appreciating the liberal tender of American dollars with eagles on them, he related a Spanish bed-time story to Buddy in fairy-tale fashion.

"In one of the old castles not far away lived a princess, the reigning beauty of her day," he began, puffing a fat American cigar betimes. "Courtiers came from far and near to pay homage to one pronounced the most beautiful woman who lived in all Andalusia. Great feasts were given at the castle, and ardent lovers arrived and departed after being scorned—for none seemed to find favor with the royal princess. Basking in the smiles of affection from a thousand admirers, she seemed to revel in the symphony of adoration, as the one great thing in life. Conscious of her beauty, she declared: 'I can never reign without the crown of beauty, for only youth can hold sway over the lover's heart.' One night, after a great feast, she glanced in the mirror and spied wrinkles and gray hairs. Defiant, she dashed the mirror to the marble floor. Later she announced that a great feast to beauty was to be given

at the castle. It was to be the most elaborate event of its kind ever scheduled in Cordova, and all the admirers who had paid homage to her beauty were invited. It was to be the social event of centuries. 'This is the night she will choose her husband and settle her fate,' the guests knowingly declared. The dancing, music, and merriment made it a veritable carnival, for her admirers were recruited by the score—but no selection was made. On that night after the last guest had departed, a beautiful vision attired as a bride, appeared in the tender moonlight—but there was no bridegroom. The first shadows of age had fallen, and from that night she never again looked upon a human face, except her royal servants. Not one of her old admirers was permitted to enter nor look upon the Princess, who became the 'bride of age.' 'When beauty wanes in a woman, her life is over.' Now," concluded the Philosopher Porter, "the buildings in the old ruins are haunted. On one night each year the Bride of Age appears in the wake of the moon, for the stars never fail to shine out that night, and from out of the murky shadows of the ruins of the halls comes the refrain, 'When woman's beauty wanes, woe be, woe be, woe be,' amid the hoot of owls and the flapping wings of the bats."

The porter relighted his cigar, and Buddy broke in as if he had solved the mystery: "Why didn't she find a beauty parlor and have her face lifted?" A silence followed, as it usually does when a story ends.

Buddy was all excited in preparing to attend a real Spanish *tertulla*, or home party, in old Cordova. He purchased a sash, and when he appeared arrayed in all the glory of a gay senor, the telephone girl in the corner tittered, peeping out from her nook, as he paraded to the desk. That laughing comment was enough; he retired, and appeared again in "conventional black," with Cordova leather pumps.

The Spanish people love visiting and having parties. They serve no refreshments except a glass of water,

with a plate of *agucurillos*, placed on a small table, with which to sweeten the *agua*. Everyone sings and dances, and conversation never lags. Not even a sandwich or a lady finger graces the occasion, for eating and feasting are not in the *agenda* of a Spanish home party. Banquets and barbecues are quite distinct functions. On such occasions hosts and guests give themselves up entirely to sociability, and nothing else—and how we had to struggle to build up a conversation with one dozen "good form" words in our bright lexicon. Exquisite politeness is never forgotten—"manners still maketh the man"—in Spain. The rule applies to all classes and on all occasions, and perhaps that is why such a thing as boredom or *ennui* is unknown under the happy and joyful jurisdiction of a Spanish host.

In the old chronicles, Cordova has been called "the Cupola of Islam." The records in Arabic of this quiet city read like a glowing real estate double-truck spread in a modern newspaper. Modestly, but enthusiastically they insisted at the time, "there is no place like Cordova," adding in bold face type that "the glory that was Rome's—then in her eclipse—the glittering magnificence of Bagdad, passing the grandeur that was Greece's, had long gone by."

Then follows another headline:

"Even the splendor of Persia remained only a page in history, while all paled before the pearl city called Cordova." Students from all over the world flocked to learn of the sciences from the lips of the learned doctors who foregathered from far and near in the Athens of the West, called the Center of Piety. With the minarets of a thousand mosques, and myriads of gorgeous patios and palaces, stretching for miles around the famed Court of Oranges, which still remains, Cordova certainly had her day of glory.

In the hotel furniture, we found the artistically embossed leather for which Cordova is famous. A few of the old factories remain, but most of the finest work is now done in the homes, where the craftsman puts his

whole soul into beautiful lines and artistic design, emphasizing his adoration of the configuration of the planets and the geometrical splendor of the stars in the skies, despite the garish glare of the sun by day and the majesty of the moon under a cloud at night.

The great mosque of Cordova, counted one of the finest in the world, was transformed, by orders of the old King, into a Catholic cathedral, soon after the Spaniards had conquered Cordova. He returned later and acknowledged his mistake, and restoration to original beauty is now under way. As we walked and looked upon these inspiring spaces, and the magnificence of Moorish achievement, we noted the marvelous Moorish decorations on the old walls, under plaster and brick, a veritable mine of buried beauty. With all the enthusiasm of his artistic soul Buddy expressed the sentiment of every visitor—"a damn shame!"

The Caliphate of the West which ended at Cordova, once the rival of Bagdad and Damascus and the center of European civilization as a seat of learning, is now a quiet, almost silent city, with a large area of gardens and orchards uncultivated. As we left Cordova it seemed to have hanging over it the pathetic apathy described by Goldsmith: "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!"

Over this parched and barren land, waterless and treeless, surrounding the site of Cordova's ancient magnificence, we bumped along towards the barracks, where an artillery regiment was drilling. There was little here to suggest the military "pomp and circumstance" that was once Cordova's.

Memories of Cordova appeal to one with a literary bent for he can visit the spot where, it is said, Annaeus Seneca, the rhetorician, was born. His sons, Lucius, the author of "Pharsalia," and a minister to Emperor Nero, as well as Gallio, the deputy of Achaia, the proconsul of Rome, mentioned in the Book of Acts, chapters *xii–xviii: 14–17*, were also born in Cordova. Gallio presided at the trial when the Jews made insurrection

View of Granada from Queen Isabella's room at the Alhambra

Bull teams hauling sugar beets to factory at Granada

Square at Alcala La Real, a typical Spanish town

Spanish children weaving mantillas at Granada

and brought the Apostle Paul to judgment. He tried to reason with the Hebrews, and protested when they persecuted Paul. Perhaps this incident recorded in the Holy Writ concerning the judgment of Gallio born in Cordova may have had something to do with the Apostle Paul's dream of one day visiting Spain—under somewhat the same spell that lures the traveler to ancient Iberia in these modern days.

Lucian, another son, returned to Spain and died in his home, on the banks of the Cello. The poet Martial was also born in Spain, another one of the emigrants from Iberia, who made their mark in the Eternal City, a province peacefully held for four hundred years by the Romans, Five of the most distinguished men of letters living in Rome at the time of its greatest glory were natives of Cordova. Many of the dramatic phases in the history of the Roman Empire, indeed, are associated with Spain and Spaniards.

You cannot discuss leather, even in the world's greatest markets at Boston or New York, without a thought of Cordova. Here in an old shop, we found men working with this fine-grained, firm, and very soft leather, more nearly waterproof than any made, which originated in Cordova, but now is manufactured from horsehides all over the world.

Buddy broke the poetic spell, and purchased a pair of shoes. An hour later came this comment, "Gee, that Cordova shoe has begun to pinch." Off went the shoe, and quiet reigned until the lunch hour approached.

"Had to tell 'em all about my shoes," continued Buddy, still limping, having put on the pumps again. A young lady from Chicago, reputed to be an heiress of two millions, was passing, and joined in the group commenting on his unique pedal souvenirs. Buddy suggested trying a foxtrot with her to see how they worked.

"Think of it, to glide in Cordova in pumps made of the original Cordovan leather!" exclaimed Buddy, ad-

miring his new Cordova shoes between dances. A small but gay party of Americans had joined in the dance at the hotel that soon drove from our minds all sight-seeing for the day.

On his return later he whispered, "Two millions in my arms tonight because of those Cordova pumps! The market was strong—never touched her feet."

In the United States, we have celebrated our sesquicentennial—one hundred and fifty years as a nation—and think it a long, long time as history goes, and yet Old Cordova, whose streets we walked, held an unchallenged pre-eminence and prosperity for over two hundred years. Cordova evoked the ecstatic praise of Arabic poets as "the golden bowl among vessels of clay." The decline came with dissensions among the Palace of Lovers, Palace of Content, and Palace of the Flowers. Palaces by the thousands proudly flourished, constituting a permanent exposition before whose architectural glory our centennials, world's fairs, Pan-American celebrations suffer in comparison as mere ephemeral echoes in wood and stucco of the splendor of Cordova's world-wide exposition. According to the records of the ancient and honorable boosters of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Cordova had an efficient and enduring publicity bureau to herald its wonders in glowing adjectives, which would make a modern circus poster writer blush with envy.

One enthusiastic Arabic, John Milton, insists in a limitation of his description to the Garden of Eden: "Praise be to Allah for allowing his humble creatures to build and design such enchanting palaces to the end that the faithful may be encouraged to follow the path of virtue by the reflection that they are still inferior to those reserved for the true believers in the celestial paradise."

The nomadic life of the Moors made the skies their model, with the dominating motive of bringing their tribute in architecture close to Allah in the heavens. In the great palace of Azurha, a city unto itself, built

by Abd-er-Rahman as a memorial to one of his favorite wives, was gold that "glittered like lightning through the clouds." In it were thousands of lamps, made out of the melted bells of Christian churches, and prayer rooms lined with ivory, gold, silver, lapis lazuli, ebony, inlaid by captive slaves as workmen, to herald salvation for the barefoot worshippers on the carpets at the famous Mezquita amid the forest of arches and pillars. Thousands of other palaces and mosques described indicate the ancient lure of Cordova, which, we find, in A. D. 1926, only a memory and a "one line mention" in history.

Standing in the shadows of the historic "Gate of Pardon," built by Henry II, one feels the peculiar charm of the Moorish arch, although in this instance the inscriptions indicate it was of Christian origin—an unconscious tribute to the genius of the conquered Moslems. At the Al-Mida fountain, the Cordovan women still gather to exchange the news and gossip as they fill their water jugs in the patio de los Naranjos. It was here we saw the children playing soldiers, and heard the tiny lads paying extravagant compliments to the little girls, who sang national melodies to echoes of the nightingale's song. One little miss repeated her matin prayer, which sounded so much like our "Now I lay me down to sleep"—the added note reflecting Spanish courtesy even in the petition of prayer—"Jesus, Mary and Joseph, your little servant keep, while *with your kind permission* I lay me down to sleep."

An American, who was teaching in a school in Madrid, translated the prayer for us. She stated that during the first twelve years of life the boys and girls have something of the precocious understanding of American children, but after twelve they seem to slow up under the inherited inertia of Spanish life.

Chapter XIV

AMID THE ROMANCE OF "OLD SEVILLE"

LOOKING out upon the park bathed in sunlight from my hotel window, it seemed like the setting for one of the many operas whose action is laid in Seville, with its romance and passion, jealousies and tragedies, witcheries and weird traditions—a magic word that holds one in the spell of Spain. Seville carries me vividly into the instructive reality of a journey in Spain! The picturesque, high tortoise-shell combs that suspend the lacy white mantillas or show the delicately-traced pattern of the black lace shawls, as they are draped on the shapely heads of the women of Seville, make a silhouette that lends a charm to even the oldest senora, a curve that always adds to youthful grace. Black eyes gleamed as they passed, and from balconies contented children peered downward, or perhaps flowers drooped over the ridge, and caged birds were in every home with the flowers in the window boxes. Sights of Sunny Spain—expressive and subtle—that were new, and to us utterly fascinating!

There was great excitement about the hotel. Belmonte, the famous matador, the idol of the populace, as close to their hearts as Babe Ruth to the American baseball fans, was passing. Crowds followed him as they would a hero. Was he not one of the people? He was born in the suburb just across the river from Seville. He had faced the charging bull in all the leading plazas of Spain, had withstood the onslaught and struck down his animal on the red sands of Ronda,

Giralda Tower (*Seville*) by Levon West

the white sands of Seville, and the blue sands of Madrid, gaining fame and fortune by his skill and daring.

The psychology of bull-fighting is an ever-recurring subject of interest to travelers through Spain. Sickening as it is to the average visitor, there is a fascination about it that draws him—or her—to the ringside time and time again, until the thrill of a skillful thrust and the by-play of muscle and action is part and parcel of one's make-up. In the hotel was a young lady whose conversation indicated her as a real bull-fight fan, and who displayed her enthusiasm in the subject, much as our golf or tennis votaries discuss their favorite games.

After a few gladiatorial glances, Buddy somehow managed, through the magic of a common language and flirtatious way, to become a confidant on short notice. She proved to be a vivacious American girl, with sunny ways, though delicate and frail looking, a girl traveling with her mother, gathering new sensations not known in the girlhood of the mother, and which proved to be equally enjoyed by the matron of sixty. The girl related a story. In common with most travelers, they insisted on seeing a bull-fight on their first visit to Spain five years previously. The wish was granted, but the daughter was overcome by the goring of the horses, whose throats were cut so their heart-rending wails would not disturb the "gaieties,"—and worse still, on occasions horses were sent back to the ring with excelsior taking the place of disembowelment, which was even more ghastly. She fainted, and had to be carried to a hospital in an ambulance and put to bed where she remained, quite ill for some time after witnessing a bull-fight for the first time.

Recovering, the daughter insisted on going a second time. The result was the same. Determining to fathom the psychology of this strange fascination which she had witnessed on the part of the excited fan-throwing, hat-waving, bull-fighting throng, she attended again and again, until at last she could see and feel for

herself the hot-blooded thrill on the shady side of the ring and understand the lure of the plaza. For nine performances the experience proved revolting and utterly demoralizing, the tenth was the turning point. Now she is ablaze with enthusiasm and talks entertainingly concerning the subtle allurements of the sport. She knows the participants individually and follows the records of the toreadors as a Kentuckian follows the records of race horses, or a baseball fan studies the batting and fielding averages of his favorite players.

"I'm a fan to my finger tips," she concluded coyly, with a coquettish wave of her fan. So thoroughly has she succeeded in conquering her former revulsion that she cannot understand why we declined to see a second bull fight. "And I am going to make a special trip to Spain every year for the bull-fighting season," she replied disdainfully, frowning on our masculine timidity. And she is not the only person of delicate feminine charm who has succumbed to the popularity of the sport. At the palace they still mention the name of an American woman who is the wife of a celebrated writer. The two were passing through Madrid on their way to the Mediterranean. Three days was to be the limit of the stay. On one of these days they witnessed a bull fight. They stayed for another. The visit lengthened into six months, during which time this woman saw sixty-four fights and followed her favorite matador all over Spain.

Even the small boys in Spain are great fans, and seem to imbibe the love of bull-fighting in infancy. It is to them, even as it was to their fathers, a supreme event, and thousands upon thousands leave everything in the way of work or other pastime to attend what is to them almost a holy day event. This indicates what a prominent place the sport has held for centuries in the life of the country.

The toreadors, the picadores and the banderilleros have their appointed rank and place in the cast, but the matador, or "killer," outranks them all. It is he who

receives the plaudits of the multitude, their hisses or disapproval when he bungles, or the roses, hats, cigars, silver, and gems flung into the arena when he succeeds in skillful, sportsmanlike fashion in "making a play" during a hazardous fight. The matador is a hero of the moment, a personage whose most insignificant word or act occupies first-page space during the season wherein the sport reigns supreme.

Here they are in the swirl of the ring! Eyes focused on the bull! Driven from point to point by the biting darts of the picadores and banderillos, the bull, by the time the matador arrives, is mad with fury! Foam-spattered, crazed by the sight and sniff of blood from

horn-riven horses and prodding points, tormented by the red capes swung before his blazing eyes, he charges insanely about, and by the end of the fight, unless the matador "does him in," the raging bull is very likely to do some killing himself. Nor is the matador's job quite as simple as some have been led to suppose in witnessing a single performance. One unguarded movement—a slip of the foot—and the matador pays with his life or ghastly wounds the supreme price for a fleeting fame.

Soon after the crowd had dispersed from a bull fight, we climbed down into the arena. Bud took a photograph of one of our American friends during a "tense moment"—afterwards. Entering the bull-ring, our proud "matador" melodramatically grabbed the horns of a securely-roped steer and posed for a picture, forgetting to eliminate the "guy ropes." The result was that Buddy secured a stirring picture of an American

"throwing the bull" that would make a rodeo snapshot curl up with envy.

The bulls used in the arenas of Spain are bred especially for the purpose on the plains of Andalusia, and are given even more scrupulous attention than the prize steers raised in our own Middle West for the Chicago Cattle Show. Here we saw the Duke of Alba, whose bulls have for many years won the blue ribbons.

Crossing the busy streets of Seville on our return from the arena, we became aware of numerous tourist groups which were entering the Cathedral, Baedeker in hand, the guide in the lead, talking furiously with his hands. He got his fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries mixed up, and his descriptions of personages past and gone made his auditors fairly wonder what the character in question really looked like—but what is a century or so to tourists, who soon forget the galloping jaunts through cathedrals and other historic places.

Approaching the tomb of Columbus in the dim light, we again recalled the story of Christobal Colon. His bones were brought back to Spain from Havana after the Spanish-American war and entombed in an imposing sarcophagus. The imposing bier is borne aloft, supported by four figures representing Leon, Castile, Navarre, and Arragon, the four Spanish kingdoms directly associated with the discovery of America. The heir and biographer of Columbus is buried in a crypt not far away. An inscription on the floor, in brass letters, extols the biography which the son wrote concerning his illustrious father and the latter's discovery of the New World—a most imposing and enduring book review.

The charm felt in the atmosphere of Seville is emphasized in a social caste, quite distinct from that of Madrid—in the graceful carriage of the women and their wonderful headdress. There still remains a reflection of Moorish influences in the relics of Moslem rule, the ancient palaces of Moorish Sultans, with their harems and their creed. Still extant are traces of these

Spanish warship in the harbor of Malaga

Fishing craft off the sea wall of Malaga

A picturesque street in Old Seville

Choir boy who sang at the tomb of Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand

Mohammedan splendors in the Alcazar, with its placid pools, flowers, trees, shrubs, and gardens; its old walls, still draped with vines, the air fragrant with the scent of orange blossoms. The influence of the exquisite Moorish arches, with their delicate traceries of every known geometrical design, and other evidences of an infinite patience and love of beauty blended serenely in color and stone, were especially impressive. The Roman baths, in the grass-grown courts, austere in contrast with the mosaic walls, studded in triumphant colors, are an invitation to meditate over pages of history.

One has always a feeling of reverence for this enchanting architecture that survived the onslaughts of the Spanish when they entered the city as conquerors the second time, and still stands, staunch and definite, as an evidence of the eternity of art. Column after column, wall after wall, arch after arch, remain to speak silent volumes of old-time splendors, like specters of the past, wherein the Mohammedan dreamed of invading the entire face of Europe, as he had conquered Spain, only to be driven, at last, from the country in which was recorded the high-water mark of Moslem art and culture.

The chill day had given place to warm, permeating sunshine, but from the walls of the Alcazar there seemed to radiate a stillness—a tenderness—that penetrated one's soul. Washington Irving, amid such historic scenes, was able to write enchanting tales. For a moment we had visions of Florida and California, our own semi-tropical areas, reflecting vividly the artistic ideals of Spain. But beautiful as is the Alcazar, which even today serves as the King's Sevillian palace, its majestic appearance is outdone by the impressiveness of the magnificent Giralda Tower. For centuries, this landmark has been the despair of architects and artists to duplicate or excel. Of all the replicas of which there is record, the Giralda Tower of the Miami Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables, Florida, is accorded first

place, carrying with it the beauty, dignity, and grandeur of the original in Seville.

In the old house in which Washington Irving lived, while Minister to Spain, and who wrote of Spain as no other writer of our country ever has, we rested from our sightseeing. In the upper part of the house, overlooking the walls and gardens of the Alcazar, Irving penned many of his masterpieces with a quill. Scholars even today find his "Spanish Notes" a treasure trove of Iberian traditions. The author of "The Conquest of Granada" and "The Sketch Book" left his impress on an appreciative following in the world of letters and the people of Spain that will outlast many generations. His tales have endeared him not only to the hearts of readers throughout the English-speaking world, but to all in other lands who have come under the spell of picturesque Spain.

From a window in the quaint study, I looked down upon the red-tiled roofs and watched the palms waving in the breezes, just as he must have watched them in his moments of meditation after plying his quill for many hours. With the permission of the attendant, I sat before the tiled fireplace and smoked a cigar sitting in his old arm chair. In an autographed copy I read again his story of the Alcazar. Every page seemed aglow with magic memories recorded as I read on and on in the bright sunlight of Seville. The historic home is now fitted up as a school for young artists and radiates the spirit of welcome in its cosy fireplace and bright yellow furnishings as in the days when Irving dreamed and entertained American friends who had just arrived on a fast sailing clipper ship from America. I rapped the old knocker as I left this haunt of Irving, reverently gazing at his profile in bas-relief, revealing the man in the prime of life when he called this house his domicile in sunny Spain.

Now for a stroll through the streets of Seville! A glimpse of the funnels of some ocean steamers recalled the fact I had forgotten—that this city, fifty miles

from the coast, remains an ocean port. From an old bridge, we caught a glimpse of the ships arriving and departing at the wharves from and for the ports of the seven seas. The ships now anchoring had steamed up the Guadalaquivir River at the mouth of which is Palos, the port from which Columbus sailed. Even from this distance we could see a vessel laden with old tiles stripped from Spanish roofs, from turreted castles, houses, and barns. Some were mottled with age, while others, we were told, are "aged in the tile" to give them an appearance of years which they do not possess. American roofs are now adorned with ancient and well-ripened tiles which have a peculiar coloring adapted to the blazing sun of tropic climes. America is looked upon by some people in Spain as a country with houses tiled in gold, when they consider the enormous prices paid for the product which have been gathered and shipped overseas to the new world. The Spaniards, naturally, are taking full advantage of this demand for tiles and are reshingling their own roofs with Bird roofing from the U. S. A. at the expense of the American with his insistent demand for roof covering that reeks with age.

The wharves were redolent with odors—odors beginning in the Far East and ending in the sunny Near East, and bringing with them a breath of composite Orient and Occident. The olives, awaiting shipment in casks of brine, created one olfactory sensation; the casks of newly-made, slowly-fermenting wines, another. All were mingled with the acrid whiffs of hemp, oranges, wood, pungent spices, coffee, bananas, and burlap sacks—not forgetting the odor of a myriad of burros and donkeys.

Crossing the bridge, we viewed, on its stately eminence, the *Castillo de Golmo*, the old home of Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, who first gave to European civilization the wealth and treasures of what were then considered fairy clouds beyond the seas. It recalled to me the bougainvillias that clustered over Cuernavaca,

Mexico, which he established as a capital in the land of the Aztecs.

In the environment of Seville, the history of the Iberians, the Goths, the Visagoths, the Romans, and the Moors is written. In the old Roman walls, aqueducts and gardens are traces of the handiwork of the hosts of Caesar. The early Romans built Italica near Seville with a plaza and stone amphitheatre in which Christian martyrs were fed to the lions to amuse the throngs, and the valor of gladiators was tested for the enjoyment of the blood-loving populace. From this pastime may have evolved the bull-fight. Beneath the floor of the arena, was the runway for the lions, which were brought from Africa especially for the sport. Here and there bits of rare old mosaic give glimpses today of that wonderful art of Roman times. The sturdy pillars and masonry of the amphitheatre, built by the Romans, have stood the test of centuries and the shock of earthquakes. Curiously enough, close by is a small building erected only fifteen years ago, which is already cracked, while the solid masonry of over fifteen centuries remains intact.

From this pastime came the dying out of trade. For from gladiatorial contests it was used in the contests between Jews and Christians. And with the expulsion of the Jews, Spain lost commercial competition. With no keen rivalry in trade the Spanish people developed the strain of "manana"—if things are not done today, there is always tomorrow. This, to a weary, hustling inhabitant of the New World, is a great charm in Spanish character. But it has placed the country in an apathetic trade condition from which only now, under its courageous and energetic King, it is rapidly recovering.

Ancient Italica was the birthplace of three Roman emperors, Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosia. Coins of the time of Trajan are among the rarest coins extant, and one was found here by Buddy, who refused to release it as a tip. Here the Roman troops rested after

A Hack (*in Seville*) by Levon West

their arduous campaigns. Bud perched me beside an old statue of Nerva Trajan that had just been excavated, which was corraled in a barbed-wire enclosure. The statue looked lonesome, and Bud insisted upon a picture to cheer up Trajan of earlier days, and, side by side, a living American and a Roman recently brought to light, greeted the sunlight across twenty centuries.

It was said that Americans had offered to continue or to re-commence excavations of old Roman sites here on a fifty-fifty basis, but for some reason or other they were denied the concession, consequently the ruins may remain a half-forgotten reminder of the glories of three former civilizations—that of Caesar, that of the Moors, and that of the age-old Iberians, the savage race which seriously interfered with the plans of the ambitious Caesar and occasioned certain positive remarks recorded in his "Commentaries."

Besides the three emperors of imperial Rome, Seneca, the Stoic, tutor of Nero of Rome, was born in Italica, and Marcus Aurelius himself was the son of a father born and reared in Italica, the ancient city that lies buried in the suburban district of modern Seville. In daily life one finds as much of the practices of the old Roman life as in Rome itself. The Spanish home, evolved from the Roman home, has its enclosed court, or patio, surrounded by arcades, with a fountain in the center. The narrow streets were made to provide shade, and bring the houses closer together, so that a large city might be contained within its walls. The lack of space or lawns surrounding the houses is offset by the gardened patio within, which provides, in the strictest privacy, a place of recreation in a setting of flowers and verdure.

This city, like Toledo, is being preserved in a most happy manner by the Marquis de la Vega Inclan, "whose spirit of fervent patriotism and chivalrous activity find artistic expression in admirable reconstructions and restorations of Spain's historic patrimony." And it is due to the initiative of the illustrious Marquis

that the Residencia de America, the shrine of Washington Irving, and the home of Americans within Seville, opened its doors in the spring of 1925.

There is a story that if you go down near the water-wall all covered with flowers, you will hear sounds like tears falling on glass. This is the weeping of those compelled to abandon these beloved spots. And when we heard them we thought some sounded like good American tears.

Like a silver ribbon, the river Guadalaquivir threads its way from the arid plains to the sea. Above its banks, and on its outskirts, were to be seen wide stretches of old fields, with here and there a crumbling tower for a landmark. The rolling prairies suggested our own Western plains. The people live in villages easily reached from the city by motor busses, which rumble along old roads that have taken years and years to construct, for they are not built section by section, as in America. Consequently, detours in Spain are matters of many miles. Every automobile, leaving or arriving in Seville, has its gasoline tank measured with a stick, as there is a local tax on gasoline. Bootleggers of this liquid have evolved "a way" (as it is known in America). Seville has a real estate activity of her own which is marked by the construction of a drive, "Avenida de Palmeras," along which architecture of every description is being perpetuated. Preparations were under way for the Exposition. A site has been provided for the United States exhibit, for which over a million dollars has been appropriated. An Arts and Crafts Exhibit outrivals even that of the Paris Exhibition of 1925, and the exposition marks the arrival of a new industrial era in Spain.

As a Londoner carries an umbrella—no matter what the weather—so the fashion in Seville is to carry a fan. The days are somewhat chilly, and there is hardly any need for a fan, but tradition demands it. Armed with a flock of fans, we started on a balmy evening in a sea-going hack of great-grandfather's time to see the "night

life" of Seville. In the hotels and restaurants, dinner is served at ten o'clock. In the old city there is a motley multitude, particularly engaged in nocturnal festivities. At one of the cabarets, a Senora Durand was giving a series of dances that entranced the throng, while the crowds below drank and sipped their liquers, now and then breaking out into a frenzy of applause, or, if the act didn't please them, into unmerciful hissing. Society from their little boxes surrounded by a brass railing looked down on the seething merry-makers, who reminded one of participants in an act from the opera "The Barber of Seville."

"La Jota," a Spanish dance, with an accompaniment of special, lilting music, is a sort of gypsy-like jazz, always pleasing. It seems to reflect a Bohemianism that finds its way into everyday life in Seville. This Spanish music is distinct in its syncopated rhythm of nine-eights time, distinct from our modern American jazz, which, as a result, does not lend itself to Spanish adaptation. Here we heard the stirring refrain of "Valencia," familiar to Americans, played to the rhythm of real Spanish castanets.

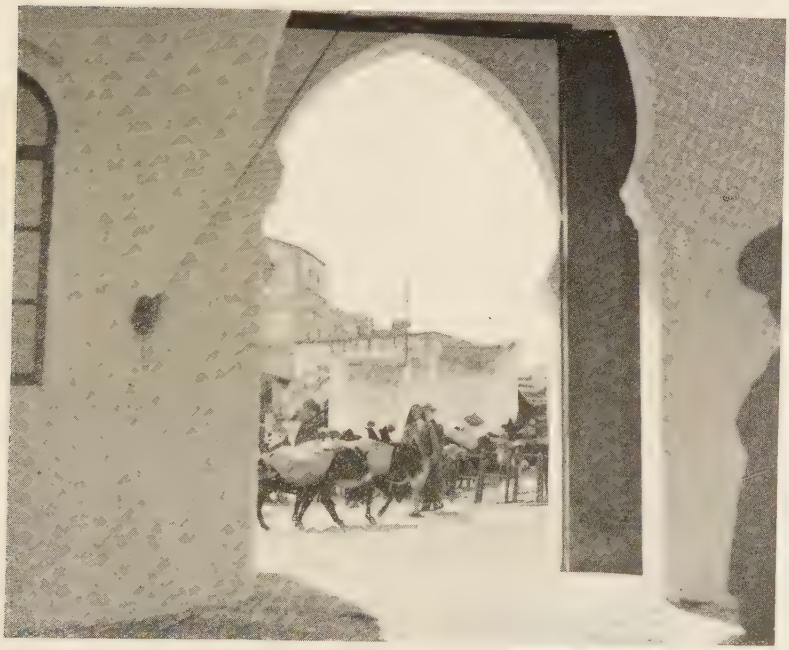
The father of our own John Philip Sousa was a native of Seville. Again we are indebted to a descendant of Spanish forbears—this time for the inspiring strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," that stirring march which, in deference to the nationality of our party, the leader of the orchestra at the hotel played for us, as, tired and weary, but happy, we returned from a long day and night ramble amid the romantic haunts of old Seville.

CHAPTER XV

AT THE GUARDIAN ROCK OF GIBRALTAR

WHO could ever forget a morning view of Gibraltar, from the sea! The great rock looms up like a thing alive—a huge sentinel lion awakened and blinking in the eastern sun as he guards the gates of the Mediterranean. The grim, gray sides of marble glint in the sunlight, and the little white houses on its heights look like birds in their nest. While, technically, Gibraltar is not Spain, one cannot disassociate this historic and traditional landmark from the Iberian peninsula any more than Nature has done so topographically. Two square miles of this grandest of all natural fortresses is British territory—a Crown colony, whose chief function is to guard the great blue sea, the gate to the Levant, and the Suez Canal—a key to the colonization policies of England in the Orient. British explorers found the route to India and the East which Columbus sought, but geographically Gibraltar still remains the most southerly part of old Andalusia in Espana. The brown Barbary apes—minus tails—set Buddy discussing Evolution. Pet monkeys and wild monkeys have the freedom of the Rock, some dangling

Native of the Riff country, christened "You Betcha"



South gate of Tangier leading to the Bazaar

The "grain" market in Tangier

A type of Moorish gate at Tangier

here and there like living ornaments to the household, in which they reign as pets. The birds were singing in the cages and children were shouting on their way to school. Even with yawning artillery peeping out of the Rock, amid beds of flowers, there was a sense of peace and restfulness at Gibraltar which seemed paradoxical with the dominant purpose of the place. Giant guns, seen and unseen, parade grounds, the Alameda Park, with its sylvan coolness under a blistering sun, were all a part of the picturesque beauty that is not usually associated with impressions of the "key to the Mediterranean," or read and talked about in connection with the mythological days when the Colossus of Rhodes was master of the Straits.

In the crevices were bits of shrubbery and trees, but the rock and the lighthouse on Point Europa is seen twenty miles at sea.

"Well, I don't think I'll chip off a souvenir from the Rock to take home. I carry a bit of it on my engraved insurance policy, which has an ever-present suggestion of Gibraltar and contains more words in small print than a dictionary, and—Zounds!—there's a premium due on the 13th!" said Buddy.

The Rock is the magnet for tourists, and once seen, stands out as a symbol of strength. It impresses the most blase world traveler, for one feels as well as sees Gibraltar in its permanent distinction as one of the wonders of the world.

In the harbor, eight miles wide, was an American flotilla of United States Navy cruisers and destroyers under the command of Admiral Wells, on the flagship *Cincinnati*. It furnished a touch of lively interest to the traveling Yankees to see the Stars and Stripes unfurled in the shadow of Gibraltar. The sailors and marines ashore were having the time of their young lives—they were sure "seeing the world" since they "joined the navy." They fairly galloped across the sandy isthmus into Spain, and made the most of the neutral ground between Spanish and British territory,

with lusty yells and a hearty hurrah for Uncle Sam. One party led on up to the Hall of St. Michael, a cavern with stalactite columns 1,100 feet above the sea, above which the old guns rimming the parapet looked sleepily out of the "windows" of the Rock, which towers 1,439 feet and has the appearance of an islet from the sea.

The strategic straits which this fortress guards between Africa and Spain are thirty-six miles long and from fifteen to twenty-four miles wide. At one side is the little English village, "oh, so small, where every cottage has a whitewashed wall," revealing even English flowers and British customs—a bit of England is this place, uninfluenced by its Spanish neighbors—and on the North Front is a race track, so dear to the hearts of English sportsmen.

In Algiciras we were declared on Spanish soil. This is the terminus of the railroad, from whence the boats sail for Tangier, Africa, and is really the port for Gibraltar and Spain.

A Tommy Atkins off duty reminded us of the standard story heard many times about two British soldiers who were sentries at old Gibraltar. While these sentinels were pacing the lines, one of them lost his footing and fell over the side and was killed. In the morning his comrade reported, "as usual," to his superior officer, who made the routine query:

"And did anything unusual occur?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

Not long afterward it was discovered that the second soldier was missing. The officer sent for the first soldier and sternly demanded.

"I hear the body of your comrade has been found. How was he killed?"

"He fell, sir."

"Why did you report 'nothing unusual' when relieved this morning?"

"Because, sir, it was *not* unusual. If my comrade had fallen and had not been killed, that, sir, might have been unusual."

"That sounds like a real English 'joak,' or a line from a Gilbert and Sullivan antique," murmured Buddy, shaking the sand out of his shoes.

Buddy now had it all figured out as to why the name Gibraltar.

"The name is from Jebel-al Tarik (hill of Tarik) and that's how we get the names in geography. Since 1704 the English have been planting guns in this rock until they have old Tarik's hill well peppered."

The deep impression and memory of the fortressed Rock inspired John Drinkwater to write a volume about Gibraltar before he wrote his masterful play on Lincoln. Was there a suggestion of the enduring fame of the "Great Abraham of the West" and the eternal Rock of Ages? A young American soldier wrote some magnificent lines on Gibraltar, which concludes with these farewell words:

> Now westward look! My country bids good night,
> Peace to the world from ports without a gun.

Chapter XVI

TO AFRICA IN AN AEROPLANE

"FLYING to Africa—no stop—address Tangier," was the cablegram which I sent home before Buddy Basque and I left for the government aviation field at Seville. A trip to Tangier is a logical side-trip in a tour of Spain. The 800 horse-power German machine had seen service in the war. We climbed into the pit. A cry of "Contact!"—a dizzy test whirr of the propeller, and we were off, humpety, bump, fairly leaping over the ground, gathering more and more speed. As we taxied along, the going was smoother until, in a few moments, we began to feel like a real bird, rising higher and yet higher, climbing into the blue, peeping over at first gingerly at the earth below. Seville seemed more beautiful than ever skirting about the Hildago tower, standing out like a cameo in the encircling boundaries of the city.

Skimming along the river, the goggled Spanish pilot looked back and shouted something, but the noise was deafening. With our ears muffled, we could only make signs. Rising slowly the air grew cooler, until our limbs were numbed and our teeth began to chatter a regular rat-a-tat-tat to the tempo of the engine. The altitude meter registered 9,000 feet, and I began to experience a queer little twinge as I realized our height above terra firma. Below, we discerned dimly a ribbon of silver, which I knew was a navigable river, on which sailed ocean steamers, and the mountains which, from this distance, seemed flattened out as on a relief map.

Every now and then Bud, who sat in front, turned his face, spattered with oil, toward me and shouted something. He was trying to let me know he was enjoying the trip—having the thrill of his young life. Flying over the Straits of Gibraltar, the speed at which we were going seemed interminably slow, although in reality we were making about two hundred miles an hour, hurtling through space with speed greater than that of the wildest hurricane that ever blew.

The mountains and isolated villages along the way dotting the coast over which we flew seemed like mere mottled specks on the surface. Winding roads appeared like strips of tan or white, with the hedges, tiny, indeterminate lines of green. The distance covered seemed like only a few feet behind when, in reality, we had been traveling scores and scores of miles, according to the instruments in the pilot's cockpit. The scene beneath us recalled a page from a textbook on physical geography, the mountains showing green, or barren and bald as the heads of the old roues in the front rows at a musical review.

Seeing Spain from an aeroplane was like finding a fifth dimension. Aviators accept it all as a part of the day's work, and have long ago lost the tingle of anticipation which the novice experiences. We discovered a new and untraveled road to somewhere, even though it was not particularly firm or well defined. The flight lasted just an hour, but what a buzzing hour it was, breathing the pure, unpolluted oxygen of the upper regions in a pristine atmosphere, where if man could always live, it is problematic whether he would ever stop breathing the breath of life.

Suddenly a circling beach came rushing out of the distance below. With the wings of Mercury it seemed to fly toward us. Rimmed with the foamy surf of the blue Mediterranean, a coastline with all the fascination that lured the adventurous Spartans and sailors of the Aegean Sea was spread out in panoramic magic. That we might have a nose-dive and take a sudden

drop did not occur to us until we were somewhat out of a direct course. We gripped the handles on the sides tighter and tighter as the propeller skipped and jumped and the pilot fought to regain our frail craft's equilibrium in passing over the air pockets occasioned by the trade winds of the Levant sweeping in through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Below, numerous tiny dots on the blue sea were battleships. The funnels of the ships that were leaving Gibraltar were outlined against the giant rock that seemed to us no more than a pebble on the beach. Converged into the Straits below us were the waters spanned by the fabled Colossus of Rhodes—now dwindled to a mere toy in the great sweep of land-air-sea-scope spread out before us.

As the plane circled down the historic coastline, over ancient cradles of civilization, Bud the Basque, unable to repress saying something after nearly an hour's silence and complete inaction, with numbed fingers scribbled on the back of an envelope: "Senor Colombo, I see land!" and I wanted to scribble back "Same here, De Soto," but I was too cold and too thrilled at the extraordinary fact that I would soon be landing on the shores of Africa, to reply except with an approving nod.

Circulation of blood seemed to have ceased and my feet rattled about like lumps of ice. Sleeping outdoors on one of Greenland's icy mountains I would have looked upon as a summer vacation in comparison. Suddenly we dipped, dipped sharply, too, at an angle that made me wonder whether I was headed down or up—whether, in fact, it would not be preferable to fall out. The pilot looked back and, pointing to a white spot in the distance, shouted, with a grin, "Tangier." Following the direction in which he had pointed, I saw what looked like a cemetery, which brought gruesome suggestions and made me "feel" I was a long way from home. But I interpreted the pilot's satisfied smile beneath his goggles as an indication of a "happy landing" somewhere in Africa.

Horrors! Our pilot did not recognize Tangier as a regular stop. Instead, he flew faster and faster, taking us nearer and nearer to the Riff country, until I began to fear that the scene might prove a funereal one, after all, if he continued much farther. I had visions of dropping in unexpectedly on Abd'el Krim at the tea table, and wondered what kind of a reception was in store for us. Would it be a festive table with something to eat or a firing squad?

Anyhow, one thing was becoming more and more evident—*terra firma* was not far away. The country below looked very much like our southern states, and we could make out some fields resembling Florida muck land under cultivation. About fourteen kilometers from Tangier, to be exact, was the spot the pilot swooped down upon to drop us in a field like a duo of mail bags dumped by an American fast mail. Here was a deserted hangar that seemed located many miles from nowhere. He speeded off to realms supposed to be unknown, but which, from the direction of his flight, we guessed to be La Roche, the Spanish Army headquarters.

The flight was over, but our real troubles had begun. The flight to Africa was *un fait accompli*, as my French-speaking friends would say. Here we were "all dressed up and no place to go"—no telegraph office to send back the proud and wonderful news, "Arrived Africa"—to the folks back home. There were no bands or reception committee, to greet and hail us as important personages who had braved the air pockets of the Levant winds. No clicking cameras ground out yards of film depicting our arrival. No newspaper photographers snapped our pictures to send throughout the world on a "Watch your credit line" photo service. Not a thing to enliven the picture—everywhere were wide expanses of prairie with clumps of trees here and there.

What was that in the distance? Human beings moving about? At last I made it out, a thatched village!

Now I began to wonder if soon I'd hear the beat of tom-toms or see a half-naked native, or ferocious Riffian with rifle muzzle turned toward me. Together, Bud and I strained our eyes, and soon we discerned a figure with a black hood coming slowly across the fields, a gun swung across its back. At first we could not tell whether it was a man or a woman. On nearer view it proved to be an Arab who greeted us, not with a tom-tom, but with a snappy salute, "You betcha," and a cheerful smile, showing a set of bright white teeth and beaming eyes, as he rolled off "All r-r-right," which indicated that somewhere at some time he had seen and met an American. In a few minutes we had offered him some of our Lucky Strike cigarettes, and were all chatting as best we could in sign language, with the cordiality of old friends. There was a twinkle in his eyes that was reassuring. Finally he directed us to a corner in the deserted hangar and air trench, which the soldiers had used. Here were a few new graves, for a pleasant prospect. He tried to tell us that there was a telephone in the shed. Until by means of numerous questions and pictures we had elicited from him the meagre "You betcha!" his every word and gesture was wasted.

In a few moments another Arab made his appearance. His attitude was by no means cordial. After we had pressed a half-dozen cigarettes upon him, he produced a key and opened the shanty which the first Arab had pointed out. Scornfully he pointed to a hidden telephone, his demeanor making it clear that people who dropped from the clouds in the middle of nowhere were quite beneath his sustained attention. By this time six or seven other natives had arrived from nowhere in particular, and were regarding us curiously as we tried to make ourselves understood over the telephone. The operator "no savied" us without end. There was nothing to do but to appeal to each of the fast moving Arabs surrounding us. They, too, signified that they were ready to compre-

With President Freixes of Andorra at Saint Julian

The old key unlocking Andorra's ancient Parliament House

With Primo De Rivera after a meeting of the Cabinet

hend in French or Spanish, but could not, or would not speak English. Again we tried to make Central understand, but our efforts were of absolutely no avail. Disgusted, the telephone operator hung up and left us to keep on ringing merrily—how like a booth operator at home it seemed.

Buddy had a bright thought. "Thank God there is a language in art!" he remarked fervently, as he drew a piece of paper from the innermost recesses of one of his numerous pockets—pockets which, like the magician's stove-pipe hat, might be expected to give forth almost anything within reason—and with the rapidity of the trained artist began to sketch a picture of an automobile, pointing at the same time first to me and then at himself, and making a motion of wheels going. Then we awaited results.

There was much talk between the natives in their own tongue, and finally, with much ostentation, one of the Arabs borrowed Bud's pencil and paper, and, with his tongue in the corner of his mouth, as though to impress Bud with his own artistic ability, carefully sketched a large figure three, without adding any indication as to whether it meant minutes, hours, days, or weeks. After we had distributed the last of our cigarettes, they made it evident that we would have to wait three hours for an automobile. Three hours! Why, we had flown all the distance from Spain in one hour, and all we had for our trouble after risking our precious necks and nearly freezing to death was a visit to the Dark Continent with an overture of three perilous hours in the Riff firing line.

Together, we started to walk down the road, more impatient now than ever. In a few minutes we came upon an Englishman in charge of a gang of fierce-looking Moroccans digging a trench. He consoled us with the news that we were in the Spanish war zone and that several men had been killed that morning, adding that we had better "get out" somehow before the shooting of the late afternoon began. We hinted that

we were in no wise anxious to interfere in that zone as long as the Riffs were about. In the distance somewhere, but out of sight, was the "domino" city of Tangier, our objective. Not far away, and evidently making its way there, was a good-sized camel caravan, and more modern automobiles were whizzing along dizzily.

* * *

As we proceeded, we came to a field in which the natives were planting corn, sowing it broadcast rather than in rows. After walking for perhaps an hour, a blue touring car came rushing up toward us. In desperation I wanted to put up my hands to stop it with all the apparent authority of a New York traffic cop. As we stepped to one side to allow it room to pass, the driver jammed on the brakes, and beckoned to us to get in quickly. We fairly leaped in, and the car turned about, hurtling along the road at sixty miles an hour toward civilization—Tangier! Once inside its gates, we heaved a sigh of relief when we sniffed the air of a free Moslem city.

The roads in Tangier were not built with the idea of vehicular traffic. Donkeys and camels are the only means of navigating them in "perfect safety." Tangier is a free city, entirely independent of Morocco, and ruled over by a commission composed of representatives of France, Spain, England, and other European powers. Kaiser Wilhelm coveted the city and had his fingers badly burned while trying to use it as a firebrand in the Near East. Morocco has been a thorn in the many nations concerned for centuries. Abdel Krim, who was trained in the Spanish Army, understood both the Moroccan and the Spanish psychology, and, backed by the unconquerable pride of the Berbers, was making it merry for Spanish and French troops.

Arriving at the hotel, we met Isaac Nahon, whose brother in Madrid, and partner, Mr. McLean, in Seville, had insisted that we make the trip. We straightway christened him "The Admiral," for he

undertook to guide us through all the labyrinth of picturesque humanity in old Tangier.

As there was no hope of our securing a plane to take us back that night, we remained to learn something more of this strangely romantic bit of Africa over which France holds sway, which Spain patrols, and which England uses as a tourist and market field—altogether a stormy petrel of conflicting interests among the powers of Europe since the early dawn of commerce on the Mediterranean Sea.

Chapter XVII

ON TO TANGIER BY AIR ROUTE

IT all seemed like a weird daylight dream, the dark streets, the cavern-like shops, the food, the people flitting about in the shadows and clustering about the market square and bazaar. Through the Moorish western gate of the Socco de Barra came ceaseless caravans of traders, loaded down with the products which they barter rather than sell—no prices marked in plain figures. As everywhere throughout the East, the ever ready, ever present donkey and camel are the animal burden bearers. The fruit and vegetable market, the tiny piles of grain dealt out by handfuls, fuel in bundles, and other household furnishings are not located within the Socco de Barra. To the former, long trains of these beasts of burden are continually freighting supplies of merchandise from the back country and loading up with manufactured products for the interior.

It is a revelation to note the work that the scraggly, flea-bitten burros are called upon to perform. In Tangier, I have seen them carry everything from sand, mortar, and building bricks, to iron stoves, knock-down beds, pianos, groceries, and kegs of water. Following a line of undersized animals out into the great prairies and plains of Morocco, I met many of the proud Berber. One, in particular, attracted my attention. White of beard, and evidently well advanced in years, he was, nevertheless, still tall and straight. Dressed in a white turban and the familiar flowing white robe of the natives, he paraded about in front of

his domicile, lulling to sleep his little Riff grandson, whom he carried in his arms, while the women were at work in the fields. I saw many of these Riff boys in the streets of Tangier. They are not hard to recognize, for their little shaven heads and the queer-looking pigtail they affect distinguish them and very readily suggest a modern hair-cut in America.

There is no way of getting around in the main streets of Tangier except on foot. Few of the streets are wide enough for the passage of any modern sort of vehicle, some of them being narrow, precipitous canyons between buildings where the sun never penetrates.

This may all be well for the inhabitants, inasmuch as the glare of the summer sun in Tangier is terrific, and a head covering is necessary wherever the powerful, perpendicular rays fall unobstructed.

From the Socco de Barra, I made my way to the home of Isaac Nahon, a Tangier business man, in whose Moorish quarters I was given an oriental welcome. The Nahon home is located on the brow of a high hill overlooking the bay and the blue Mediterranean. Far in the distance can be seen the outlines of Gibraltar. The interior was typically oriental and luxurious. Rugs, divans, cushions and heavy curtains of every description indicated that there are cool breezes in Africa.

Dinner was served in true Eastern fashion, and to my Western mind and American appetite it was a mysterious meal. There were numerous strange dishes, each with its own peculiar flavor, and all highly spiced. I was somewhat puzzled when the host passed me what I took to be the Moroccan equivalent of the American doughnut. Light brown in color, it was tasty but as hard as maple sugar. These "bagels," as they are called, are made of a special dough, which is first boiled and then baked in an oven.

The sweets served were all sticky and cloying to my taste. One that I noticed looked much like Neufchatel cheese, but was much coarser grained. Nahon told me it was the candy of the youngsters of the Orient. An

imitation of it, I have since learned, is made and sold in the United States, and is familiar to the children of New York's East Side. "Halvah" (or something like that) is the name of this oriental delicacy. Its principal ingredients are chopped nuts, apples, and honey.

Most of the sweetmeats of Tangier are flavored with the juice and bitter oil of the tangerine, which is a native product. This little orange takes its name from Tangier, where Europeans first became familiar with it. In its original, wild state, it is a hardy little fruit, bitter and puckering to the taste. It is a close relative of the mandarin, from which, it is said, the American variety was produced. The bitter variety raised in Morocco is exported in great quantities to England, where it is used in the making of the marmalade which is the universal breakfast bite of the Briton.

From my friend Nahon's home, I made my first telephone call in Tangier. Telephone books, like telephones, are far from conspicuous in Tangier. In fact, there is no need for them. One does not call a number here as in other parts of the world. All that is necessary is to tell the operator the name of the party with whom you wish to be connected and she will do the rest. It seemed strange to lift the receiver and ask for "Nahon Marshon" without first going through the process of ascertaining the number and then being told that it has been changed, that the line is busy, or that the phone has been disconnected.

Ambassador Moore, who left Seville a day after we departed, was expected to arrive in Tangier that evening by boat from Gibraltar. With the turbanned attendants of the American Consulate, we joined in the greetings at the wharf. The natives in Tangier had little difficulty understanding Americanese. One of the guards who accompanied us was able to speak English, having attended the St. Louis Exposition. His password to Americans was "Annheuser Busch!" Somehow they had also heard of "Kansas City," and that name had become to them a word to con-

jure with. They never failed to use it—particularly in the presence of Americans, who were overjoyed to hear even a single word in a land where our language is seldom used. The words were to the guards "open sesame," or countersigns, which scarcely ever failed to bring forth a smile—and a tip. Later on it was all explained. Consul Burke hails from Kansas City, and is charged with mentioning his home town now and then.

As the lights began to appear, ushering in the romantic, witching hours of the young night, Tangier seemed more and more the land that was pictured in the huge travel posters, which carry a rainbow of promise in lurid colors. The oval rim of surf pounding on the long stretch of beach, with the lights of the battleship anchored in the harbor, gave cheerful, welcoming remembrance of descriptions in travel books. Dim in the distance we again viewed the summit of Gibraltar, that majestic rock pile, standing like a colossal sentinel, rearing itself out of the ocean. A strategic point, with fortifications such as only the modern methods of warfare could devise, or the modern needs for protection demand, it fortifies the Mediterranean Sea.

Amid a mass of foliage, on a precipitous mountain side, we dined again on the vine-covered terrace. Once again we were reminded of the traditionally mournful Moor, for here we looked down upon the scene of their earliest triumphs. And as we gazed, weird as an Eastern chant, there came to our ears the chromatic strains of Moorish music, an untuneful melody repeated fugue-like without regard to pitch or time. It was all that was needed to make this most entrancingly beautiful and interesting scene still more fascinating—a jazz party in the Orient. The oriental orchestra was composed of violas and other stringed instruments in all forms and sizes, strummed much like our banjo. All the instruments were richly inlaid and impressive in appearance, but their dances are not as tuneful and mirth-making as "American foxtrots." The musicians

sat cross-legged on the floor, some clapping their hands as they played, swaying to and fro, disregarding time and rhythm, tune, or harmony. A jolly racket at times, but, on the whole, music that would not make Baltimore belles desert the tables for "another dance."

While sitting on the sidewalk at a cafe table, having my boots blacked, a wedding procession passed. Led by some itinerant Moorish musicians, two by two the marchers threaded their way on foot, through the narrow thoroughfares. One of the men in the procession carried a giant street lamp fitted with about sixteen candles. "The Admiral" pronounced the affair a wedding of some celebrity—some wealthy Moslem taking another wife. He reached this conclusion from the number of candles in the lantern, but he did not explain whether the lights represented the number of wives which the Moslem already had to his credit, or the number he hoped eventually to own exclusively.

The bride was packed in a sort of cabinet on the back of a donkey, hidden from the gaze of the vulgar world, and was to be set down like an express package is delivered in the United States, at the home of the groom. True, the box-like white palanquin was decorated with rare tapestries, brocades, and rich laces, the beauty of which would make the ready-made trousseaux at Wanamaker's pale on a "bargain day."

The next morning, as though to show us the extremes of mortal life, the Admiral piloted us to another part of the city, where, in the Jewish section, we witnessed a funeral cortege. Six men, carrying the wooden coffin made with wooden nails, led the procession, and behind them came others singing the death chant. They were brought up in the rear by many sombre-garbed, wailing women, who, had they not been hired especially for the occasion, could have taken the death no more to heart, or made outcries more heart-rending. Many of them had never known the deceased in life, but considered it a mark of the highest respect and a duty among

Type of Spanish dancer finding welcome in America

General Primo de Rivera delivering a patriotic address dedicating a sailor's monument in the presence of the King

Engraved from etching of Levon West by Mason and Laxton

An old hansom cab "of the 90's" in Seville

the Jews to attend a funeral and to join in the lamentation for the departed. The women, especially, tend most religiously to these affairs. The death of a Jew in the Orient, be he rich or poor, popular or unpopular, is a signal for the gathering of the clan, and such a weeping and wailing as draws all ears to hear and all eyes to see. In this case, the departed was a wealthy widow whose husband had been one of the leading citizens of the Jewish colony. Like their brethren throughout Morocco and Algeria, most of the Jews in Tangier are well off, and those few that are not are amply provided for by their more fortunate co-religionists. The great majority of the Jews are tradesmen and artisans, but there are also, in Tangier, a large number of Jewish chemists, apothecaries, doctors, lawyers, and dentists.

As if to complete the triangle, we attended a christening. This ceremony, also, was not without its hopeful aspects, for it celebrated a life in the beginning.

This completed the cycle of the ceremonies celebrating births, weddings and funerals in Tangier, just as in Kansas City or Peoria, Kankakee, or Oshkosh, Boston or New York, the course of life is the same —we are born, christened, live and love, marry, rear children, christen them in turn, watch them grow, love, marry, and repeat the whole performance, and then, our short span of existence at an end, die and are buried—the great and lowly alike.

Everywhere throughout the arid Orient, water is one of the most precious commodities of trade. At the public fountain, the water-carriers filling their hairy goatskins, and starting off a-foot on their routes of many miles with the load upon their backs, were a familiar sight. Some of these people are so constantly with their patient little burros that they have taken on some of the attributes and dogged patience of the beasts. These frail-looking bodies, human and dumb, alike, manage to carry heavy burdens

While there is no such word as "home" in the Moslem

language, there was in the homes visited the spirit of an abiding place endeared. Keeping out the sunlight and the air appeared to be the first purpose of a domicile, though I imagine it is in reality to make these habitations liveable, and avoid sweltering in the humid gloom of darkness. Those who were at home seemed happy and contented. After all, one soon finds that the people of any clime usually live as experience through the ages has taught them to live. Underlying many of the queer notions that various sects or races may have with regard to their manner of living, there is usually a basic and fundamental reason for the customs.

In a typical Tangier shop, located in a cave on the side of a hill, we found a surprising array of merchandise piled indiscriminately together, with no regard for cleanliness, or sanitation. Nails, dried fish, bologna, frankfort sausages, bread, and cigarettes were heaped together, and had we searched, I doubt not that we might have found a player piano or a boa-constrictor discarded by a snake charmer in the heap.

In the bazaar or market are many gloomy stalls rich in interest. In one corner of the market place, I came upon a Moroccan story-teller. Gathered about him was a good-sized group of acutely alert listeners, their eyes riveted upon the face of the narrator. He was dressed in one of the varied garments of the Moroccan, wore a clean white turban, carried a staff in his hand, and maintained an altogether impressive dignity. Far advanced in age, his face was cris-crossed with a veritable network of wrinkles. He spoke in a low voice, the inflections of which were pleasing even to the ear of a westerner, and there was a peculiar emphasis in his speech that made evident the utter seriousness with which he regarded his work. He was relating Arabian Nights' tales. His profession was an old and honorable calling and is carried on for several hours during the two market-days of the week. It takes about six months to recount the entire Arabian Nights'

entertainment, and so the series of tales is recited twice each year and is somewhat like a moving picture serial.

The throngs of bargaining, sweating humanity, all talking at once, all haggling over the prices of the wares on display in the market place, reminded me of busy beehives. Everything that is sold in these stores is borne in on the backs of the donkeys or of men. The merchants sit upon cushions, with their goods piled about them, and a tiny pair of scales close at hand, with which to weigh them. All grain is handled in a quart measure, and while the manner of exchange is rather crude, the excitement attending it is much the same as that which attends the transactions in the stock markets on our own exchange. Salt, which is monopolized by the government, is sold separately, and weighed out by the ounce, on apothecary shop scales.

In the flower market a friend purchased a lily. Unlike our lilies, this African variety looked much like a tuberose. Possessed of a strong exotic scent, which never seemed to wane, that lily made its way, in our possession, in an airplane, through the air some hundreds of miles to Spain and then back home to America, and in its imperishable fragrance we have most pleasant and enduring memories of Tangier.

Not far from the city is a celebrated estate, formerly owned by Doctor Harris, a newspaper correspondent. The villa is noted for its exquisite Moorish art and handicraft. A prisoner in his own house, Dr. Harris was held for ransom by the Moroccans. It is now proposed to turn this show place into a hotel, and, with the beach nearby, give Tangier a splendid hostelry in a region that is full of color, in a climate much like that of our own Palm Beach or Coral Gables.

High on a hill, above Tangier, the garrison made up of Moorish soldiers is quartered. Great guns protect the harbor for miles around. As the soldiers drilled, their mascots looked on. These mascots were wild boars in captivity. From this height we looked down upon a panorama of the harbor improvements, which

is the hope of making Tangier a great free port in the Mediterranean. Just below the hill is the prison where Americans were once held by Moorish pirates for ransom, until Decatur made Morocco understand the meaning of the Stars and Stripes. If those old walls could only speak, what gruesome yarns they might tell!

Making our way down hill again, over the cobblestones, we recalled the cement sidewalks of our own country. Everyone seemed to be carrying something, or leading a donkey which was carrying something—foliage, rocks, gravel, furniture, and grain. While Tangier has changed very much in the last decade, and is becoming more modern and European in appearance, a number of her women still keep their faces covered when on the street, according to the ancient native mode. The ways and customs of western civilization are fast making inroads. Tangier will lose her old picturesqueness as new methods and customs intrude and tend to dissipate the quaint atmosphere and color associated with her ancient history.

Chapter XVIII

RONDA, THE ANCIENT ROMAN RENDEZVOUS

WHILE discussing an itinerary with fellow-Americans in Seville, we detoured from the schedule, a single sentence changing the route to places not generally included in tours of Spain.

"Don't miss Ronda!" It echoed in my ears. The words were the enthusiastic utterance of a vivacious and handsome American girl, who, in the coolness of a glorious Spanish evening, after a tiring day of sight-seeing in Seville, had joined in helping Buddy out with his entangled geography. Over the coffee she related the extraordinary experience of a certain young lady who psycho-analyzed herself at a bull-fight in Ronda. Although somewhat out of the beaten track of Americans, it was decided by a majority vote to go to Ronda by motor. After the lure and charms of Seville, we anticipated something of a contrast, if not an anti-climax. At first there seemed no logical reason for the journey, but Buddy maintained a desire for romance—and the young lady was impressively beautiful.

As we approached the old city—noted for the romance of the Alcalde, who gained his freedom by asking to be with his bride on the eve of his death and was freed because of her beauty and devotion—some of the descendants of Caesar's soldiers gathered on the Roman bridge and stared at us blankly. Was this the Ronda that had so stirred the interest in the American girl?

Passing the ancient arena and plaza, where the legions had been entertained, we began to understand—it was

a setting for stirring emotions, those psycho-physical reactions, a real baptism for bull-fights, which had lifted Ronda for that American girl to heights of thrilling recollections. Perhaps she had seen and fallen in love with a real toreador, mayhap Belmonte, then the matador hero of Spain, the dream lover of a thousand maidens, instead of a filmy vision of a motion-picture hero. It explained a Valentino fascination in a vivid reality of things, and it was beginning to dawn upon Buddy why the young miss had reiterated "Don't miss Ronda." This had recalled the incidents that enabled her so graphically to describe her impressions, and to weave about them a reason for her conversion to bull-fights. Our own impressions began crystalizing on a cool, wintry November night, on a lonely ride over a range of mountains and narrow roads that might have been built for the transportation of the baggage trains of the centurions of Caesar—slower and more sedate than that of the impressive-looking Spanish car and dignified chauffeur with a military goatee who fairly skimmed over valley and mountain on the wings of a rubber-tired Mercury—1925 model.

With the frigid air sweeping down one's neck in an open car, even the most impressive scene on the plains becomes a bit tame. Feeling in some strange way that we were in for something rather disappointing on our arrival, we bounced our way along the winding road, gazing in disgruntled fashion about us, as if to say—"So this is on the road to Ronda!"

As far as the eye could see were large fields, much like those of our own Iowa and Illinois rolling prairies, but with fewer houses and barns or evidences of a prosperous country. The farmers live in small houses, clustered together and surrounded by corrals and gates. Here and there we glimpsed a donkey or a tandem team of mules with a two-wheel covered cart making its way across the bleak plateau—a painted beast on a painted panorama.

"Surely, Miss Ronda will be disappointed not to miss

us?" shouted Buddy, trying out his English once more after a spasm of Spanish.

A crackling fire was burning in the grate at the Victoria Hotel. Merry groups were chattering in the cosy corners as we entered. About us everywhere was an air of animation of a social life that seemed out of keeping with first impressions of the old Roman town. At nine o'clock we sat down to a Spanish table d'hote dinner—almost everything from hors d'oeuvres to the usual hard green pears, figs, and coffee. The waiter was willing to test his English and Buddy interrogated him as to why so many handsome young ladies were present to greet us on our arrival. He mentioned "Hollywood" as a means of explaining to benighted Americans that it was a motion-picture company "on location." The "artists" chatted in several languages, and emphasized remarks by voluble gesticulations in seven more.

A strange-appearing group they were. Full-grown beards, raised especially to answer the requirements of the various characters; chin whiskers, and other old-style hirsute adornments were now viewed in their natural state. One of the actors was attired in the raiment of a toreador, and wore bits of black beard under his ears, while the heavy villain had a long, piratical mustache calculated to make him appear bloodthirsty and ferocious on the flash of the camera, from any angle or at any moment. It was evident from the costumes that the story which the company was preparing for the screen was "Carmen." and now we discovered from the hotel register that Raquel Meller was the motion-picture star in our firmament. The members of the caste were paying a chorus-like attention to the leading lady, still "made up as Carmen" and acting very Carmenesque. For the moment she was enjoying her innings, having exchanged roles with the imperial director for the evening. This was some time previous to her triumphs in New York in moving American dollars from New York box offices with every trip of her dainty toes. She was then budding into fame

at Ronda, the same piquant Raquel Meller who was later the sensation of Broadway, receiving the plaudits of the theatre-goers in American cities, where she sang and danced in the introductory days of "Valencia."

The air was biting without, but cheery within, because everyone wanted to talk to us about motion pictures in America. We retired late, or rather, early, and found the beds hidden under huge canopies, with heavy curtains drawn tightly to keep in every bit of bodily warmth. Our dreams were a jumble of the old bridges, Sevillian dancers, Alhambras, bull-fights, cathedrals, cafes, guitars, and solemn guides, who talked of centuries as the days of a passing week. "The morning after," as they say in movie captions, dawned beautifully clear "at Ronda in sunny Spain." Every twig, every blade of grass, every tree trunk was covered with a coating of hoar frost, glistening and gleaming in the sunlight. All night the wind had howled through the trees, and we were conscious of Spain as a clime sometimes of frost and cold. "Sunny Spain!" "Ronda, Lady of the Snows!"

Americans on a limited tourist ticket care naught for heat or cold; theirs is not the urge to stand or sit, but to go, and keep on going as the deficit deepens. Nothing short of a Nebraska blizzard could deter our jolly trio from finding out why "we should not miss Ronda." With frost on the breath, we started for the old bull-ring early in the morning. Seated placidly under the eaves of the box-office was an elderly lady, figuratively and literally "under her own vine and fig tree," located under a roof with vine-bearing grapes overhead. Producing a bunch of large keys she proceeded, after being duly and truly tipped, to unlock for us new visions of a glorious past.

Reiterating the words "toros" and "Plaza de Toros," she shook her bunch of huge keys so often that we understood, at length, that something was about to happen, had happened, or should have happened with regard to bulls. Later we found that this plaza was

Corrida de Toros (*Ronda*) by Levon West

destined to be the scene of a long-awaited and spectacular bull-fight on the following day—which, naturally, extended the schedule twenty-four hours.

Meandering around the arena, with the sun hidden behind a cloud, the sky threatening and cold, we endeavored to bring to mind the picture of the tomorrows and yesterdays. The large circular space, devoted to the fight, was empty and forlorn-looking, and the clear white sand under foot was far from suggesting "Blood and Sand." On the side, in the centre, was the royal, or President's box, before which all must bow to receive the key. Beneath it was a trap-door, out of which, when the gates were opened, the bulls rushed, dashing madly to their doom. Nearby were darkened stalls, in which would be tethered the decrepit, bony horses of the bull ring. On one side was a dressing room, in which was stored the full regalia of the corps of bull-fighters, from the trappings for the horses to the pig-tail ribbons of the matador. Swords by the score were hung about; all the gaudy accoutrements of the picadores, even their ornamented saddles, in which they sometimes rode to their death. The crimson capes and banderillas, or darts, with which the crazed bulls are tormented to infuriation, afforded one a visual and gruesome inventory of the preparations made behind the scenes in setting the stage for a holy day event at the Plaza de Toros.

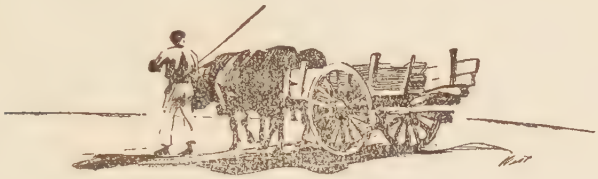
"The next day"—again to use the familiar title ever present in the movies—with hundreds of gaily colored flags, banners, streamers, pennants, the colors of Spain flying in profusion, and with the sun shining down upon them in all its brilliance, made a never-to-be-forgotten scene of a gala day. At last all Ronda in holiday attire arrived at the plaza. Nearby, at the gate where the bulls were admitted, an array of the relics of past killings were on display, as though they were prize exhibits at a state fair. They made us shudder, and opened our minds to the vast panorama of what had occurred here in the march of years since the first

toreador appeared as a conquering hero on that opening day a thousand years ago. Perhaps the very stones outside the door were those which had been thrown upon ill-favored and ill-fated gladiators, or early Christians, who, with bleeding bodies but smiling faces, had trodden that ghastly arena to face the ferocious lions from Africa. Gladiatorial combats in Spain in those days, be they called what they may, are by no means figments of the imagination. Old Rome is closely allied, in this respect, to modern Ronda—Ronda, with its background of red blood and white sand. This was the very Plaza de Toros where the American girl had caught the fervor and "enjoyed" her bull-fight—after the previous ten spectacles that had sent her to a bed of suffering—and now we understood her appeal, "Don't miss Ronda!"

What a hustle and bustle there was in the ancient city that bleak day! Scarfs snuggly tucked in—all seemed intent either on business or pleasure—cheeks aglow, and eyes sparkling with the wind—the peasants in lively anticipation hurried along over the old bridge overlooking the deep canyon through which during the rainy season swirled a veritable torrent. Loiterers there were none. The roadsides were filled with burden-bearing donkeys, each with its blue tassel to keep off the flies and mosquitos—and the "evil spirit." The rugged cliffs surrounding the city, the Puente Nuevo, and the old Roman bridge, gave Ronda a picturesque and medieval appearance.

Coasting down the great mountainside as we left Ronda in the distance, there loomed before us the white buildings of a cluster of villages that seemed to hang like pendants from a necklace formed by the blue horizon. Many of the straggling villages were barren aspects without foliage of any sort, one of which was noted on the map as Carrabrackla. The houses were built with a monotonous regularity suggestive of a group of dominoes. As we honked on and on through the narrow streets, the horn—a contrast to our Clax-

ton—throatily "moved" the natives, who revealed a spirit which would gladden the heart of an American traffic cop, for they stepped gingerly to one side, not forgetting to shove their donkeys always to the right, out of our way.



The natives in the villages have been convinced that it is easier to stop and steer themselves than a high-powered motor car; they take no chances of being run over. When an autoist sounds his horn in Spain, it is surprising with what alacrity the jay-walker will give you space—and plenty of it. There are comparatively few motor accidents in Spain, for the motor horn is as authoritative as an umpire at a ball game or a fire engine siren on "Main Street."

Soldiers were everywhere, as the country was practically under martial law in 1925. The military police, with their caps of shiny patent leather turned up behind, armed with revolvers that meant business, suggested the mounted police of the Canadian Northwest, or the constabulary of the various states. They have the power to shoot on sight and are known to be willing to do so when occasion demands. Consequently, the populace has a healthy respect for soldiers, and it has not been necessary for them to sacrifice life. The Spanish people are law-abiding, and to them the soldier with a salary is a fixture and in no way to be feared, while the politician, with an unlimited power of graft, is a force to be reckoned with. A representative of the law is recognized as one of authority, for does he not represent the King and the country?

During the month of October, every city and town,

almost every hamlet in Spain of whatever character or size, witnesses annually the drama of "Don Juan Tenario"—the drama of Spain's great lover, in play or motion pictures. It usually requires six entire performances to tell completely this old, old story, viewed time after time by the children who, in turn, become mothers and fathers of other children looking on. This story is even more enduring than our own Shakespeare. The episodes of Don Juan's career of love-making seem ever new to each generation. The romance and sentiment involved in the old story of his adventures go on unchanged through the ages in Spain. Since the advent of the motion picture, "Don Juan Tenario" has become even a more vivid hero. Think of the day when the Vitaphone is brought into Spain to echo the dulcet words of this glorious lover and suit the "spoken word to the action." The success of John Barrymore in "Don Juan," indicates that Warner Brothers anticipated that this old, but ever new, story of the Spanish lover would appeal to American audiences. With the appropriate musical and orchestral setting provided by Henry Hadley's Orchestra, the Vitaphone in the Broadway production, utilized in the picture theatres in every city, town, village and hamlet in the United States and the world at large, may determine motion pictures as the language universal of the future.

The utilization in Spain of the many modern American inventions and innovations—the typewriter, the radio, the telephone, frigidaire, and the other hundred and one articles of everyday use that have already become household necessities, to say nothing of the cinema, is launching a new interest throughout Spain in things American. All this has a potent influence upon the Spanish people, and is rapidly bridging the gap that once existed between this Old World country and the United States. Subways, in connection with motor busses, are also helping to close the chasm of insularism which is always the heritage of the stay-at-

Granada Gate *(Coral Gables, Florida)* by Levon West

homes of every clime and of every race—insularism that vicious breeder of race and religious hatreds—which must perish from the earth if Tennyson's inspiring vision of the "Brotherhood of Man" is to come true.

Chapter XIX

THE GYPSIES AND GRAPES OF MALAGA

WHEN Muley Ali Abdal Hassan retired to Malaga. it marked the beginning of the end of the rule of the Moors in Spain. His divorced wife, Zoraya, started the trouble when she sought to have her son (their eldest son) supplant him. He locked her up with this son, Boabdil, in the Alhambra. While he was away, defending one of the bulwarks of his domain near Malaga, the prince escaped and started the campaign cry, "Long live Abu Abdulla," otherwise known as Boabdil.

"Now this was no war between Egyptian cigarette titles. We will soon retire to Malaga as did the eminent Muley," said Buddy, looking up from his daily stunt of historical reading.

At Cormelyar, a small town where we stopped for lunch, we had difficulty in finding a dining room. The plaza was filled with men, disporting themselves on the sunny side of the street. On the lower floor was a barroom filled with people playing games, and keeping the waiter in the corner busy with his variety of bottles. The omnipresent omelette appeared while we were discussing Malaga. Buddy prepared us to expect to see old Phoenician sails in the harbor, for he had discovered that Malaga was settled by the ancient sailor folk who had come from the far-off shores of the Red Sea to seek trade. But what interested him most was a book by Gautier, given him by the shy, generously-tipped little waitress whom he had asked for a souvenir. It had

been left by a guest, and she was ready to salvage it as a remnant. In this volume Buddy opened to a page paying tribute to the beauty of Malaga women, as having a "golden pallor," confirming the dissertation of Silvis Italicus, gallantly comparing the complexion of Spanish women to the gold of his mines.

Naturally we began to think of the grapes buried in sawdust at the fruit stores at home, as the radiator of the motor pointed toward Malaga. On through old villages and fields, interspersed with miles of vineyards, we saw the real Malaga grapes on the vines. This was the fruit on which the Department of Agriculture has placed an embargo, to protect American vineyards against the ravages of a fly which has attacked some of the vines in this region. The Spanish chauffeur refused to eat grapes or even drink the juice of grapes when we stopped for refreshments. He always called for a mug of "bier," in this land flowing with wine. When I tendered any silver coin, the innkeepers would invariably bounce it upon the marble slab provided for that purpose, as though doubting the genuineness of the currency. More silver is circulated in Spain than in France, where everything resembling metal is used and adopted for the smaller denominations. Apparently they have had good reasons for doubting the genuineness of some of the French money floating in from across the border.

An ambitious railroad passenger train came alongside the road and gave us a merry chase, but the "limited" was soon outdistanced by the motor. It was now well along in November, but the farmers were still busy in the fields. Oxen were yoked to a gang plow, while horses and burros followed in another furrow. They were using some of the methods adopted by the bonanza farms in North Dakota—ten or twelve plows working on the same plot of ground—a sort of a neighborly plowing bee, as it were. It looked like a growing market for tractors here, as well as all over Europe.

When Spain becomes thoroughly tractionized, she may become a formidable competitor in the production

of cereals for the world markets, for the broad plain area is well adapted to the growing of bumper crops of grain. Millions of acres are still awaiting the magic process of deep plowing.

The soil, though arid, becomes rich when watered. If there is anything in the soil, the old-time Spanish farmer will find it. Terrace on terrace on the mountain sides were planted intensively, with little vineyards no larger than a Florida house lot, yet yielding profit enough to justify careful tilling. In some cases large families are supported from the cultivation of five acres of ground.

* * *

Covered with moss that had accumulated with the centuries, the masonry worn with the action of flood and tide, the quays of Malaga, built by the Romans and the Moors, clearly revealed in their appearance ages of useful service. On the wharves were indications of an extensive trade with other ports of the world. Ships were being loaded with all manner of merchandise, from olive oil to the red hematite iron ore in bags, shipped from the Spanish mines, that resemble the Marquette, Mesaba, and Logebic ores that feed the furnaces of Pennsylvania.

On the wharves were a number of large wooden crates piled one atop another, each bearing the familiar label "Oakland," "Overland," or "Buick." The chief item of importation at this port from the United States for the year was automobiles, while the chief item of export from this port was Spanish tiles. Several Spanish battleships were lying at anchor in the harbor, one of which had seen service in the Philippines under the Spanish flag. There were also hangars for the hydroplanes that fly from here over the Mediterranean into Africa, taking the same longitudinal aerial route as did the legendary ships of the Golden Fleece. From Malaga a regular air route is operated to Africa, recalling the mythological tale of the ram's fleece that carried

Phyrxus through the air to Colchis on a fleece of gold. This is the first recorded account of an air flight in history.

Nestling under the shadows of the mountains, Malaga from the sea and wharves, reminds one of the palmy days of Carthage. Gazing upon the great abundance of sealed barrels and casks on the docks, Buddy Basque suddenly developed an appetite for grapes—not grape juice. Quoth he: "Let's have some real Malaga grapes in Malaga—grapes right off the vines; Malaga raisins right off the tree!" We made a Bryan grape juice cocktail with wine and soda, but that did not satisfy him. In vain we hunted for the grapes, though he did find a package of Malaga raisins (or so he was told they were) though he confidently expected to find upon the label the familiar word "California." Grapes seem to be the last thing the people of Malaga think of eating. There seemed to be more peanuts sold in the shops than grapes.

Love-making appears to be a dominant pastime in Spain. Few murders are credited to burglary. The jealousy of senors is the cause of most of the homicides. Many men carry a knife carefully hidden in the belt, ready for emergencies. The coquettish Spanish maiden keeps the lover alert. The gypsy dancers mingle freely in the crowd, seeking attention here and there; a whiff from their cigarette and they are off to trifle with other lovers. There seemed to be many a Jose as portrayed in Bizet's "Carmen." Curiously enough, this distinctive Spanish opera was written by a Frenchman, as "Valencia" was written by an Englishman, and "The Spanish Cavalier" by an American.

Sitting on the bench in the Alamedo, the park and promenade adorned with tropical flowers and foliage, we heard the orchestra playing "Carmen." When the refrain of that matchless love-plea duet between Jose and Marcella was reached, an Englishman with whom I had passed a word of greeting, remarked, as if partially talking to himself: "That is the most witching

love song ever written." "I agree with you," I replied, supplementing his general remark. He came over and sat beside me, and squaring himself about, huskily whispered: "I am trying to retain my reason. That song stirs in me the depths of a maddening memory. Listen; I had my one supreme romantic night, the grand passion of my life began and ended here. A gypsy girl caught me in the swirl of a wild dance. I was young and hot-blooded then. We understood all without words. I followed for weeks the gypsy band to which she belonged and almost acquired the language. She seemed to care—did care for me. Under the witchery of that old moon, in this very garden, we decided to be married, and leave for the Riviera, for love held sway, although her father and mother objected. I had previously decided not to marry until I was financially independent—but now there was only Papita in the world for me. I was thrashed by a jealous rival and warned by an irate father, but still I persisted in my wooing. Then came this night of nights, when she nestled close to me and whispered, 'I go forever with you,' and sealed it with a loving mellowed kiss that remains the sacred memory of my life. I left that night to make preparations and returned here the following evening, when we were to leave at twelve. The orchestra was playing "Carmen." While they were playing the duet we heard tonight, a *Gitano* appeared and sang and played on his guitar, following the music of the orchestra. He appeared before Papita and began during my brief absence imploring her as Marcella pleaded with Jose. When I returned, bringing her some refreshments, I stopped, enchanted with that matchless love song. When the *Gitano* saw me in the shadow, he threw aside his guitar and rushed toward me, drawing his knife. Papita had plunged between and received the blow intended for me. My God!

"What memories of that angelic face as she lay there dying, responding to my passionate kisses, while the orchestra kept on playing the refrain that echoed

Marcella's plaintive message. Well, I remained a long time after the trial and the conviction. For her memory's sake I even asked for a pardon for Rafoul, as she had asked me to do when those loving gazelle eyes were fading in death. It was no use—the gypsy kills and is ready to die—and here I am, coming again and again to drink deep of the bitter memories of my one great love. I could not help telling you, it seemed as if I would go mad unless I could relate my romance now and then.

"Why she should have loved me so devotedly, and why all the love I ever had for women should have been concentrated upon Papita, I never could understand. All I know is that she was the angel of my better nature and the memory of her sacrifice for me is as sacred as the Divine Atonement. That is why I come here, year after year."

The man's face reflected deep emotion, and he impressed me with his sincere, affectionate remembrance of Papita. When he had completed his story we walked to the hotel in silence. "We may never meet again, my friend," he concluded, "but I hope you will pardon my having told you my romance of Malaga. My name? No, please don't ask me my name—this is Papita's night."

Walking down the irregular, narrow streets, we looked upon the byways where heroic resistance was made when the army of Ferdinand and Isabella battled at the gates.

On the following morning we drove to Gibralfaro, the Moorish castle on the summit, the dominating relic of historic times. The view of the harbor and city of Malaga, closed in on three sides by precipitous mountain peaks, was one of the most impressive we had seen in Spain. The deep blue of the Mediterranean, stretching out in the background, completed a picture that will ever "hang on memory's walls."

Since 1892 the harbor, long neglected, has been improved. The appearance of a Cadillac salesman at

the hotel indicated that Malaga is becoming something more than a grape town. The brown Sierras back of the city seemed to disdain growing mere trees and vegetation, and defiantly challenged, "Look upon us and see beauty undefiled." The houses stand out in the clumps of poplars, while to the south is the canyon through which the torrential river poured in freshets. On the banks were oleanders, blooming as if brides-to-be, wooed by the rushing waters.

There are many gypsies in Malaga, serving as troubadours and the itinerant talent for the dance halls. The shop windows displayed "gypsy hats," as the five-gallon sombreros are exploited and sold to the tenderfoot in Texas. The *Gitanos* have a language of their own called *Colo*, and secret signs. They only appear to be happy where there is music and dancing. Some of the younger men are expert smugglers, but many work in the hotels by day and are troubadours in the evening at cabarets, winding up the nocturnal program at a real gypsy party, getting all they can out of the life at old Malaga.

Zuloaga painted a portrait of Matias, a famous gypsy dancer from Malaga, as a rare type of the race. Matias had appeared in Paris and Petrograd, but retired to Spain during the World War, after having taught the famous Regina Badet to play the guitar, which led her on to a flood-tide of generous box receipts at the Paris theatres.

After hearing the Englishman's tragic story, I was somewhat concerned, when Buddy returned, after a scouting expedition, and announced that we were invited to a real gypsy party that night. He had already purchased a gypsy hat and was now testing his ukulele and banjo touch.

Duly arrayed, as it were, for a social event, we made our way to the back room of a *ventorillo* where we found a group of about twenty—gitanos, men, women, girls and boys—evenly divided as to sex. As the music began, the lithesome form of a girl swayed and surged,

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SEVILLA—The Dance

By Joaquin Sorolla

By courtesy of The Hispanic Society of America

with arms uplifted, as if reaching for rainbows above. The others clapped their hands as the tempo of the music quickened. The watchers seemed to "tune in" with an inner urge. Faster and faster moved the graceful toes and arms expressing an exhilarating joyful rhythm. After a furious presto, the dancer fell, practically exhausted, but another was ready to carry on the dance without an interruption. Then a young man joined, and the watchers were soon nodding their heads back and forth, snapping fingers, and joining in the ecstasy of unrestrained feeling, growing stronger in each dance. A dancer became exhausted, but another was ready, already keyed up in watching to the high pitch of emotion that by this time was getting us all in motion. Another couple joined and the floor looked like a forest of human trees bending before the storm of music, played without a score, or the restraint of measure or bar, for the musicians had joined in the crescendo. Now we began to understand the fascination of the *baile flamenco.* The girls were a picture of indefinable gracefulness from the top of their beautifully poised heads to the tips of their fingers and dainty toes. Restraint was removed and we were all shouting "*oles*" and becoming rapidly acquainted through the fascinating fandango. The strumming guitarios now seemed to have been equipped with loud speakers, for every note appeared to be accentuated.

At times the affair seemed rapidly approaching a pagan frenzy, something akin to a colored camp meeting or a Holy Roller revival down in Maine. "Where was Buddy?" you ask. Intent upon watching, we missed him. Then who should we see in the center of the whirling throng but Buddy, disguised in a full gypsy regalia, with colors as radiant as a rose garden in June. He had one and then another partner; he circled first to one side and then to the other, with a double click of his heels in the air that impressed even the expert dancers. There was no particular partner chosen. It was like a wild dance of the nymphs on the

green in the great outdoors. When Buddy now and then forgot and took a partner in his arms—American style—the senoritas pulled away, as if haughtily saying, "Take care of your own dance," while the young *Gitanos* looked with dark jealousy gleaming in their eyes. Out of breath, with his eyes twinkling with the *camaraderie* of the occasion, Buddy ceased dancing and motioned for one of the orchestra to hand him an instrument. They smiled and clapped more vigorously as the young Americano demonstrated he could at least keep up in pace and in time with the other players with his "rah! rah!" college banjo jazz education.

This broke the ice, and refreshments, in good old American style—packed in ice—followed. During the entire evening we had scarcely spoken a word with the entertainers, who use a strange language, but now we could understand how the bachelor, Washington Irving, was fascinated in looking upon these scenes of gypsy merriment of "joy unconfined"—to use a Byronic expression.

On the return to the hotel, Buddy was cheerfully whistling the popular song, "My Gypsy Maid."

But where was the maid?

Only the memories of Malaga remain.

Hauling Sugar (*near Granada*) by Levon West

Chapter XX

THE ALHAMBRA AND GLORY OF GRANADA

"WILL there be nightingales in the gardens of the Alhambra?" we had asked a celebrated baritone in Paris when he had rhapsodized the "Paradise of Men," the "Land of Manana."

"Nightingales? Yes." He smiled. "But they will never sing for you."

"Why not?"

"Because there is little singing in that poetic country. Life is full of color and gaiety. The people are happy. They play and they dance. But they do not sing much. Neither do their birds. Life is too easy. Song comes from a burden lifted somewhere. And there are no burdens in Spain."

Still—at Granada there would be the nightingales!

So over the original Sierra Nevadas from the port of Malaga, making short curves at right angles on the rim of mountains, we came to the broad, irrigated plains of Granada. The widespread, well-cultivated fields, ready for a harvest of sugar beets, revealed the back country that served as a basis for the Moorish dream of making a world-famed city in the old kingdom of Grandine.

The conquest of Granada in 1492 is a date that Americans can easily remember, as it is co-incident with the discovery of Columbus which has prominent mention in our school books. Dashing into the quaint little village of Santa Fe, we naturally first thought of the old trail, a railroad, and the contrast with the

capital city of New Mexico. The old town, with narrow streets and fortress-like dwellings, marked the site where the military camp was deployed that won the victory in the siege of Granada. Passing through an old arched gate, spanning a street, we looked upon the site marking the historic outposts of the army which received the surrender of Boabdil, the Moslem, after the conflict of four centuries. The Alcazar was the citadel that had made Granada world-famous as a Moslem stronghold.

Once more the plains below have been transformed into scenes of peace. Teams of sturdy bulls that had been rejected for the ring were pulling the same old carts that had dotted the countryside for centuries past. The drivers, with their flat-topped, broad-brimmed hats, were as dignified as old-time state drivers in clearing the right of way for the slow-moving caravan of vehicles hauling sugar beets to the sugar mill. A tall factory chimney at the foot of the mountain challenges the attention of visitors as a companion to the turrets of the Alhambra, which seem to stand out as though defying industrial intrusion. Our arrival was heralded by the honking motor cars leading a tourist caravan to Old Granada.

Near the gates of the historic Alhambra is the Washington Irving Hotel, named for the American author who served as Minister to Spain in the '30's and renewed world-interest in Spanish history. Nestling in the old elms on the mountainside, this spot, naturally attractive to American visitors, is within a stone's throw of the historic Gate of Justice, marking the entrance to the Alhambra. Through this ancient portal, with old bricks tracing the outline of a Moorish arch, passed Isabella and Ferdinand on the eventful day they entered Granada, celebrating the conquest of that enchanted realm. Boabdil, the vanquished Moor, handed them the keys to Alhambra, the prize citadel beautiful, with tears in his eyes as he realized that this was the ebb-tide of the Moorish occupation of Europe.

The walls of the abandoned Alhambra seemed to echo tales of the past to us in the stately Hall of the Ambassadors. In a deserted room in the ruins, which he did so much to restore, the author of Rip Van Winkle, in the company of bats and rats, ate, slept, and wrote his classic stories of the Alhambra. He appeared to convene with the spirits of the helmeted crusaders of the Spanish legions, who treated with the haughty Saracenic conqueror. The Moslems had already made Granada their own, and the Alhambra was the military gem, the strategic point around which centered stirring chapters in the world of romance. They built the Alhambra as a fortress to endure for the ages, a monument to the genius of Mohammedan civilization at its zenith.

There was the whirr of the wings of birds in the old open spaces of the Hall of the Ambassadors where ambitions of the Moslem were solemnly discussed. In Saracenic days, as now, the Alhambra encircled the heights lying beneath the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevadas. The massive brown walls seem interwoven with the sky line on the mountains, a half mile long, a network of artistic fortifications impressively stolid and impregnable, while within are walls adorned with the beauty of mosaics unsurpassed.

The thrill of Granada comes in being able to feel the distinctive and attractive atmosphere of the place associated with the history of the marvelously versatile, artistic Moor. The delicate lacework of masonry and carved wood, the endless array of beautiful arches, blended so that not one, but all, constitute the picture. Exquisite mosaics, glorious gateways, and delicately-wrought balconies all tell mutely a more vivid story than printed words in archives could ever express.

Nothing short of complete destruction can entirely obliterate the perfection of their work. As was the case with the Taj Mahal in India, even the rulers of the conquered land were so impressed and devoutly moved by its utter beauty that they preserved it reverently

for future generations to feast their eyes upon as an evidence of the eternity of art.

The approach to the Alhambra is through arches of heavy foliage, forming a dark tunnel through the tall elms. From the banks of the river far below we looked up at the perpendicular cliffs upon which rests the great Moorish monument. The site of the old bridge, now closed, tells a poignant tale of the days of defense. The cliffs, deep brown and red in color, blend in exquisite harmony with the red-tiled roofs of the old Granada and present a note of natural and architectural beauty that has become the inspiration of artists in an effort to reproduce it in all the feeling which romantic and artistic Alhambra represents.

Every visitor passing through the riot of forest and shrubbery in his entrance to the Alhambra can quite sympathize with the mother of Boabdil, who, when she beheld her son in tears over losing the cherished treasure, said: "Do not weep like a woman over that which thou couldst not defend like a man."

Opening the casement windows that morning in the hotel, the sharp crispness and tingle of the atmosphere reminded us of October in the foothills of our own Adirondacks looking out on the landscape of northern New York. The clear steel blue atmosphere suggested a fine-cut etching. Near the gate, gaily-clad senoritas waited in expectation of being asked by the tourists to pose for their pictures in Carmen costume. Decked in the vivid colors of sunny Spain, their hair entwined with chrysanthemums, these maids of Granada had the grace of nymphs. The guitarrio twanged—it was too much for Buddy, who soon joined in the dance furious on the old pavement near the splashing fountain.

The senoritas were accustomed to the *presto* tempo and laughed heartily as young America sat down, out of breath, to wipe his brow. The Spanish *bolero* supplanted the jazz, the swirl of the slim, graceful, girlish figures was the poetry of motion, and Buddy feverishly sketched between gasps for breath. When ready to

resume his attentions the senoritas vanished with a toss of their heads. Thus ended the thirteenth romance.

* * *

At this gate a chapel was built by Isabella and her Consort, dedicating their entrance and repossession of Granada in the name of the Cross. The cobblestones trodden by millions of Moors and Spaniards in the last hand-to-hand conflict of the siege have been worn low. In the shadows of the walls, women and children were embroidering shawls and threading patterns on large frames, making the white lace mantillas for *fiestas* so dear to feminine hearts. It seemed like a family quilting party. Many of the Moslems live nowadays in homes and shops surrounding the walls, utilizing its spaces as a playground and park for their children. The old pile seems like a city unto itself, a treasure trove of mosaic art which has brought to the Alhambra an art glory that endures, handed down from father to son, through many generations. The ivory inlaid tables, desks, and chairs are entrancing pictures in geometrical design. Transferred to plain wooden blocks, the various colored woods, ivory, and even gems provide an ornamental effect that is unsurpassed—nothing short of bewitching. Unfortunately for the art, since the World War the present generation is inclined to shirk the work—the methods entailing much painstaking labor and patience, and the younger people seeming to have lost the deft handicraft, through making use of more rapid methods with machines which produce a cheap, veneer-like imitation of the inlaid work of their forefathers. The antiques, however, still remain a wonder of the workman's skill in the realm of art.

Child labor laws have not reached the little shawl makers in Spain. They were happy in the performance of their colorful task. As we stopped to look on, they would run away now and then to play or peep at us from beneath their black lashes. Mayhap they had

visions of some day owning such a shawl as they were making, to wear themselves at a gay *fiesta de las flores.* But they were oblivious in the daily grind of stitching, ever stitching; for it is the cobbler whose shoes very often are the oldest and the tailor whose coat is often the most in need of mending. The fact that there is a Paris, London, New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Palm Beach, Miami, Deauville, or the Riviera, where fashionable beauties wrapped in these same silken robes parade with the care-free grace that stamps them as "La Mode," did not interrupt or affect the busy little workers who made them during hours and hours of toil. Industriously they stitched, unmindful of where their slowly-made masterpiece was going to be worn, indifferent as to whether it was to appear on the white shoulders of a debutante at some notable social fete or become a shroud for some proud dowager dame.

* * *

Irresistibly we were drawn to the historic Hall of the Ambassadors, through the open-spaced window arches of which we gazed upon enchanting vistas, where design upon design of never-ending beauty unfolded in vivid color. In days agone, the Moorish Sultans had passed through this room in glittering draperies and tinselled pantaloons, moving along silently in the shadows in their upturned slippers of soft silk. Corridor after corridor was passed as we tried to vision the inhabitants of Alhambra as they appeared in their old-time splendor, made lively by the constant passage of turbaned lords or princes, begemmed and bejeweled from sole to crown, and with scimitars dangling at their sides.

The intense fascination of Moorish art was unfolded as we passed through the one-time harems, where shafts of brilliant sunlight, alternating with deep shadows, reveal beauty to astonished eyes in the most unexpected blend of light and shade. For the Sultan's favorite, there was a great bath as large as a tennis court; huge vases for perfumes from "Araby-blest," which mingled

with the scent of roses and the aromatic odor of the rich foliage in the surrounding gardens made us regret that olfactory nerves have no memory. A fragrance can never be recalled without some actual contact of a present, stirring suggestion. Amid these ancient luxurious surroundings, the Moors lived in quiet seclusion, a cloister of sheer loveliness surrounded by earthly hours, while eunuchs and slaves attended. An American college boy having noted this luxury, wrote home: "Saw the Alhambra. Bet the Caliph was comfortable. Don't see how he had the heart to leave it long enough to fight the poor Christians who lived on the plains. Don't know much about architecture, Dad, but this looks like a pleasant little dump to live in—no corner lots for sale."

Although many centuries have passed, the Alhambra still gives to the world not only its beauty but that feeling of "home" which is the dominating atmosphere of Spain.

* * *

Through the diplomacy of Isabella and conquest of arms, together with the weakness of the Caliph Abdul Hassan, to whose door is laid much of the blame, came the final disintegration of the Moors, marking an era in history.

The Caliph's intrigue with an humble Spanish slave caused dissension within the palace, and resulted in his resigning Malaga to his brother, which foreshadowed a nation already divided against itself. The valiant Sultana, seeing another star in the ascendant, and knowing the fate of the discarded favorite, succeeded in escaping with her children and commenced a struggle on their behalf which finally resulted in Boabdil's eldest son being proclaimed Sultan, when his father was dethroned. Boabdil was unequal to the responsibility which descended upon his shoulders and was unable to hold Alhambra and save his vanishing glories, notwithstanding that Granada, true to Moorish stoical valor,

refused to surrender until forced to so do after a blood-flowing man-to-man combat with the Spanish conquerors encamped at Santa Fe. "The last sigh of the Moor" is a pathetic picture of the sorrowing son of Aisha looking down upon the lost citadel of beauty and power, which was like a dream fading out forever.

* * *

There is a close intermingling of the old and the new in Granada. The modern city is cosmopolitan—with its tramways, electric lights, and modern business sections — a Granada with commercial ambitions. Adjoining it, yet absolutely distinct from it, are the mountainside caves of the gypsies.

These gypsies are said to be the wildest in the Iberian peninsula. They were here long before the Moors. Their ancestors doubtless stood in the shadows of these same caves and watched the sun shine on the glittering spears of the Roman soldiers marching across the valley below. Therefore it is no wonder that these caves, which form a kind of village called the Albiacin, remind one of the dawn of the world.

These caves were only deep enough to form one room. One had to pass out of dazzling sunshine into velvety blackness. When the eyes became adapted to the change, about the first thing to be seen was the outline of what appeared to be a body hanging against the wall. But it was merely the pigskin with the wine! Then gradually might be observed an oblong table on which rest antiques made in Granada a few days before. Feminine gypsies of all ages and sizes battled to tell your fortune or to obtain the silver necessary to produce for you an exhibition of dancing—and a "further reading."

Now all this has changed. The gypsies are less romantic. They are more efficient. They put electric lights in their caves! Thus one generation of tourists have lighted another ancient race on its way to modern ways.

In Granada proper, however, among the shops and pretentious business blocks stand the old Cathedral and the Royal Chapel, where the remains of Isabella and Ferdinand rest side by side in an imposing tomb. As we entered, huge candles were burning, as they have continued since the demise of the twain. We climbed the zig-zag stairway to the high choir where a tiny lad sang the old chant printed in Latin bold script. His clear, beautiful voice rang out through the vaulted spaces in heavenly sweetness. I had never heard from Caruso, Galli-Curci, Jeritza, or any human, such tones of ineffable tenderness. His little white face was illumined in the soft light and his great dark eyes turned upward made him seem like an angel as he put his very soul into the music. He turned the great leaves and finished to the end the notes sung at the mass when Isabella was laid away for her eternal rest in the very robe she wore when she granted Columbus the commission that led to his discovery of America.

* * *

Almost any sort of climate is possible at Granada at all times of the year. From the arid, hot plains in summer, the air grows cooler with the altitude, extending on to the snow-covered areas of the Sierra Nevadas, reached by a railroad and surmounted by a summer hotel. Even a few hundred feet makes a great change in the temperature in this dry atmosphere. Not far above the Alhambra is the old Generalife, once the summer home of sultans and favored sultanas. Even at this height sparkling pools of water and gay flowers, playing fountains, give a fairyland touch to the place. The narrow avenue of tall Lombardy poplars towering eighty feet is a lovers' lane of impressive proportions.

The scene below is so clearcut and distinctive that every view seems like a steel engraving come to life. Here amid the music of fountains, the Caliph whiled away the hours without a thought that the flag of the crescent over the ramparts below would ever give away

to the symbol of the cross now on the spire of the cathedral which marks the resting place of the conquerors, Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon, while the remains of the erstwhile proud Moorish rulers from Africa mingle unknown with the dust of the land which they conquered.

Chapter XXI

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN QUAINT VALENCIA

A LIVELY discussion ensued while cracking our morning breakfast biscuit and emulsion of equal parts, milk and coffee, as to whether Valencia should be visited. Buddy opened the argument. "Ever since I first heard 'Valencia' in 'Great Temptations' at the Winter Garden in New York, I—"

"But that song was not written or located in Valencia," I remonstrated.

Then the deciding voice of Mrs. Joe suggested in a soft but conclusive tone: "You know Valencia lace has been famous for centuries."

"They are not wearing lace," I ventured, hopeful of winning the argument once.

"Yes, but I observe they are still wearing silk stockings, and Valencia is a great silk center," chimed in Buddy.

Looking out of the window, Buddy pointed dramatically to an exhibit of stockings as some young ladies turned a corner. Consequently stockings won, and Valencia (pronounced Valenthia) was reinstated in the itinerary, and the voyage to the island Majorca, where George Sand and Chopin lived, was cut out of our "moving picture" catapult journey through Spain by air, by land, by sea, where motor, camels, busses, donkey, railroad trains and aeroplanes played their respective parts in our travel drama.

The reference of Buddy to the Winter Garden in America with "Valencia" indicates the interest in the

United States for Spanish music and dancing, but it is older and more far-reaching than a recent fad. The scenes of three of the standard grand operas, which are among the classics, were laid in Seville. The plot and action of Wagner's last opera "Parsifal," is laid at Mansalvat, near Barcelona, to say nothing of many other musical classics and dramas laid in Spain. "Fidelo," the only opera which the Shakespeare of composers—Beethoven—ever wrote, was a libretto that is based upon a Spanish story. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Rossini's masterpiece, "The Barber of Seville," are most impressively Spanish, and the latter carries the Iberian label in the titles.

This cannot be called a coincidence, for Donizetti's "La Favorita" has all to do with a Castilian king and his Leonora, and only further emphasizes the fascination of a Spanish setting; while Massanet's "Le Cid" is a more modern tribute to Spain as a treasure trove for operatic lore. The one opera universally identified in every phase as Spanish is "Carmen," the action of which is laid in Seville, with music written by Bizet, a Frenchman. It is so thoroughly Spanish that it seems to out-Spain the work of native composers.

Few people who have heard Verdi's "Il Trovatore" on the stage, in concert, or on the hand-organ, pianola, phonograph, or radio realize that Leonora, the heroine, was a Spanish princess of the House of Aragon, and Manrico, the tenor, defended the castle of Castilar and sang his prison song within Spanish walls. Even the old favorite of the barn-storming opera troupe, the "Anvil Chorus," echoes as a reality from many gypsy camps in the Pyrenees. All this is consoling to an author who succumbs to the fascination of Spanish atmosphere to discover that so much of the romance in operas, dramas, ballads, to say nothing of the other arts, carries a Spanish halo.

Was not the capture of Valencia counted the supreme achievement of Cid, Spain's national hero? It was here that he captured his famed charger Babilca as a

part of the booty. Now we charged into town on a railroad train two hours late. Driving through the old portions of the city in a motor we could whirl along the historic parade route of Cid's conquering hosts, who, according to fantastic tales of chivalry, drove the Moors out of Spain. The newer part of the city, with its broad streets, reveals the same marked contrast of ancient and modern found today in so many Spanish cities.

The story of Cid has been translated into every known language and long ago became a literary classic. Born Rodrigo, or Roy Diaz, in Burgos, he was called by the Moorish title *Sidi* (my lord). A sort of a glorified Robin Hood—a compound of *condottiere* and patriot—a *compeador*, champion of poor and weak, he is always described as fighting, with a reputation of winning his battles, heralded in advance in whatever combat he engaged. Cid's busy career refutes the caricature of the Spanish soldier as portrayed in Shakespeare's character of "Pistol," an extravagant, boastful braggart. By some, the Cid is regarded more a Mussulman than a Christian, for the blood and nomenclature of Moorish civilization appears to be indissolubly associated with Spain. The Moors at times tolerated Christians, while Spain, in turn, welcomed the Moorish arts and men of learning. The introduction of Arabic texts in Spanish schools and the philosophic movement which affected all Europe, is credited to the Archbishop of Toledo.

The "Poem del Cid" marks the beginning of Spanish literature, known as such to the outside world, and has immortalized the Castilian tongue. The epic, which has been translated into every language, begins with the banishment of the Cid, leaving home at Bicar, ready for any adventure to obtain gold and silver for his troopers to keep his pay-roll going. The old story is still related in the present tense. He starts out with a classic confidence game—two bags or "coffers," now exhibited in the cathedral, filled with sand,

studded with gilded nails covered with leather, were subtly and mysteriously exploited as his rare treasures captured from the Moors. Two Jewish money-lenders called, anxious to finance the intrepid Cid, who is indifferent and insists on his brokerage fees, also stipulating, mysteriously, that the coffers generously offered as collateral must not be opened for one year—long after the obligation of the cash advanced became due. They thank him profusely and joyfully, leave their real gold and carry away the Cid's sandbags. Robert Southey, the English poet, long ago declared this poem the best in the Spanish language.

In the hotel room in Cordova we read a translation, and Buddy re-enacted a scene or two, attired in his tin helmet and plumed hat, insisting that when the Cid married his twain of disappointed daughters who obtained divorces, to the heirs of the throne of Aragon and Castile, he proved a real master of ripping romance, right up to date. He recounted six cases of American women en route to France for divorces, sailing on the *Aquitania*, with high hopes of coralling a prince or two for the vacated marital throne. It was their little divorce-orphaned children—instructed not to refer to father or tell anything about him, for whom Buddy drew funny pictures and entertained—when the fair prospective grass widow charmers of the ball room were taking their beauty naps.

At the urgent suggestion of bustling Buddy, an irredeemable movie fan, and in deference to the popularity of the motion pictures "Four Horsemen" and "Blood and Sand," we made our way to the house pointed out as the birthplace of Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist. Early in life his ambition to join the navy was diverted to newspaper work and he became a red-hot radical yellow journalist. Imprisoned thirty times, fighting many duels, he prepared to become a novelist, after visiting Paris several times and lecturing in South America. His literary hero was Victor Hugo, and his early novels indicate that he fell in love with the

Types of Spanish Architecture by Levon West

French people, for they had been kind to him, since he lived the life of a self-inflicted exile. The early stories of "Valencia," "La Barraca," "Canos of Barro," written in his early manhood from 1895 to 1902, are counted his best works and much more true to real life in Spain than his later stories.

Ibanez, full-whiskered, looked like a Russian bolshevist or an Arab, as I recall him on his last visit to America. Tall, broad, and stocky, hair that was once pompadour, thick and curly, with keen, piercing eyes, solid neck with a bulging vein, and a handshake like a prize fighter, he looks the part of some of his heroes. Conversing in staccato, every sentence seems to conclude with an exclamation point, and rings with a tone of command, as if to say, "Waiter, come here!" A bundle of energy, he has declared that he does not care for people who "eat little and think less." When he begins to talk he expects silence, and though he has faulty terminal facilities, he does know the phraseology and situations that catch a multitude of readers.

"I am an impressionist by temperament and have known little of the terrible struggles of other authors over the agony and struggle between form and thought," is a statement on which others will agree in an effort to give Ibanez a place among the immortals in literature.

To confirm Buddy's decisive argument about silk stockings, in Valencia, the La Longa (silk exchange) was visited. It is the center of the commercial life of the city, and it fairly took our breath away to look upon this beautiful Gothic structure dedicated to trade, for it resembles a cathedral more than a temple of trade and emphasizes the need of the Woolworth Building on Broadway in New York. Occupying the site of the old Moorish Alcazar and the superb and palatial old custom house erected by Charles IV is a tobacco factory. The public buildings are most interesting architecturally, and their historic associations, for some were built after Pompey of Rome destroyed the city, which was founded 138 *B. C.* or *Jus Latinum.*

Having one of the most secure harbors on the Mediterranean coast, Valencia is an important seaport, with thousands of vessels entering and leaving each year. The mosaic brick-tile so popular in Spanish homes the world over are made here, and the export of manufactured products total far into the millions. The gracious lady was interested in laces and fans—and Valencia might be called the fan center of the world. We found more real bargains in an hour than in a days' shopping on Fifth Avenue.

"And not a baseball game in sight," murmured Buddy. But there was the impressive Plaza de Toros, counted the very finest in all Spain, where 17,000 "fans" had applauded Belmonte, the hero toreador, many times. Buddy bought a lurid poster, ten feet long, picturing a picador on a horse driving his lance into the infuriated bull, to adorn his sleeping room as a safeguard against nightmare.

The Plaza del Principa Alfonso is the site of the old citadel, and the Plaza de la Reina is the shopping district, where street railways and busy thoroughfares contrast with the winding streets, lined with houses having ornate balconies. The Valencia University is one of the foremost in Spain, and the art museum has a complete collection of the Valencia school of painting, indicating the high tide of art as well as scholastic culture that prevailed in the old capital of the independent kingdom of Valencia at the time it withdrew from the Caliphate of Cordova. From the lagoons along the coast, dotting the great plains, comes a salt supply which has not lost savor in the centuries that have passed since the work began. The large proportions of the fish and salt fish industry made us think of Gloucester, Mass. on a hot summer's day.

We had almost overlooked the cathedral, which would have been a high crime for an American tourist. The Cathedral La Seo, which was completed and visited by Columbus just before sailing on his American tour, was discovered by Buddy, who confirmed the

date on a souvenir postal card and let it go at that. Valencia was the one place where we eliminated the cathedral course—scheduled in Mr. Baedeker's thrilling red book about Spain. In chatting with an old colleague who said he worked with Ibanez as a newspaper man, he called attention to the fact that the very names of many states of our Union, to say nothing of the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Guano, are of Spanish origin. "Twelve titles in the roll call of states and insular possessions are a reminder of how close Espana is to the foundation of your Republic." Florida is the only state or government named for flowers. Colorado is the Spanish word for red or colored; California was christened by Cortez from the romance "Esplandia," which he read as a boy, and from which he immortalized the heroine, an Amazon queen, "Califa," the name of the Golden State; Oregon is the Spanish name for marjoram, a Spanish wild flower; Montana stands for mountains; Arizona for arid zone; New Mexico from "Mextite," the Spanish adaptation of the name of an Aztec war god; Nevada is a phrase, "snow-covered." Truly the clerk in the United States House of Representatives can talk considerable Spanish in a single roll-call—twelve words, nine states—and make no reference to cities, rivers, mountain ranges, railroads, hotels, and other Iberian nomenclature that are now frequently used in American conversations concerning everyday affairs.

On the drive from Valencia, among the miles of mulberry trees, was an evidence of the basis of the silk industry. The sad story of the expulsion of the Moors is still recited in song and story. After eight centuries of sovereign occupation, bringing to Spain the arts of cultivation of the soil for sugar cane, rice, cotton, and the mulberry tree, together with the commercial fame of Toledo blades, Cordova leather, and the spices, sweets and silks of Valencia, the heritage of the Moriscos, is of imposing proportions. There were thousands of exiles dispatched on the old galleys to Africa from

Valencia. Philip III had decided, as he saw the land depopulated, that he had rather be "without subjects than reign over infidels."

An old mariner, Captain Blasco, to whom Buddy had given a bright gold piece, was so excited and pleased that he became colloquial and disclosed the one secret of his life.

"My father and great-great-grandfather searched for the hidden treasures secreted by the expelled Moriscos. I inherited rare old maps and data, and while I have not discovered any of the buried treasures, I hope to some day." He stopped to stroke his chin, reflectively, and then made a motion implying mystery, as if conveying an age-old secret. Almost in a stage whisper, he continued, "The great fortune of the famous Abencerrages family, which was fabulous, is concealed somewhere in an unknown subterranean passage leading to a spacious hall whose ceiling, supported by eight black marble columns, sparkles with gems and gold. It was excavated out of rock by refugees who lived there for a lifetime. Somewhere are fountains built of heaps of gold coins bearing the image of the kings of Valencia and Granada, chests of cedar heaping with precious stones and ornaments, vases overflowing with pearls, diamonds and topaz, and bars of bullion as they came from the smelter."

His eyes fairly gleamed as he finished his story for the interpreter to translate. Such retreats were found in some instances, and it is still believed that many more remain among the caverns along the coast at Valencia.

"Wait! When you come again I will show you the reality," said the sturdy old sea dog as we slipped him another coin.

Buddy breathed a long sigh: "Sounds to me like 'Treasure Island' all over again, but we have not heard 'Valencia' once in this man's town. I'm for 'Great Temptations' once again when I return to 'lil ol' New York'."

Chapter XXII

CHARMS AND TRADITIONS OF OLD TOLEDO

FIRST of all I had to eliminate the Buckeye accent and call it To-la-do, long "a" instead of using the "e" that triples on the tongue of the railroad brakemen entering the metropolis of northwest Ohio. Many of the cities in Spain have their distinctive enchantments heralded by travelers and writers according to inclination and birth, but on one thing all agree—that the charm of Toledo, the historic capital city on the hill, has an irresistible fascination for tourists, and has become almost a passion with enthusiastic artists. The warmth of clear blue skies, the soft coloring of tender light, suffused in prismatic tints, the rugged picturesqueness of varied vistas in the ancient city on a sightly eminence, rising abruptly in the great central plateau plains of Spain, all seem to play their part in the lure of Toledo.

When the motor of the American Ambassador swept by, the peasants, either walking or riding on the highway leading to Toledo, saluted with a smile. They seemed to have heard of "Morray," as Alexander P. Moore was called by his Spanish friends. During a trip of a few hours out from Madrid, sweeping past fields on either side that reminded me of the bonanza wheat fields of the Dakotas, we passed a great procession of travelers—a caravan of "covered wagons" that creaked with the song of centuries. To bear out further the appearance of antiquity, in the fields were age-old irrigation wells, like well-sweeps—propelled by

blind mules going about in a circle—part of a system which, disregarding age, has been pronounced by the United States Agricultural Department the best ever devised. And in August one sees in these fields family groups, threshing as in the days when Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz.

An American girl motoring along the road through these fields, and becoming whitened by the fine particles of chaff, turned to her escort and said: "Now for some chaffing! These fields recall the words of the old song,

> What's the use of dying,
> To keep the flag a-flying?
> If the wind won't blow,
> It can't fly away.

"What happens to the threshing business when the wind won't blow?"

They tried to figure this out as they merrily sped on. Like a castle nestling in the clouds surrounded by a terrestrial moat were the spires and stone walls of "old Toledo," for which the most ancient arches of the Alcantara, spanning the Tagus River, might have served as a drawbridge. At the end of the tunnel-like arches is a statue of Charles the Fifth, in so woebegone a condition that it was almost impossible to recognize the features as those of a human being. Looking back through the ancient Moorish gate of *Puerta del Sol*, we had a witching pastoral view of sheep and goats, grazing on the hills as they have for ages past. Here and there were many little donkeys, piloted by either a small boy, a man, or a woman. The tiny senors under the big hats were delighted at the sight of the big senor from America being assisted in mounting the rump of a tiny donkey in order to add picturesque interest to the souvenir album collection to show the folks at home.

Proceeding along the steep winding streets of the city, we came to the *zoco*, or square, and then on to the famous cathedral, thronged at the entrance. Groups

of young girls, wearing mantillas, wrinkled old men, wizened women, peasants, grandees, and tourists mingled indiscriminately—a thousand souls with but a single thought—reflected the religious devotion of the country as they passed into the cathedral to worship.

Naturally an editor would seek first in Toledo the home of Cervantes, born in Alcala de Henares. On reaching the house, after descending a street of steps that had a suggestion of old Jerusalem, I came upon the abode of the author of "Don Quixote." I lifted my hat as I stood reading the old tablet. The first floor of the old inn was a stable, and pungent odors prevailed, but that was forgotten in the refreshing memories of the time when I first read of the exploits of de la Mancha. The balconies of wood on the second floor indicated the origin of the antique effect of the stairways in Floridian Spanish homes. Ascending the old stairway, I turned and knocked at the very door which Cervantes had doubtless opened many times to callers who interrupted him to present bills due, or perhaps to friends who dropped in for a chat and glass of wine. Cervantes was in debt and his biographers tell us that he hurried his books to completion in later days with a sensational turn, in order that they might become proverbial "best sellers" in quick time and replenish his depleted revenue. The genius of Cervantes was under the same ominous cloud of debt that saddened the last days of Mozart, Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott and even our own Mark Twain.

Entering from a narrow picturesque street brimful of lurid color, we passed numerous small groups begging for anything American in the way of cigarettes. They had mastered enough English to be understood. Passing through an old door, worm eaten with age and creaking on its hinges with its burden of years, on through a low-studded room, with little stairways leading up and down, I rambled over the same floors paced by Cervantes silently in pursuit of new ideas.

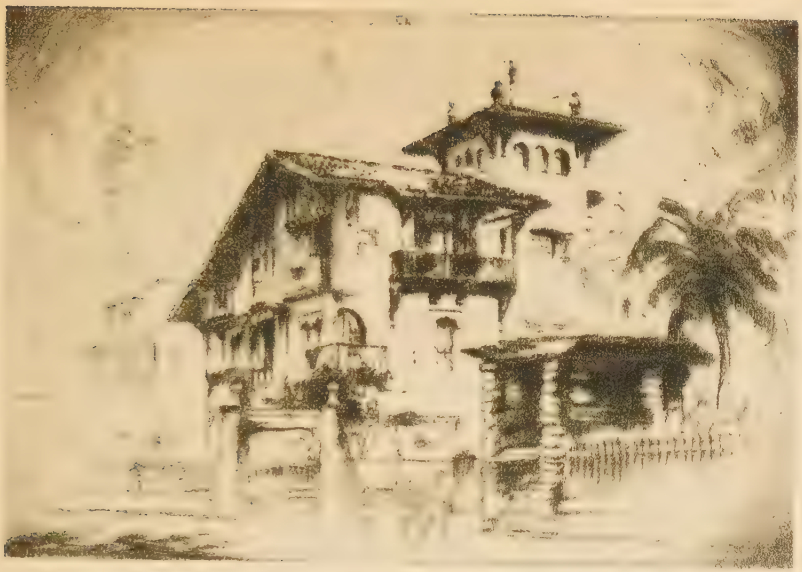
The shrine of artists in Toledo is the home and studio

of El Greco. Through a narrow street and stooping to pass through the doors, we entered the studio where the tall Greek worked. The outlook was picturesque from the north window, leading out to the little garden where the fountain, unchanged, still sings its sylvan song as in the days of the master. The house was built originally by a wealthy Jew who had fled an exile from Palestine. Later it passed into the hands of El Greco, who came to Spain from Greece, carrying from that cradle of culture the glory of the Grecian art into Iberia. Of ashen gray or purplish tints, his pictures are easily recognized by the distinctive features of his figures, always conspicuous for their deathly pallor and unusually long, thin, and sad faces, a glorification of melancholy expression, so popular in those times.

Quite noticeable for these characteristics are his bold and impressive portraits of the twelve apostles, which in portraiture provide a pictorial flash of the distinctive individualities of the authors of the New Testament. Owing to the bad focusing of one of his eyes—a form of chronic astigmatism—El Greco's proportions and technique were faulty, but this seems to enhance the enduring power of his pictures. They leave a halo of remembrance that is associated with ghosts and the unfathomable mysteries of death.

In the Primate's residence, we met Cardinal Reig y Cassanova, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, who was then contemplating a visit to the United States. The simplicity of his surroundings and the earnest and sincere welcome we received from this medium-sized, dark-eyed man of the red hat warmed our hearts toward Espana. He was interested in hearing about America, and asked questions in rapid succession.

When his queries concerning the United States had been answered to the best of my ability, we plied him with questions about his own land. He arose, threw open the windows, and stood on the balcony overlooking the roofs which almost topped the spire of the



A New Spanish Villa *San Sebastian* by Levon West

cathedral, his small figure silhouetted in the window like an engraving in an old art book.

"We revere every stone of this massive structure," he declared. "This is the church that the Virgin visited, and here she was crowned a queen."

Under his direction we visited the rooms where the royal treasures are kept; the golden robes of royalty and of the dignitaries of the church for centuries past. The art treasures were a museum in themselves—the old plate, jewels, and precious stones brought from other lands; trophies and decorations dating back to the days of Spanish supremacy, when a Toledo blade was a trusty friend, and swordsmanship was an art as well as a method of personal defense. There was also an array of silver globes studded with precious gems commemorating the discovery of America—an event which inspired artists and craftsmen of that period.

Inside the stately cathedral, counted one of the most interesting and historic in Europe, the high altar is adorned with old wood carvings of beauty unparalleled. Scores of candles gleamed and flickered in the sombre shadows of the impressive spaciousness. At one end the figures of angels were portrayed as just emerging from the clouds. Looking closer, we discovered that the entrancing lighting effect secured for this wonderful setting in the dome was obtained through an open space where the sun, through an opening in the great roof, served to perfectly illuminate the canvas. The arches in the cathedral suggested a great forest, and recalled the time when the trees of the forest primeval inspired the architects, in the days when mankind was young, to utilize the graceful arch and curve of the trunk and limbs of stately groves in Gothic architecture.

Leaving the cathedral, Buddy Basque began a search for a genuine "Toledo blade." In one souvenir shop he drew his hand knowingly over the steel. Delighted and happy to have discovered so valuable a relic in old Toledo, he was eager to test his shining weapon, shortly

after, impaling a defenseless melon in a grocery shop, or "comestible." Sad to relate, the "blade" turned on its back like toy store tin. Disgusted, he marched direct to another shop and purchased an Ever-ready Safety, declaring it was the only blade he had discovered in old Toledo.

Upon the advice of a Spanish friend, we visited in the outskirts an old apothecary shop, now a convent, in hopes of finding real "Toledo hardware." Inside the convent was an old well—labelled "poison." At the right were the gloomy quarters of the ancient mixer of potions. Cabinets with handsomely inlaid secret drawers remain still intact, and the mortar and pestle well preserved that were used in the preparation of drugs hundreds of years ago. It was in such shops that the alchemists of ancient Iberia dreamed of making synthetic gold. Tradition insists that this was the laboratory in which many of the subtle and deadly poisons of the Borgias were compounded for the purpose of putting human beings out of the way with neatness and dispatch. From the gloomy contemplation of this old apothecary shop we met outside a procession of children dressed in white, carrying flowers and wreaths. It was All Souls' Day, and in common with rites carried on for generations, the children observed the day in memory of their deceased friends and relatives. The observance is somewhat similar to our own May-time Memorial Day.

A passing tandem team of donkeys attracted Bud's attention, for he was always looking for these long-eared little beasts to give a quaint touch to a sketch. The good-natured driver descended from his "covered wagon" and held his animals, while Buddy snapped a picture. When the driver remounted, he gathered up the reins, muttered a "God-go-with-you," accompanied with a string of other phrases which puzzled Bud, owing to limited knowledge of Spanish felicitations. He thought the dark-skinned friend was politely scolding him, and made his peace with an extra *duro.*

Looking from the old gateway of Toledo, we viewed the battlefields surrounding the city where the conflicts between Goth, Roman, Moor, and Spaniard were fought to a bitter finish; where cavalcades of horsemen in shining armor, carrying spears and fluttering banners, gave color to a scene we can now witness only in motion pictures. For was it not an American motion-picture man, Douglas Fairbanks who insisted, after seeing the real costumes at the Spanish Court, that they were spending too much in Hollywood on the wardrobe for the productions representing courtiers surrounding the flash of a throne scene. From these fields, too, thousands in the flower of young Spanish manhood went off to the crusades in Palestine; for adventures in unknown lands; to cross the plateaus of the midlands, or to the primeval forests of America, only to die from treachery, thirst, starvation, or by the sword of the enemy. In old Toledo the history of Rome, Gaul, and Iberia mingled to remain until the Moslems were driven from the soil of Espana, marking the recession and ebb tide of Mohammedan conquest and influence in Europe.

* * *

Guided by a sad-faced Marrano boy, Buddy Basque and I paid a visit to the "Posada de la Hermandad" or "House of the Brotherhood." It stands at the head of a narrow street which runs into the center of Toledo. From the house, the street runs perhaps hundreds of feet down to the River Tagus. Here the river runs through a deep cavern of rock. Above is a sort of promontory, with a platform where only one individual can stand at a time. Beneath is a black pool of great depth. On the little platform, the condemned was compelled to stand, blindfolded. A knock on the head, and the waters closed over him. Our Marrano boy pointed out the deep-trodden path from the *Poseda* to the river, and, looking up at us with an expression compounded partly of fear, whispered: "Here they once

killed the Jews." It was like a descendant of Colonial days telling the story of "burning the witches at Salem."

From the contemplation of this gruesome spot, a visit to the famous old synagogue, "Santa Maria la Blanca," built in the thirteenth century by the opulent Jewish community of Toledo, was refreshing. Following an outbreak the Arabs seized the synagogue from the Jews and converted it into a mosque. After serving this purpose for many years, the edifice was returned to the Jews, only to have it taken from them again by the Spaniards, who transformed it into a church. Now a national monument, a tablet has been placed over the entrance, stating that the building was once a synagogue, and was taken from the Jews in 1404. The interior contains twenty-eight exquisite arches, the cornices of which are richly embellished with carvings. Throughout there is the most delicate and convincing evidence of the opulence of the Jewish community before the Inquisition.

From the "Santa Maria la Blanca" our guide led us to the "Sinagoga del Transito," or New Synagogue. Five hundred years ago, he explained—and he seemed to know well the history of the tragic period in the life of his ancestors—the wealthy Jews of Toledo came here in all their Sabbath finery to pray.

The interior is one of the most impressive sights in Spain. Spacious and lofty, its walls are of the purest Colmenar marble, seemingly porous, but white as milk and hard as granite. From similar material the royal palace at Madrid was constructed.

When the Hebrews were exiled from Spain, those living in Toledo, according to our Marrano guide, were unable to bear the thought of their place of worship falling into the hands of the Christians and the holy script on the walls being profaned. It was decided to plaster up the lettering and make the walls appear perfectly white and smooth, and leave it in charge of a sexton who, in order that he might remain, was

publicly to embrace Christianity, while privately protecting the house of worship and preserving the faith of his fathers.

Today Toledo has another protector of its glorious past in the noble personality of the Marquis de la Vega Inclan. Out of his own fortune this illustrious man has bought many historical buildings and parts of towns. He plans to preserve these permanently that visitors to Spain may experience a touch of this poetic grandeur. The Marquis owns so much of this particular city that, in addition to all his other titles, people have added the appreciative and affectionate name: "The Master of Toledo."

In all my dream days of happy hours in vivid Spain, old Toledo is a high spot in the picture, with its witching colors and isolation, supreme on the heights, as defiant and fascinating as in the times when it was counted the supreme prize for invaders—a magnet that still attracts with undiminished power in modern days, when tourists, instead of armed warriors, lay siege to the city to share in the charm of its traditions.

Chapter XXIII

BARCELONA, THE METROPOLIS OF SPAIN

THERE is something about the people of Catalonia that reminds one of the highland folk of Caledonia. Scotch thrift and industry found within the boundaries of Espana is impressive, and makes one wonder whether or not Barcelona is really located in old Spain.

Every large center of population has its peculiar odors accentuated in hot weather, and Barcelona, with its throng of a million or more busy people, has an atmosphere all its own. It is a seaport of much importance where distance seems annihilated and where direct communication is established pier to pier between ports reaching to the farthermost parts of the globe. Here we could visualize how the world is coming closer and closer together through expeditious transportation and contact represented by the radio, airplane, shipping, telegraph, and telephone which is now linking marts of the world together in bonds of trade and commerce.

Coming into Barcelona on an express train which circled among factories, warehouses, and a long row of tall tenement houses suggested to us an entrance to New York via the Grand Central. From a long line of balconies, fore and aft, was unfurled the far-flung "Monday washing," displaying linen of every color and hue. Speedy cars from the suburbs dashed hither and thither, creating a nightmarish snarl of traffic. The new subway, completed in January, 1925, was crowded to capacity

during the rush hours. Here and there were a few donkeys, evidence of the leisurely life of southern Spain, that seemed out of place in Barcelona, which is first and last a city of "go and get" business. Shops there were aplenty, some on wide boulevards, with here and there a crooked, narrow street leading out at acute angles, clustered with buildings that drooped at varying slants as though they were bent by the winds of the hoary ages which they have weathered. Barcelona of today has one worthy ambition; that is, to have the widest and best sidewalks in all Europe. While the boulevards are planned on a broad scale, their old footpaths are the pride of the city.

Chattering throngs of people, out for their evening stroll on the Ramblas, filled the historic old thoroughfare. A promenade in the center, lined with shade trees, is the rendezvous where the people foregather for a bit of afternoon gossip; an intermingling of citizens of all nations. The flower market was the popular meeting place for shy lovers. Everyone seems to regard flowers as a necessity of life in sunny Spain, and no girl considers herself completely attired on the promenade without a floral decoration in her hair.

On the Ramblas—over which the people parade or "ramble"—are a series of boxes resembling telephone booths, around which little groups of people gathered. These were the "offices" of the professional "scribes," or public letter-writers, to whom the people who cannot write come to have their missives engrossed, dependent on the tender mercy and confidence of the professional knights of the pen, to whom they entrust innermost secrets. Here was a sweetheart writing to her lover; a mother to her son; a mother with children addressing the father far away. They act out dramatically the words they wish inscribed, making it a real drama in itself, reflecting the comedy and tragedy of human life. The one thing that the King and Primo de Rivera are seeking to rectify is the illiteracy of the country by providing more free schools; expending the

money that is usually absorbed by political graft in educating the thousands of children that they may escape the ban of ignorance from which their fathers have suffered in past generations.

Torn-up streets and the clatter of construction and reconstruction that is the usual sign of a propensity to progress in growing communities, evidenced conclusively that Barcelona is a growing modern metropolis. The Catalonian square of the city was being reconstructed on a gigantic scale. The spirit of the Catalonian is one of foresight and energy. The Ritz Hotel, with its all-American bath rooms, built by Jaquito Montillor, formerly with Jean Baptiste Martin on 26th Street, New York, and later head waiter at the Plaza Hotel, New York, is counted one of the finest in Europe. Montillor returned from the United States with a definite idea of what a modern hotel in Europe should be, and has succeeded in uniting the picturesque and artistic beauty of Swiss and Spanish hostelries with the sanitation, comfort, and luxury of the modern American hotels. He is prepared to serve Americans with ice water and grape fruit and cereal in American style if desired. He also officiates at and directs the large public banquets and barbecue feasts where thousands are served, just as our own "Oscar" from the Waldorf directs his service like a field marshall with impressive military precision, he having fed five thousand people at one time during the horse show season in the old days.

Along the Calle de Gracio are automobile showrooms, where American cars predominate, and indicate why the exports from America have increased so rapidly. The display compares favorably with the spacious windows on upper Broadway, the one locality on earth where it seems as if every individual in all the world owns a motor car.

Some of the business houses of Barcelona have imposing fronts of ornate design. The leading music house, "Isabel," featuring Steinways, has impressive balconies, adorned with statues of heroic size, which

Puerta del Sol *(Toledo)* by Levon West

attract the attention of sightseers, who crane their necks and inquire of the guide, "Is this a palace?" The policemen with scarlet jackets hidden beneath blue capes, answer questions while directing traffic amid resounding horns on the busy corners, with all the officious dignity of a Michigan Avenue cop in Chicago.

In the old markets of Barcelona are reminders of the oriental bazaars—rugs, filigree, spices, beads, jeweled art-brass ware, laces and quaint objects, some valuable and some valueless, but all suggesting the game of barter, where buyer and seller sit cross-legged, face to face, and talk ceaselessly to establish a price for the article of trade, which is always kept in view. Catalonians, alert and self-reliant in their own language, use the letter X for the letters "Che," but the language is by no means an algebraic expression. They have some of the words and characteristics ascribed to the ancient Phoenicians, who settled on these shores long before Rome became mistress of the world.

Barcelona is counted the commercial center of Spain. This port enjoyed prosperity during the World War. Following this came the universal struggle on the part of the working people to maintain for themselves an economic post-war status and at the same time establish a scale of wages that would enable Spanish industry to compete with their rivals for the trade of the Levant. While the war was on, Spain took some trade from Italy, but when peace was declared the commercial battle was renewed. This brought about an acute condition in Barcelona, with its large payrolls.

When Primo de Rivera appeared on the scene as Dictator, the outbreaks of anarchy and bolshevism were controlled under martial law, without resorting to the use of the severe drastic measures employed by Mussolini in Italy.

Francisco Rambo, one of Barcelona's leading financiers, is looked upon as the leader of the progressive spirit that pervaded Barcelona in 1926. By some he is accounted the Pierpont Morgan of Spain. When,

soon after the war, a financial crash was imminent, and many banks were about to close their doors, he called the financial men of Barcelona together to make the crisis a common cause and combine all resources to avert what threatened to become a crashing panic of the first magnitude. Rambo is an able lawyer and is a conspicuous leader in the business and political affairs of this metropolis of Espana.

Previous to the Primo de Rivera regime there was a wave of labor unrest in Barcelona. Capital and labor were waging a bitter conflict which had gone to such lengths that an employer appearing in the streets wearing a white collar ran the risk of assassination in broad daylight. Several manufacturers were even shot and killed in the streets because of the linen they wore. A business man in those days left his home in the morning wondering whether he would meet the sullen mob, return safely to his family in the evening, or be brought home in a coffin. There was a real reason for martial law in Barcelona. With the stabilization of the industrial situation, a system of mass production has been adopted, that looks as though Barcelona was taking a hint or two from Henry Ford's plan of endless chain operations at Detroit. Spain is conserving capital to develop industries with the hope of making long forward steps towards becoming one of the most prosperous countries in Europe.

As we motored up to Montserrat, near Barcelona, scenes from Wagner's last opera, "Parsifal," came to mind. Around this shrine hangs the halo of the story of the "Holy Grail." Dulce, in the hour of her sublime sacrifice on the summit of Montserrat, cried out to God in the agony that filled her heart. So vividly was the picture portrayed in the opera recalled that we instinctively and reverently doffed hats as we passed the historic shrine. Montserrat has played, and plays today, a great place in war, in art, and in *belles lettres*.

Not far from Taragona is to be seen an old Roman monastery, and on the road to Lerida lies the route

followed by the soldiers who won the lands back from the Moors in the twelfth century. The famous Golden Gate, and the relics of many Roman and other ruins, recall the antiquity of the locality. The cloisters of the various churches contain splendid examples of varied art which have supplied many of the ideas and plans adapted in the interior and exterior decoration of Spanish homes built in the United States. Windows, doors, stairways, cornices, and pillars with ornate decorations, furnish the opportunity for the obsequious guides to embroider pseudo-historic facts or fancies, referring to various countries, that usually bring generous tips from the tourist.

At every turn, Spain seemed a joyful land of refreshing surprises. A newsboy shouting "Times de Nueva York" was like a message from home. One lone copy of the *New York Times* was held aloft as he endeavored to convey to us his idea that the value of the paper was enhanced, being heralded in the ancient Catalonian tongue with all the impressionable words containing double l's as in the Welsh tongue. The persistence with which the Catalonians resist the use of the Spanish language in business, preferring their own Catalonian, is evident even among the porters. Relentlessly they boycott Spanish, just as the natives did the German tongue in Alsace-Lorraine during the early days of the occupation in 1871. The variance in language is the barrier that has ever kept European nations apart, and is one reason for continued racial hatred.

The difficulties attending the nationalization of Spain is due to the fact that the numerous dialects and the varying customs render communication and the assimilation of ideas difficult. Old traditions die hard, and Espana has been for centuries a simmering melting pot in which there still remain remnants of the receding tides of imperial days, while the slowly evolving alloy of modern ways works steadily on, merging Spain into a homogeneous whole.

As Catalonia pays one-third of all the taxes of the country, the Catalonians insist on having a goodly share of the school funds and public improvements, with a peep now and then at the national budget. In their veins there flows the blood of the Iberians, Goths, Saracens and Francs, as well as that of the Greco-Romans, with a dominant suggestion of the Gallic of the Scotch. They retain some of the paramount virtues for which these races are famous, and have much to hope for in the new order of affairs on the old Peninsula of Iberia.

It was in Barcelona that Ignatius Loyola gave up his career as a warrior and became a priest, founding what is known as the Brotherhood of Jesus, or the Jesuit Order. Their work can be traced from here on through to the Indies, to the innermost recesses of the Andes, to the remotest parts of Canada, and to our own Sierra Nevadas in California, where the imprint of missions established still remains a cherished tradition of the Golden State of America.

Wandering leisurely about the city, I came upon a group of Americans surrounding a monument which marks the place where Isabella received Columbus upon his return from the Americas. Among them was a Kansas school teacher reciting the story of how Columbus, after a long journey from Palos, from which port he had set sail, was received in this open plaza in Barcelona by the King and Queen, when the title of Lord High Admiral of the Indies was bestowed upon him, just as our Admiral Dewey was honored on his return from the Philippines. He was then and there guaranteed such rights and revenues that, had the contract been fulfilled, Columbus would have become the wealthiest man of all time. By the terms of the royal mandate and agreement, Columbus was to have derived one-eighth of all the profits from his discoveries. It staggers the imagination even to consider what one-eighth part of the wealth which poured into the coffers of Spain as a direct result of Columbus' discoveries would

aggregate at this time. And yet the discoverer died in poverty—wretched and broken-hearted. During the Spanish-American War, and after the battle of Manila, the indignant Catalonians of Barcelona pelted the statue of Columbus in blind fury, scorning the memory of the heroic feat which the intrepid navigator had accomplished, despite the historic fact that Columbus had brought undying fame to Spain in general and Catalonia in particular.

In the lobby of the Ritz Hotel in Barcelona I heard a ripple of song that echoed the gay spirit of a boy off for a frolic. It was the golden voice of Miguel Fleta, the tenor, who was passing this way for an "evening of his own" amid the old haunts.

Young, small in stature, with a pleasing personality, he has already accomplished much, but counts success in the United States as the coveted goal of his career, and here he was at home in Spain. Born in Saragossa, Fleta played "bull fight" on the street with the other youngsters. With all his earthly possessions in a small bundle, and carrying his mother's blessing, he departed for Barcelona to study music, earning his first money by driving a tiny donkey over the mountains.

In a chat concerning New York he remarked: "It seems as if all the cathedrals of Europe have been assembled and placed in New York and dedicated to commerce. In the New York subway I counted seven foreigners reading newspapers in as many different languages: Italian, German, Polish, Spanish, and three Yiddish. How is it possible for America to unify and amalgamate a citizenship with races of people reading newspapers in many tongues? To me it suggests the Tower of Babel. How is it?" he concluded, turning to Buddy.

"The explanation is easy," replied the ever confident youth. "Fifty-seven races and creeds get along well together in America because they read much the same advertisements, wash themselves with the same soap, use the same tooth-paste and wear the same sort

of collars and clothes, drink the same tea and coffee, eat the same sort of foods—and there you are. It is advertising that unifies America."

With whimsical regret, mixed with the conventional pleasure that is expected to be shown on such occasions, we see that women are "coming into their own" at last in Spain. The New York gowns worn by the wealthier class in the cities seem less piquant than the quaint and colorful dresses of the unsophisticated towns. Still no hat in all the world can ever be as charming as the beautiful, soft lace mantilla which is disappearing. The handsome, dark-eyed girls and women, carefully sheltered through generations within the gardens and behind the fantastically wrought iron gates of Spanish villas, are traveling more, becoming less romantic and picturesque, and more like the women of other nations.

Recently the King appointed the Marquesa de Belmonte de la Vega Real, a noblewoman of one of Spain's most aristocratic families, to "study American institutions for women and to suggest a way for higher education for the women of Spain."

The Marquesa brought with her a son and daughter whom she is placing in American schools. Her enthusiasm for America as the "most alert and active force in education today" is so intense that she is quoted as saying: "Personally I regard your educational program so important, especially for young men and women who must face world issues, that I feel a boy in Europe cannot expect to make much headway unless he has had a part, if not a whole, American education."

Other aristocratic Spaniards have educated their children here. At present the second son of the Spanish Ambassador, J. Alex Padilla, is at college in this country, and in Spain one meets everywhere among the well born people, young men of affairs whose faces brighten at the word "America," and who will say, in excellent English, "Oh, yes, I have been to America. I spent so many years at such and such a school," or they will cite other contacts with the life of our country.

Nor does America stand for education alone in the Spanish mind. Our sports prove attractive also. The King knows his baseball rules and is a skilled polo player. His team is outstanding on the continent. While we do not go in for polo the way the English and the Spanish people do, nevertheless the Spaniards evidently believe us worthy players. For in November the *Manual Arnus* brought to America three famous players: Capt. Jose Cavanilas, Capt. Emilio Lopez de Letona and Capt. Marquis de los Trujillos. These army officers had with them six high-bred polo ponies from Arabian stock, ponies that had won ribbons in France, Italy, and Portugal.

In the realm of entertainment Raquel Meller has discovered our appreciation to be widespread, warm-hearted, and sincere. Nor is this appreciation entirely for her "personality." That may be compelling, but no artist single-handed could enthrall an audience for three hours if she were not handling material which had high appeal in itself. We recall her performances particularly at Symphony Hall in Boston as illustrative. This great high-studded hall is simple to the point of austerity, practically without decoration. The stage is a platform—"only this and nothing more." At the back was a curtain without a single break in its blackness. With such a setting, Raquel Meller held her audience spellbound. Her personality was wonderful. Yet we somehow believe that the subtle, elusive thing which went straight to the American hearts was the spirit of Spain and the language of the heart which she brought to us through her Spanish love songs.

There is some apprehension and regret that the day may come when poetry is to be banished from the earth and the Spanish women will become cosmopolitan. Perhaps by that time, in the shuffling of events and experiences, our own women will be somewhat Spanish. For Tiffany's in New York is turning public attention to "Madrid, the City of Spangles," by point-

ing out that this name came from the fact that more jewels are worn there than in any other city in the world. And the Tiffany collection of jewels set after the Spanish manner is almost sure to bring a touch of Iberia into the smart attire of American womanhood.

Like many large cities in Catholic Spain, Barcelona has her great cathedral. The great pile rising in majestic splendor in this maelstrom of industrial activity remains the center of the religious life of the city. Inside its massive walls, with the mellow light shining through the old stained glass windows, the worshipper finds a quiet and restful retreat in the very heart of the rushing tides of trade. The moss-grown walls surrounded by waving palms, luxuriant medlars and oleanders, make it an oasis for weary sightseers. At the Chapter House a flock of geese is publicly maintained in grateful memory of the time when the honking of the fowls gave warning that the enemy was advancing, and saved the city from destruction.

In architectural activity Barcelona is catching the breath of a new adventurous art spirit to glorify her commerce and industry. It bids fair to become the most fantastic of modern cities, boldly encompassing broad plans indexing future needs of a city of six millions—accepting nothing less than the gauge of New York City. The Gran via Diagonal will extend ten miles. While the gridiron plan, so familiar in the United States, has been utilized to some extent, there is a bold departure with bizarre figures and decorations softening the sharp corners and angles. Originality and defiance of precept in design is flashed here and there, which is courageous, if not eccentric, but at all times contributing toward an ensemble of constructive beauty not surpassed in the world. The spectral turrets in the "Guel" park; the imposing spires of the uncompleted cathedral of The Holy Family, which has been in the course of construction twenty years, are all a part of the grouping of architectural lines based upon the fundamental law of nature and human nature in

"the frozen art," as architecture has been called—a weird interplay of design interplaying about the slender spires with something of the swelling Greek curves. The towers have the form of a corkscrew, a suggestion of ancient India—Gothic with a hint of Moorish. The master architect Gandi has left his impress upon Barcelona. There is also the Palace of Music, with its facade of riotous color in majolica with brick adorned with a sculptured group commemorating Caledonian folk-song. The Plaza de Toros seating twenty-five thousand is strikingly appropriate in lines and mass proportions. Barcelona is starting out boldly for a note in its architecture as distinctive as that of Paris, Venice, Rome, or New York and others—reading the scroll backwards in Time's flight. Some of the villas have a striking line—such as Casa Guel—an apartment house with the lines and curves like waves of the sea, and balconies rhythmic as the wind—especially appropriate for the family Guel, associated with the large shipping interests. They gave the Elfin-like park to the city, as a background for the wide scope of Gandi's genius, who began twenty-four years ago to make Barcelona the "belle of all modern cities" in rugged and creative architecture, utilizing the ideas of all periods and races, even to the adaptation of the tepee of the North American Indian and the habitats of the ancient cliff dwellers and mound builders of America, on the new continent, which was discovered by Columbus, who upon his triumphal return voyage landed at Barcelona.

Strains of "Barcelona," the popular jazz tune of 1926, which sounded strangely like a twin sister of "Valencia," was heard on entering the ball room in the Ritz, where a social club gathered to pay its weekly tribute to the god of Jazz. They gathered about the area of the polished floor at the tables and made merry with carnival caps and balloons—just as we do in America—but with the addition of paper fans in brilliant colors. It made us long more for the quaint scenes of Andalusia

and the interior, where the guitar twanged and the castanet clicked, while the lithesome form of Spanish girls swayed side to side with a rhythm that suggested the undulations of ripened grain in gentle breezes of harvest days. What would the world become were we all to dance the same way, eat the same food, wear the same clothing, merge into one great common bowl of mirth? It would soon grow stale, without the infinite variety of unleashed emotions and pleasures of the individual, that marks inherent social instincts and impulses.

Chapter XXIV

A CHAT WITH PRIMO DE RIVERA, DICTATOR

"THE supreme object of the Dictatorship is to rid the country of politicians and those who have been living off the people through the manipulation of the legislative machinery in such a manner as to permit the political parties to alternate in holding power and absorb the revenues of the country in appropriations of no advantage to the people. That is why we have no Cortes or Parliament in Spain under the present regime. We are trying the Dictatorship for a few years under a plebiscite signed by millions of Spanish men and women."

It was Primo de Rivera, the Dictator of Spain, who made this statement to me in the quietude of a Sunday night in the Palace of the Ministry of War at Madrid. Before me, behind a large desk on raised dais, sat a man with a kindly twinkle in his eye, which indicated a keen sense of humor, and a sympathetic temperament, while his movements denoted firmness and decision. A stubby mustache, black eyes, large nose, rather broad features, he has the appearance of a successful, forceful American business executive.

There is more formality in entering the presence of the Dictator than in entering the War Department in Washington. The uniforms evidence a military atmosphere at the outer doors, and the furnishings are more or less suggestive of the formal ceremonies for which the building was constructed. Originally this was a palace where social functions reigned supreme amid elaborate

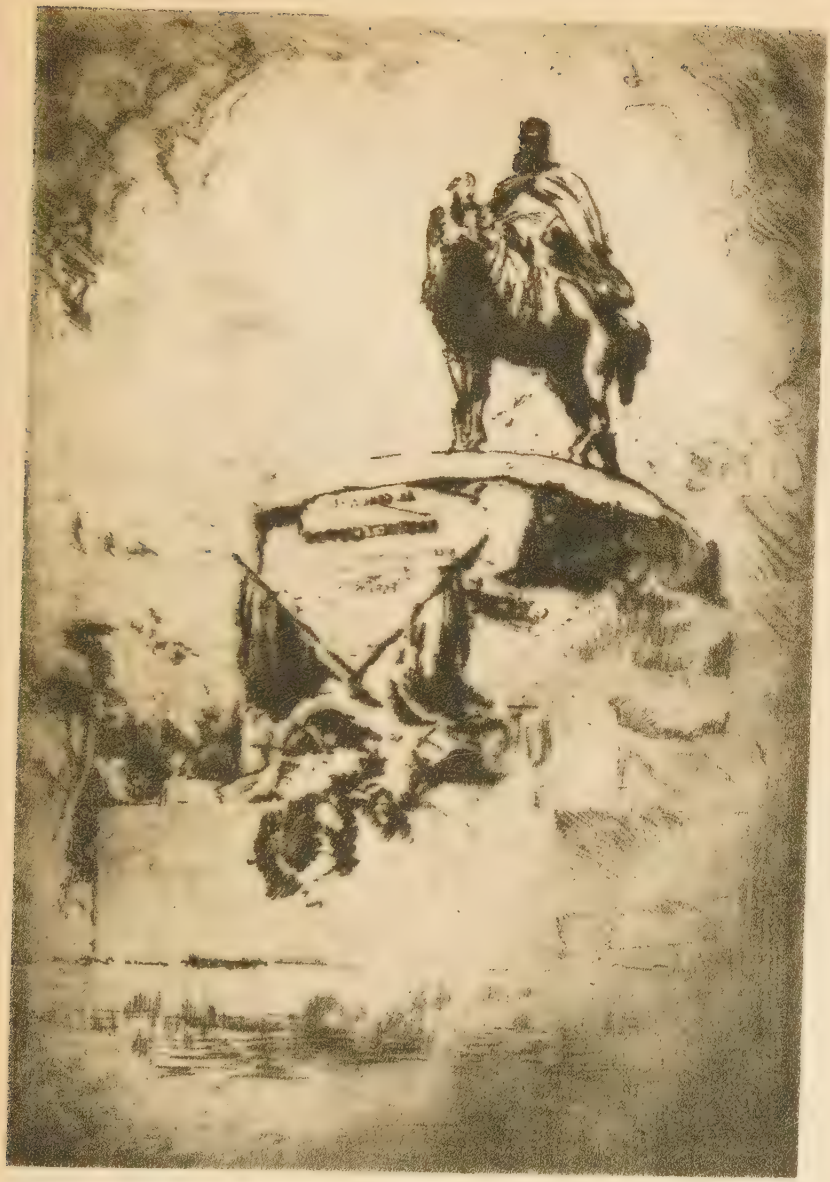
and ornate decorations of the ballrooms, halls, and corridors.

As Dictator, Primo de Rivera, enabled to take for himself the portfolio he desired, chose this building as his official headquarters, with the title of "El Presidente del Directorio Militar." The Riffian War was at that time a paramount problem. At the time I called, the Primo was preparing to leave for Morocco to take charge of affairs and see for himself what was going on. Although he does not speak English, he always has expert interpreters close at hand, and from the expression on his face, while we were talking, it seemed as though he might understand English much better than we understood Spanish. His desk was covered with assorted papers—a mass of reports. Continuing signing documents and keeping the machinery of government in motion, he indulged in a personal chat as if it were a restful pastime. There is no time clock associated with the movements of the Dictator. An incessant worker, he moves at a speed that astonishes his enemies, who have heretofore associated procrastination with the administration of the government.

In an incisive way, with a rasping voice accustomed to giving military commands, he talked freely concerning his early days in Andalusia, his native province, where he trained for a military career.

"I was greatly helped in my studies by reading the letters from my uncle, who was Governor-General of the Philippines immediately prior to the war," he continued with a twinkle in his eye.

First of all it is evident that Marquis de Estella, as Primo de Rivera, remains a sincere and devoted friend of America. In his mannerism there was not even a hint that anything like a war had ever occurred between the United States and Spain. Cuba and the Philippines, he said, had been considered by the government as a sort of a tumor that had been sapping the life-strength of Spain in efforts to maintain peace. The Paris Treaty with its generous, fair terms, left no scars



Monumento a General Campos (*Madrid*) by Levon West

or bitter memories of warfare. A League of Nations was not necessary to expound the Protocol which concluded hostilities and brought about a real peace and good will.

"We have established over seven hundred new public schools and have utilized to some extent your American methods in developing our resources and industries. The one thing that we are concentrating upon is a strong, wide-awake, loyal, patriotic spirit for all Spain. Nearly every village now has its electric light, and the tallow candle is rapidly disappearing. You see we escaped the kerosene age and oil magnates" he remarked with a gleam of humor, "but we are centering our efforts upon our railroads and shipping, and developing markets for our products. We must first put our own house in order, in order to pull together with one common purpose."

These remarks recalled the eventful day in September, 1923, when the Dictatorship was declared. In a shining spiked helmet, similar to that worn by Cortez and the Conquistadores, the Marquis de Estella, a blueblood of bluebloods, and one of the wealthiest men of his country, delivered the historic decree from a balcony with imposing ceremony, surrounded by King Alfonso and his trusted civil military advisors. From that day on there was a subsidence of the bolshevist and anarchistic spirit in Barcelona, for the Marquis was in authority there at the time he assumed the Dictatorship. The distressful scenes of revolution and assassination and disturbance which threatened to wreck Spain were controlled. The Separatist movement is no longer the football for revolutionary outbreaks. Military commanders were appointed for every province and care was taken that they should be men of integrity, because they were given the usual powers that go with martial law.

Traveling over nearly every province of Spain, there was little visible evidence of military rule. The soldiers, in fact, were serving as policemen, and while given full authority to shoot on sight, they had found little

occasion to employ harsh methods, for whatever else may be said of the Spanish people there is a universal and sincere love and admiration for the King, and they associate King Alfonso with anything and everything that has to do with ruling the country. The King is a sentiment in Spain similar to what "the flag" is to citizens of the United States—the one thing on which all agree as a symbol of their own sovereignty as citizens of Espana. The King, in his open-hearted and frank way, goes much among his people incognito, and conducts his affairs with a frankness that is refreshing, even admitting his mistakes now and then, but always counting confidently on the patriotic spirit of Spain. The popularity of the regime has been astonishing, even amazing, to those who were its opponents in the early stages. Spain is more prosperous and more contented today, according to Americans who have lived there many years, than it was ever known to be in any peace decade. Some even assert that the substantial and enduring advancement made by Spain under the dictatorship may prove more lasting than that in Italy under Mussolini, who is more drastic and more imperial in many ways than the King, who is given almost the prerogatives of an absolute monarch.

"We are training men for governmental responsibilities with the dominating thought that the interests of the country rather than politicians must first be served. The welfare of the humblest peasant is basic and quite as essential as that of the grandees—industrial and otherwise."

Throwing himself back in his chair, the Primo had a hearty laugh when I mentioned grape juice as the beverage of America. "Then why do you bar our Malaga grapes because of a fly? If this fly is dangerous, it is the same fly that has been on the Malaga grapes for all these years past. Think of Spanish grape juice being sold at your soda fountains for five cents? I understand your problem is a good five-cent cigar. If you could raise the ban on our grapes, I would like to

visit America, where I could observe and learn much, but I would not like to travel about in the U. S. A. feeling that the chief product of our country, especially in its natural state, was not welcome."

During the past two years or more there have been predictions from interested sources of the impending collapse of the Dictatorship, but the "impend" did not seem to culminate on schedule. In 1926, when I visited San Sebastian, Primo de Rivera and his Dictatorship seemed to be more firmly established than ever, because of the result of the plebiscite taken in September of that year. The voting proceeded by the people signing a paper or a petition asking for three more years of the Dictatorship, or administration, as it is kindly spoken of. There was not much of an opportunity to vote in the negative, as the papers were handled by soldiers. It was a matter of voting or declaring a protest by abstaining from voting—a sort of Ghandi non-resistance plan. The procedure did not invite a controversial verdict. It marked a new method in having a conclusive affirmative and constructive support for the administration to work upon, without the useless friction coming from an opposition that might be permeated with doubt and dissension and become merely obstructionistic.

As the connecting link between Europe and Africa, Spain has visions of Tangier as her gateway in the development of Africa. Primo de Rivera had aggressively presented claims in that direction, on the grounds that Spanish people by blood, custom and tradition would more likely understand how to deal with the African situation in the interest of all European nations.

Always include the "de" when speaking of Primo de Rivera, because it is a mark of respect like that of "Mr." Although born an aristocrat, the Primo is genuinely democratic, and his humanness is impressive, even in a brief chat. When I asked him as to his favorite song, his body began to sway as he hummed one of the refrains of the old "Jota" ballads associated

with the days of his youth in his native Andalusia. His movements reminded me of a charming scene in old Seville, where I looked upon a group of small school children dancing the graceful *seguidella*, which is taught every Andalusian child as soon as he finds his legs.

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There were more queries from the Primo concerning our American business men than our statesmen and politicians. He was evidently a great admirer of Judge E. H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, whom he considered the great industrial leader of his time. Interest in the boulevards and buildings constructed by Senator Coleman du Pont indicated an admiration for the constructive genius of America. He mentioned President Thayer, of the American Bell Telephone Co., as the head of one of the greatest business institutions of the age—and referred to General Harbord and Atwater-Kent as names synonymous with the wide-spread development of radio made possible by Marconi's epoch marking invention. It was evident that the Primo was posted and Buddy decided that he was a triple star reader of *National Magazine*.

The whole trend of his conversation was concentrated upon commercial development, with a fling now and then at politicians as drones and a drag to the general prosperity of a nation.

On September 19, 1926, there was an important meeting of King Alfonso and Primo de Rivera in San Sebastian, the summer capital of Spain, which, being located near the border, is the center of many intrigues and plots emanating from exiles living across the border at Biarritz. The Primo was accompanied by the entire cabinet for a conference on the general political situation.

Ibanez, the Spanish novelist and newspaper man, the author of "The Four Horsemen," who lives "abroad," near here—was not present. The sales of his novels, including "The Four Horsemen," glorified in motion

Gran Casino *(San Sebastian)* by Levon West

pictures, produced and adapted in the United States, has never been more than a few thousand copies in Spain. Now he has been writing books, bound in red, startlingly titled "Unmasking Alfonso," whom he has never met, in order to sustain a real literary reputation abroad, and enjoy the luxurious life and profits of a real muck-raker. Feeding on the cupidity of English and American admirers and the ability of his English translators and adapters, he has made good money. As a translated novelist, Ibanez is popular and perhaps a genius, but as a Spanish statesman he is a huge joke among those acquainted with the first-hand facts concerning the pseudo-revolutionary stuff he feeds out to an unsuspecting guileless American public.

The Dictator's Conference was held at Igueldo, the castle on the summit of the mountain. From this height is an entrancing view of the surf-lined rocks and the Concha or "Shell," the romantic name of the tiny harbor of San Sebastian. Primo de Rivera and his cabinet breakfasted at high noon on the balcony of the picturesque structure overlooking the coastline, which is directly east, as the crow flies, across the Atlantic from New York. There was a lull as if the business of state was for the moment completed, then the coffee was passed. Approaching unannounced, he greeted me in a genial manner, both hands on the shoulders, and promptly drank to the health of the President of the United States (not in grape juice) and handed me the glass as a souvenir. The deliberations as to whether or not the artillery officers charged with conspiracy should be executed was completed. The King had planned granting amnesty. Calling an interpreter to make it a real visit, the Primo referred to the fact that thousands of tourists are making thirty-day tours to Spain and return on the boats of the Spanish Royal Mail. There was a shrug of his shoulders when I mentioned that I had just arrived from Geneva, and had looked in on the League of Nations in Switzerland. The occasion was given official dignity when I brought

forth Congressman George H. Tinkham of Massachusetts from the shadows. The Representative from the Old Bay State presented the compliments of America with Congressional fervor, and stroked his Uncle Sam whiskers impressively.

The magic word "camera" was spoken and our pictures taken, preserving for posterity a historic moment —for me at least. It was a busy day for King Alfonso. After a function at Irun, on the border, he returned in the afternoon for the Hipico Internacional (which is another name for an outdoor horse show) at San Sebastian. Many nations were represented by expert riders, and their thorobred horses hurdling high fences adroitly arranged in a labyrinth of green hedges, with a pool of water here and there, invited a flying equestrian leap. There was an occasional spill which helped to make every moment one of tense interest and recalled the adventures of the Prince of Wales in England in taking a "fall" now and then. King Alfonso, from the royal box, applauded heartily and manifested keen interest in the sport, which had alternated with the bull fight at Plaza de Toros as a popular Sunday event.

The grounds are located on a plain overlooked by "Miramar." This is the Queen's Mother's summer castle, where the King spends much of his time. The villa of American Ambassador, Hammond, is located nearby on the mountains. The grounds, gaily bedecked with flags, suggested the Polo Grounds during the World's Series. Society gathered at the hotels and restaurants for chocolate or tea at five in the afternoon, just as they do after the bull-fights. This is the high noon of the social day, for dinner is usually served from nine to ten at night, which does not indicate a tending toward shorter hours in the social life of Spanish cities.

In the meantime, Congressman George H. Tinkham repaired to the bathing beach to think over his resolution to be reintroduced in Congress. He was soon

blistering on the sandy beach, dreaming of his favorite North Shore haunts in old Massachusetts, and convincing himself he would be identified with the "wets" on the Prohibition question.

The heavy percentage of the population represented in the vote of confidence in the Primo was larger than the proportionate number of individuals casting ballots in the United States. The Marquis de Estella created the Patriotic Union which, while disclaiming to be a political party, was the organization through which the Primo operated. The old political leaders were on the trail of the Dictator, hoping to bring him down with a crash. The opposition, strange to say, made up of intellectuals and old-time financial leaders, were trying to forestall the progressive measures fathered by the Primo. The leaders of the Liberals, Conservatives and Republicans are compromising among themselves to fight the Primo's Patriotic Union, growing in membership all over Spain, from Barcelona to Cadiz and Malaga to the Basque country, sounding the note of national unity. The Patriotic Union is likely to remain an important factor in Spanish politics, even after the proposed restoration of the Cortez or Parliament. A result of the political upheaval was the elimination of the anarchist and bolshevist movement.

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Long before the dinner hour, I found myself speeding in a motor car through Pasagas, the adjoining city, that had conferred the freedom of citizenship on former Ambassador Moore, from whence the Spanish aviators had started on their flight around the world. At Irun—it was not "I run"—passports were examined—age, name, birthplace given (I can now write it in my sleep) and then across a small bridge to Hendaye, France, embarking on the "Sud Express" for Paris and Cherbourg, from whence we sailed on the *Leviathan.*

Among the outstanding points of the journeys to Spain, the return voyage on the *Leviathan* of the United

States Line stands out in vivid memory. There was a cheer on the tender as we approached the great ship at anchor at Cherbourg; there was a lusty cheer from the home-bound Americans. At the stern floated the Stars and Stripes in the eve's "early light," to paraphrase the lines written by Francis Scott Key when he saw the flag floating over Fort McHenry after the dark night when an invading army had captured Washington and burned the White House and the Capitol.

Once aboard the great floating palace, with its nine decks and myriad of port holes, gleaming like "a thousand eyes" into the darkness, we felt in reality on American soil—we could once again get American coffee. The great ballroom, as spacious as that of the Biltmore, the library, the lounges, the smoking room, the swimming pool, were like a gorgeous New York hostelry afloat. Four and a half times around the deck was a mile and Buddy started the marathon with numerous companions—in relays. The passenger list included a roster of eminent Americans. There was former Secretary Hughes, wife and daughter, returning home after a most extensive tour covering several months in Europe. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania; Congressman Fred E. Brittan of Chicago, chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs; Chairman T. V. O'Connor of the Shipping Board; American Ambassador William Phillips, of Belgium; former Ambassador to Spain, Alexander P. Moore; Rosa Raisa, the prima donna; James Gibson; R. J. Cuddihy, publisher of *The Literary Digest*; Milton Hershey, the chocolate king; Will Rogers, the self-made diplomat, to say nothing of the three thousand other passengers, including school teachers, students, artists, and hundreds in the quota of emigrants coming from twenty-two countries, seeking to make their homes in America.

There was something doing every hour in this representation of a cross-section of the United States, present and prospective, within the boundaries of bow and stern,

Typical farm on Bay of Biscay in the Pyrenees

A view of the snow-capped Pyrenees in Andorra

Senor Montllor, manager of Ritz Hotel, Barcelona

American Ambassador Hammond with the author at Madrid

Captain Grening of the SS. "Harding"

Smallest donkey in Spain's service, Barcelona

starboard and port of this queen of ocean liners. With characteristic American zest they began at once raising funds for the Florida sufferers. Secretary Hughes and Will Rogers made a great team, appearing together. Concerts included artists identified with the successes of Broadway and the opera, who sang and entertained despite the stormy seas, for the *Leviathan* plowed along through the waves at the rate of six hundred miles every twenty-four hours as steadily as a Hoboken ferry boat and with as little vibration as a sewing machine. Over $40,000 in cash was raised for the Florida fund, every individual on the boat, including the stewards, contributing something—the offering coming from twenty-two nations. Some of the foreigners could not understand what it was all about.

"Why do individuals have to contribute when you have a government treasury filled with money?"

Among the contributors whose modesty forbid mentioning their names was one who gave $8,000 and another $5,000, respectively and completely.

"Why do they do this?" persisted a Swiss friend of Buddy's.

"It's a habit they have in America of giving until they are glad," responded Buddy.

And suddenly Buddy's remark caused it to dawn upon us the sacrifice and responsibilities voluntarily assumed by the Marquis de Estella. He, too, had the habit of giving to Spain "until they are glad." So here was one more bond of unity between the nations.

Some of these passengers had already met the Primo and all these voted the Dictator of Spain as a real friend of America. They wanted to drink out of the glass I possessed as a souvenir, but the rules on American ships are too well known to chronicle what occurred, in the course of human events.

Chapter XXV

ANDORRA, A TINY PYRENEAN REPUBLIC

NOW for discovering paths seldom trod by the ubiquitous American tourist! The guide book was again surveyed, and a tiny color, indicating a nation, was discovered on the line between France and Spain. It does not appear on many maps, and is located off from the beaten track of tourists. Far up among the Pyrenees, on the border between France and Spain, lies the tiny republic of Andorra, which has the distinction of being the smallest republic in the world—besides one of the oldest in existence.

Little known and isolated, the decision to visit this country, wintry as it had now become, brought cold chills to our Spanish friends. Few tourists who visit Spain make the pilgrimage from Barcelona or Bainitz, and the few who do include Andorra in their itinerary are usually Americans. This may be due to the fact that the landlord of the best hotel there once lived in New York, where he managed to master the language, and as a chef, gratify the palates of Broadway. To an American who comes upon him in Andorra he proves a surprise, for he seems to understand just what is wanted and how it is wanted, and the visitor is sure to herald this hotel mecca in the Pyrenees, to friends.

Andorra until recently was reached by a bridle path and narrow roads skirting the mountains. Now a new railroad extension, built by the government, reaches to the foothills of the mountains, but is still many miles distant from the border. A massive engine,

chugging heroically, pulls a small train up the mountain side, amid scenery as majestic as that of the Alps. There were few passengers in the train which carried us to the summit, and the majority of these were officers returning to their frontier army posts.

As we climbed higher and higher, we passed summer hotels, nestling in the lap of snow-clad mountains. On every hand there were evidences of the struggle which the sturdy mountaineers who make their homes on the terraced hills must wage in order to eke out a living from the rocky soil. Many of the inhabitants of Andorra who are not engaged in farming are employed in the hydro-electric plants which develop the waterpower which supplies Barcelona and other industrial centers with light and electric comforts and conveniences. The rushing streams forded by Caesar's legions have been harnessed for power.

Several old castles, now monasteries—all in commanding situations—added medieval touch to the vistas of ridge and crest. The rolling wooded valley in the foreground, expanding out into a great valley, leads on to Puigcerda, an old city overlooking a wide stretch of intensively cultivated land, not unlike the valleys of the Shenandoah and Cumberland, although the climate is drier and the altitude much higher. This is the terminus of the railroad. Throughout the region surrounding the city there is a sprinkling of cork and fig trees, and, of course, the omnipresent olive. Pines and cedars afforded a strong contrast to tropical trees, and the changing climate of this region is as impressively different from that of southern Spain as Miami is from Maine.

Puigcerda has a year-round population of several thousand. An age-old walled city from the days when the armies of the continent were crossing the Pyrenees, the route stretches away for several miles over precipitous roads and trails once trod only by burros and passengers on foot, but now accommodating high-powered motors which buzzed by—cut-outs wide open. With the

advent of the time and distance-annihilating automobile, more and more the world is turning toward the open road, and Andorra is now again taking its destined place among the family of nations, especially among tourists "by the side of the road."

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Terraced vineyards and semi-cave-like habitations, carved out of the very sides of the mountain, milestoned the way. Now and then we were challenged by soldiers guarding the roads and giving the "once-over" to those leaving, as well as those entering the city. In the town of Ciudad de los Angeles, the gateway to the tiny republic of Andorra, we found an old-fashioned blacksmith shop wherein the smiths, working by hand, were fashioning pitchforks and other farming implements, just as had their fathers before them for centuries past—a realistic anvil chorus.

Along the winding roads old women were driving their small herds, some following a single porker, the pride of the corral. Caring for these they eke out their monotonous lives, depending chiefly upon their livestock for sustenance.

The air here was chill and damp, so much so that no matter how warmly one dressed it was necessary to augment clothing with large, heavy woolen scarfs which swathed the neck and shoulders. Most of the Andorreans looked like animated bundles of clothing, with head and shoulders well protected, showing a form of legs in motion.

On the weather-beaten walls were remnants of a poster indicating that the fame of eminent stars of the American motion-picture world had reached even this outpost of civilization. Through the motion pictures, the peasants of Europe and Asia are gaining their impression of American life, wholly unaware that the life depicted in the movies is scarcely a true representation of Uncle Sam's people, any more than are the representatives we see of them, true of theirs. For,

Santiago de Compostela *(la Catedral)* by Levon West

conversely, the dark-eyed brigand stuff we see representing Spain is only a memory of a "wildwest" past in Europe long ago extinct.

The clear complexions and ruddy cheeks of the mountain-dwelling Andorrans were in sharp contrast to the rather sallow and thin-faced natives of southern Spain. The Catalonian language, and the customs of Catalonia dominate in Andorra, which, in its wealth of tradition, is much like Switzerland, for they, too, have their story of a William Tell and the apple. The younger generation uses the term "apple sauce," just to add another touch of humor.

In the "City of Angels" resides the Archbishop of the Catholic diocese, which includes the entire republic of Andorra, a parish which numbers six thousand people.

The Grand Hotel Mondiale, or "World Hotel," at Bartolo, was owned by a Spanish chef from New York's famous Delmonico's. The host gave us a hearty American welcome, and made it a point to try his rusty English. Solicitously he inquired as to old Broadway and the Bowery, and supplied us with eggs fried on both sides, and several sausages with real wheat cakes—oh boy! Delighted with American food, the impressions of the smallest republic in the world were most favorable to those hailing from the greatest republic of history.

A touch of color is given in a stately way to this border town of the Andorra republic. The uniformed army officers of Spain give a social, as well as a military contrast to this country that has not known an army in the one thousand years of its existence.

On up the valley, in the grim shadows of the mountains, the Stutz made its way, while, far below, the river dashed over the rocks, reflecting in its crystal blue waters the beauties of the skies overhead. Weather-beaten buildings, old mottled landmarks, gave evidence of the wear and tear of the elements through the centuries. At the border we found nothing but barracks

and a mile post. About the building was a cordon of Spanish soldiers, who came to attention as we left Spanish soil. There were no fussy customs officers, nothing to prevent our invading the country, although the Spanish soldiers, on the other side, watched us closely, without questioning our right to leave their country.

At meteor pace our motor shot forward around the sharp curves. Now we were in a republic without traffic laws, one that had not known war for a thousand years, and which holds a record for peace and security. It is a strange country this—without police officials, without currency, without even postage stamps. The inhabitants living near the Spanish border use Spanish stamps and Spanish currency; those living near France use French stamps and French money.

In the village of St. Julia, close to the Spanish border, we met President Friexes, the chief executive of this tiny nation. A somewhat stout and genial-looking young man appeared when the bell tinkled announcing our entrance to the little dry goods and grocery store on the main street of the city. The bell usually announces a customer. He shook hands with us as cordially as if he were running for Congress, and took the time to pose for a picture, although it interfered with his breakfast. During the chat he continued to wait on early customers in his snug little shop. Customers first and social duties afterwards seemed the motto of the President of Andorra.

For all these centuries Andorra has enacted its own laws, and the courts of justice are administered by two judges. A nation without visible police restraint, and apparently with no manner of need for it, without diplomatic complications, and with almost no crime for centuries, Andorra is a historical curiosity. While other countries have risen and fallen in these last thousand years, this little nation goes merrily on—a lesson for the turbulent, more important nations of the world.

The capital city of Andorra is La Vella. In the square, where we stopped to water our motor, muleteers

were resting for their noonday meal. The leading and only merchant in La Vella was one of the members of the Andorra Parliament, who welcomed us to his nation and his place of business at the same time. He brought in a portable stove, consisting of charcoal embers on a large tin plate. The cigars he offered made us wonder if they were worth the smuggling, and we longed for some American cigarettes. Happy, glad-faced children, the same the world over, shouted and played with their dogs outside, and mothers kissed away the bruises and tears of crying infants.

The commissioner brought the caretaker of the old Parliament House, and with great ceremony he conducted us through winding streets to the historic building. Carrying a key about a foot long, he preceded us along more narrow winding passages and through tortuously turning streets to the Halls of the Congress, which, so far as we know, was in session for seven hundred years before the first Continental Congress of the United States convened in Philadelphia.

At first the building seemed cheerless and depressing, but inside the old walls of the structure, almost hanging on the edge of the cliff, there was an entrancing view of the fertile valley beneath. Rising up over the entrance threshold was a vestibule. Leading from this was a schoolroom, in front of which were the familiar blackboard and teacher's desk, the latter covered with red cloth and a gaily-decorated advertising blotter—the gift, perhaps, of some admiring pupil. Buddy, interested as usual, asked for the blotter as a souvenir, but the rugged honesty of the caretaker would not permit his taking as much as a scrap of old blotting paper or even a splinter as a souvenir.

Now we were in the Halls of the Andorra Congress, which convenes three or four times a year, whenever there is anything in the republic that requires special attention of the legislators. A feast or barbecue marks the opening session. Whenever the new President is elected, in routine succession every year, the legislators

together ring a bell, much as our Colonial forefathers did back in the days when the thirteen colonies were in their swaddling clothes.

Adjoining the Halls of Congress is a large, open-air kitchen. In the giant open-air fireplace, with open chimney overhead, oxen, pigs, or lambs are roasted for the feast which marks the opening of the legislative deliberations. Near the ante-room hangs a curious array of wooden pegs, which twenty-six quaint hats and cloaks adorn. These the members solemnly don after the feast. These are the robes of state which the officials of the government wear when discussing and voting upon public questions. The hats were something like the side wheel chapeaux worn by the officers in the United States Navy, and the cloaks much like the storm cloaks used in the days of Napoleon Bonaparte, who seemed to be the George Washington idealized in the school books.

From the windows of this old room, with its unpainted walls, antique furniture, plain tables and chairs, arranged around the room in typical medieval fashion, there was an enchanting view of mountain and river below—a treasured memory of Andorra. The tiny chapel and altar where the parliament received the benediction, was both plain and austere, while in simple dignity reflected the rugged character of the good people of the tiny republic.

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A few rare old paintings lightened the utter forlornness of the Andorra flag, which hung in dignity near the entrance, surrounded by a number of relics of the days of the Inquisition. One of these was a heinous machine in which the head of the "culprit" was inserted and the victim strangled with the celerity and dispatch of the Spanish garrote. The knowledge that this instrument was even available may have had something to do with lowering the crime record of Andorra to a minimum. There was no record of when it was used,

but located in a religious sanctuary for centuries it has long ago become a relic, rather than an active participant in public affairs.

The last session of the Andorra Parliament had been held during the previous month, at which time Francisco Cairat Freixes, then Vice-President, succeeded Pere Font as President. The Treasury Department was housed in the wooden cabinet with drawers representing the various cities or towns, viz., Canillo, Ordino, Massana, Andorra, and St. Julia. Within this cabinet are kept the archives that chronicle the history of the republic. The cabinet cannot be opened without a representative of each city being present with his particular key; in fact, one cannot open his own safety deposit box without the co-operation of all the other individual keys.

Politicians and politics are unknown in Andorra. Every citizen of intelligence can be elected to office at some time or other, if he is patient. There are no emoluments aside from the opening session feast, and graft is unknown among these simple countrymen. As a rule, the average citizen is not at all concerned as to whether he will or will not have his term of office as a Commissioner of the Government, and thus the frightful waste of political campaigns and elections are eliminated.

Although some books of travel and geography charge Andorra with being engaged principally in the smuggling of contraband goods into France and Spain, there has been but little evidence to substantiate these charges in later days. Andorra's only rival for the distinction of being the smallest republic in the world is San Marino in Italy, with a population of 60,000 and a standing army of 12,000, under the close surveillance of the King of Italy, who is a frequent visitor to the country.

Andorra is quite distinctive in its free and independent government. The arrival of automobiles and accessible communication to the outside world suggests the possibility that it will lose some of its exclusive

quaintness and its claim to being the one nation in the world free from budget problems, crime waves, the horrors of war, and debt settlements. The mountains have served to keep the little republic free from the outside world up to this time, forming an impregnable fortress defending Andorra, just as in Switzerland the Alps constitute a natural barrier against attack from the rest of Europe. What might happen in this age of airplanes and aerial bombardment should war ever overtake this Utopia is difficult of prediction, but the peace-loving Andorrans are by no means worried.

President Freixes made clear his views on the matter. "Warfare must have its spoils," he said, "and its objective, and the great nations of Europe long ago determined that there was not much to be gained in the conquest of peace-loving mountaineers from whom there is almost nothing to wrest."

One of the Andorra officials remarked: "There is something in the smile of an American visitor that is quite as welcome to us as the money the visitor spends. He is alert, pleasant, and curious, but does not insist that we must use American goods simply because they are American, but because he can prove they are better. Americans display the products of their country and sell them to us because they don't ask us to buy them. You see, I spent several years in America and sold washing machines in Indiana."

It all seemed as wonderful to us as Nueva Espaga must have seemed to Columbus, this fascinating, unique little dominion in the mountains to which the railroad has not yet penetrated, many miles away from even the new French narrow-gauge electric line that shoots up and down the steep ascent of the Pyrenees, much like a toboggan on a high terminal roller coaster at Coney Island.

On a tiny bridge crossing the stream which marks the boundary line between France, Spain, and the Andorran dominion, we waved our adieus to the mountains within which nestles the miniature republic in the

bosom of the Pyrenees. Our minds were brimming with happy memories of glorious days, dreamy days—days that brought vividly back to mind the peaceful ways of the simple fisher-folk in the village by the Sea of Galilee.

When France has lost its charm, when England begins to pall, when Italy has lost its enchantment, and Switzerland has become an old story, then will come the longing to see Andorra, the unknown, and Spain, where the balmy breezes bathe one in their luxuriousness, and the perfumes of the flowers waft to you visions of gardens full of color. Spain that welcomes the traveler to share her beauties, bringing about a fuller appreciation of the one nation for the other, and a glimpse even in the diminutive boundary country to the north, which adds piquant interest to the picture.

Chapter XXVI

"HOME AGAIN"—ON AMERICAN SHIPS

WITH a wealth of happy hours in vivid Spain recorded in our minds, there was just a soothing tender little feeling in our hearts when the day arrived on which we were to start for home. The tour or tours (for we made two journeys to Spain to make one book—one to see and one to check up) already echoed through the magic of memory into recollections brought fondly to view. The photographs were sorted, notes indexed, etchings sketched, and souvenirs stowed away ready for declaration and display at the custom house.

There was sentiment involved in the decision to make a voyage on the steamship *Harding* of the United States Lines. The *Harding* was the "hero" ship of the fleet, having rescued the crew of several ships in distress, and making a most notable rescue of the crew of an Italian ship in 1925. The incident seemed to typify the valor and traditions of American seamanship, and I longed to see the ship named for the noble, kind, unselfish soul, Warren G. Harding, our post-war President, and the crew that so thoroughly typified heroic sterling qualities when the supreme test was made. An ardent advocate of the rehabilitation of the American merchant marine, it was particularly appropriate that his name should be identified with the American flag on the high seas. Memories of my voyage with him as President-elect, to Panama, and later on that last tragic journey to Alaska, spanning

A Typical Florida Home

Dwight James Baum, *architect*

the beginning and the close of the career of a lovable man and beloved President, made Warren Harding a name that was very dear to me.

With uplifted London canes, we joined in the jolification among passengers sailing for home from Southampton. Despite the dull, gray, foggy day, the old port seemed like a bright portal to happiness. There was a note of jubilation even in the good-byes on the tender as we bade farewell to friends and the coastline of the mother country, for was not the prow of the good ship *President Harding* pointed toward America? Viewed at anchor in the harbor, the *Harding* was anything but a trim-looking craft, but there was a suggestion of staunch reliance reflected, despite the ungainly bridge work overhead that marred the appearance of the ship, which was constructed during the war to facilitate discharging of cargoes.

Calling at Cobb (once known as Queenstown), brought vividly to my mind the stirring scenes I witnessed there during the war, when the Queenstown base and surrounding waters of the Irish coast were honeycombed with submarines. The American sub-chasers and destroyers, loaded with death bombs, patroled out to longitude 17, from there convoying safely to port the ships bringing the millions of American doughboys.

On the ship's tender were many young recruits from the Irish Free State en route to American citizenship. The expression on the faces of some of the lads and lassies was a rare study of wonderment and lively anticipation. With quick wit they were chaffing each other, smiling through the tears that came in parting from Old Erin. Husky lads, wearing green hats adorned with shamrocks, were looking forward to winning fame and fortune in the land overseas as millions had done before them. Little "Buttercup," an Irish woman weighing two hundred and fifty, or over, was busy displaying her wares of laces, pipes, shells, and other souvenirs, together with some linens—a reminder of the old-time industry and art which made

Irish linens a prize product. Everybody purchased some little bit of old Ireland from "Little Buttercup," whose witty retorts encouraged many a lagging buyer.

Irish lassies with deep violet eyes and black hair were her assistants. Buddy's last copper was then and there invested. The smiles, if not the goods, captured his coin, for those colleens seemed to be able to X-ray the coin contents of his pocket to the last penny. The laces may have been machine-made, but the admiration he felt was genuine.

A sea voyage is usually just a sea-voyage—a few days of rest and content or seasickness and then it is all over. This was a rough sea voyage in 1925, noted as an unusually tempestuous year on the Atlantic. The *Harding* had a record of scraping an acquaintance with every stormy wind that blew up and down or across the Atlantic for twelve months—but how splendidly she did ride the heavy seas. On her saloon walls were framed messages, signed by President Coolidge, the United States Shipping Board, and the Italian government, expressing in glowing terms sincere gratitude and appreciation of the heroic work of Captain Grening and his crew, who bravely stood by for days in tempestuous seas, after going many miles out of the course, to save a crew of twenty-one men on an Italian steamer. When the captain of the *Harding* first heard the S. O. S., he changed his course and found the vessel in a sinking condition, buffeted about by the storm. Launching a boat, a sturdy crew from the *Harding* took the men off the foundering steamer a few minutes before it went down in the fathomless deep. This made for Captain Grening of the *Harding* a record of four rescues at sea.

The American sailors wear their caps jauntily over their ears, with a "don't-care-a-damn expression," and take it all as in the day's work. When asked to relate his story of the rescue, the wireless man modestly referred me to the officer, who received this S. O. S. message in Italian. A young American-Italian sailor

aboard translated the messages of the captain of the vessel in distress, who signalled that he had given up all hope until he received the cheery news from the *Harding*. While he felt that the *Harding* could never reach them with such gales as were blowing, the cheering words: "We are standing by, keep afloat and we will send a boat," kept up their courage. The crew of the *Harding* made good, and deserved the splendid reception which they received on arrival in New York, and all the high official commendation showered upon them.

Settled down for the home stretch of the voyage, we tried to gather in sequence the notes of "The Happy Hours in Vivid Spain." Many of the scraps of paper and souvenirs were mislaid, but the memories of that first tour of Spain had surpassed even Buddy's wildest dreams. He responded good-naturedly to a secular catechism of what we had seen and heard during those days when we were transplanted in another world—other centuries—in touch with a flash of the gracious chivalry that prevailed in the times when America was unknown. Maps of Spain and books on Spain seemed different now.

Returning Americans, when pacing the deck look aft, as the vessel leaves a foreign port, and feel a thrill of patriotic pride as they view the Stars and Stripes at the stern, bringing a realization that they were returning home on an American ship. If every member of Congress and the Senate could realize what this means in dollars and cents to their own constituents, they would not be so ready to wave the sectional flag and vote against anything and everything that concerns the American Merchant Marine.

For a time it appeared as if Buddy's multifarious romances were over, but when he missed his morning catechism and did not appear until lunch—we surmised. The mystery was solved when he reported a party of school teachers, young and old, who had been "doing" Europe on limited funds, and were making the most of their time by having a history class every day covering

the countries they had visited. Buddy enrolled for Spain, and busied himself showing his trophies to speed up the wooing process.

Sunny days followed on the bosom of a quiet sea. New faces appeared one by one. A nook aloft amid the life-boats indicated another cause of Buddy's absence. Carrying hot water, oranges, wrapping up dainty little ankles, sitting at the feet of the near-sick divinities, he had poured out his latest poetic rhapsodies on the "castles in Spain," and was making good progress when the wave of excitement over custom house declarations reminded the divinities that there was a real lively "reckoning" ahead.

Romances born at sea, in the shimmering sun. or the rippling moonlight on deck, sometimes stand the test. Was it not Admiral Bob Evans who insisted that he never really knew a man until he went to sea with him? Why would this not apply to women as well? Standing by the rail looking out on the sea with sun, or preferably the moon, playing pranks with a bank of cloud in the skies, swirling waves beneath, brings about what Bud calls "a soul understanding." It was evident in a few days that his history course had switched to psychology, reaching deep into what he called "soul analysis," revealing an up-to-date, radioized, new method of making love without so many parties and dinners as a prelude. The romance of the two divinities was ripening. When Buddy sat enthroned between them, the girl on the right wished the girl on the left was somewhere alone. It was evident that Buddy was playing for a sheik's diploma rather than a marriage license.

That was doubtless the reason why Buddy gave an exclamation of surprise when he noted a certain young lady in particular, dressed in her "shore leave" clothes. She was the one "divinity afar" that Buddy had observed on his voyage home. She was so Spanish—and the American girls took up his time because he could talk to them.

The matchless carved doorway of the ancient Synagogue in Toledo

"Lovers' Lane" at the Generalife, near the Alhambra

"Ships of the desert" in harbor at feeding time

Consulting "Methusalah", the favorite camel while smoking a "Camel"

Landing in the Spanish war zone of Africa from the mail plane

"She's one of those girls," Buddy explained, "whom you feel as if you had always known—although may seldom meet. Why, I hadn't been trying to talk with her in Spanish fifteen minutes when I was sure I had met her somewhere and at the end of twenty I was almost ready to propose. Did I fall or was I shoved? I can't make out, but anyway she begun to seem like 'home folks.' Look at her now!"

We observed an indignant young woman expostulating frantically with a frightened steward, over whose arm hung limp wisps of chiffon and pearl. This evening dress had been discovered in her stateroom after all the luggage had been removed for unloading. The steward had informed her that she must carry this dress in her pocketbook or in her vanity case.

Then it was that the young lady ejaculated one forceful "Damn."

Immediately Buddy's quick mind traveled back through time and space to the girl in the motor car at San Sebastian—the lovely "Spanish" apparition who had been shelved by the ox team, the ravishing senorita who had so captured his imagination and his heart. The "damn" linked them—they were the same "damn" person.

Like a flash Buddy was after her—for the last time he summoned his broken Spanish and tried to make the young lady remember that former meeting.

Coquettishly she laughed at his efforts to pronounce her the "most perfect type of Spanish beauty" and his ardor to inform her she would live in his heart forever.

Observing his struggles, she finally remarked: "I speak English quite well. Why not talk to me in the American language? I haven't heard any since I left Paris. My father sent me there a year ago to study music, but I used the money and ran around traveling in my beloved Spain instead. I thought I'd like that better. Now I am going home to face the parental anger. If you wish to know where to rescue me—here's my card."

Buddy clutched the tiny bit of pasteboard, scrutinized it carefully, and then turned to us:

"You win on all this bunk about strong bonds and 'hands oversea' between Spain and the United States. An American who never saw Spain wrote:

> "When I was a student at Cadiz
> I used to make love to the ladies
> And play on my Spanish guitar—chinck, chink."

Now I have gone him one better. I have discovered that the most enchanting beauty in Iberia hailed from America. Her father was Spanish and her mother was Irish and she was American born in—well—we'll say Walla Walla, Washington—that will keep inviolate my promise and explain the mystery romance that may lead on to wedding bells—blending in its chimes, memories of sunny Spain and inspirations of our own America.

Caps discarded, hats on, people looked so different in their landing clothes as they appeared on deck. The meetings and partings of life continue, moving on and on like the waves of the sea. The lace-like foam that parted, like flowing veils from the prow, and "the marble-like flow of the open sea" were some of the stray notes that Buddy filed by mistake with the purser as his "declaration." The green verdure of the hills of Staten Island, the yellow flag of the quarantine boat, the mail boat, the reporters and cameras, men escorting the distinguished and extinguished arrivals to the upper deck for a photograph, made us realize that the good ship *Harding* was in her home port—a haven big enough, broad enough for the peoples of all nations—with quota limitations.

The Goddess of Liberty, with arms aloft, welcomed us back from the scenes of our happy hours in "Vivid Spain."

Along the rail, I observed an old man falling on his knees as we passed old Castle Garden at Bowling Green, on the tip of Manhattan Island. When I

Joe Mitchell Chapple (*second state*) by Levon West

assisted him to arise, his kind old face illuminated with a smile of soulful gratitude. I inquired if he was hurt. "Fifty years ago I landed there a lonely emigrant. I was just thanking God for America, for mamma and the children at home."

May we not all echo his prayer?

ADIOS

MEMORANDA

SUGGESTIONS FOR A LITERARY TOUR

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CONTEMPORARY SPANIARDS IN ART AND LITERATURE

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SPANISH LEGENDS

NOTES ON SPAIN

SPANISH PERSONALITIES

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN ART TOUR

SPANISH PLACES I WOULD LIKE TO VISIT

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